WEEK ENDING JULY 6, 1929

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A Weekly for Everybody

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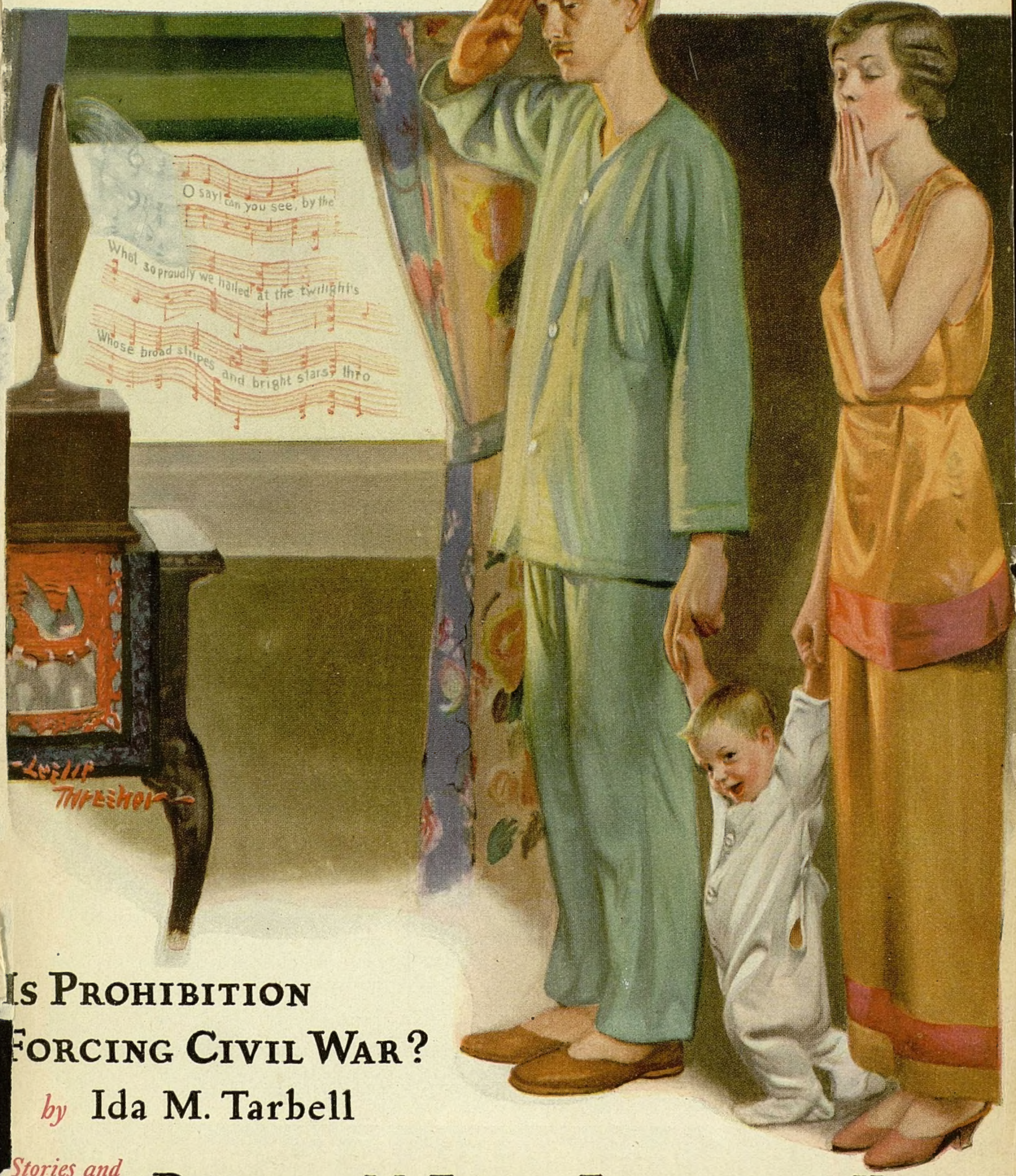
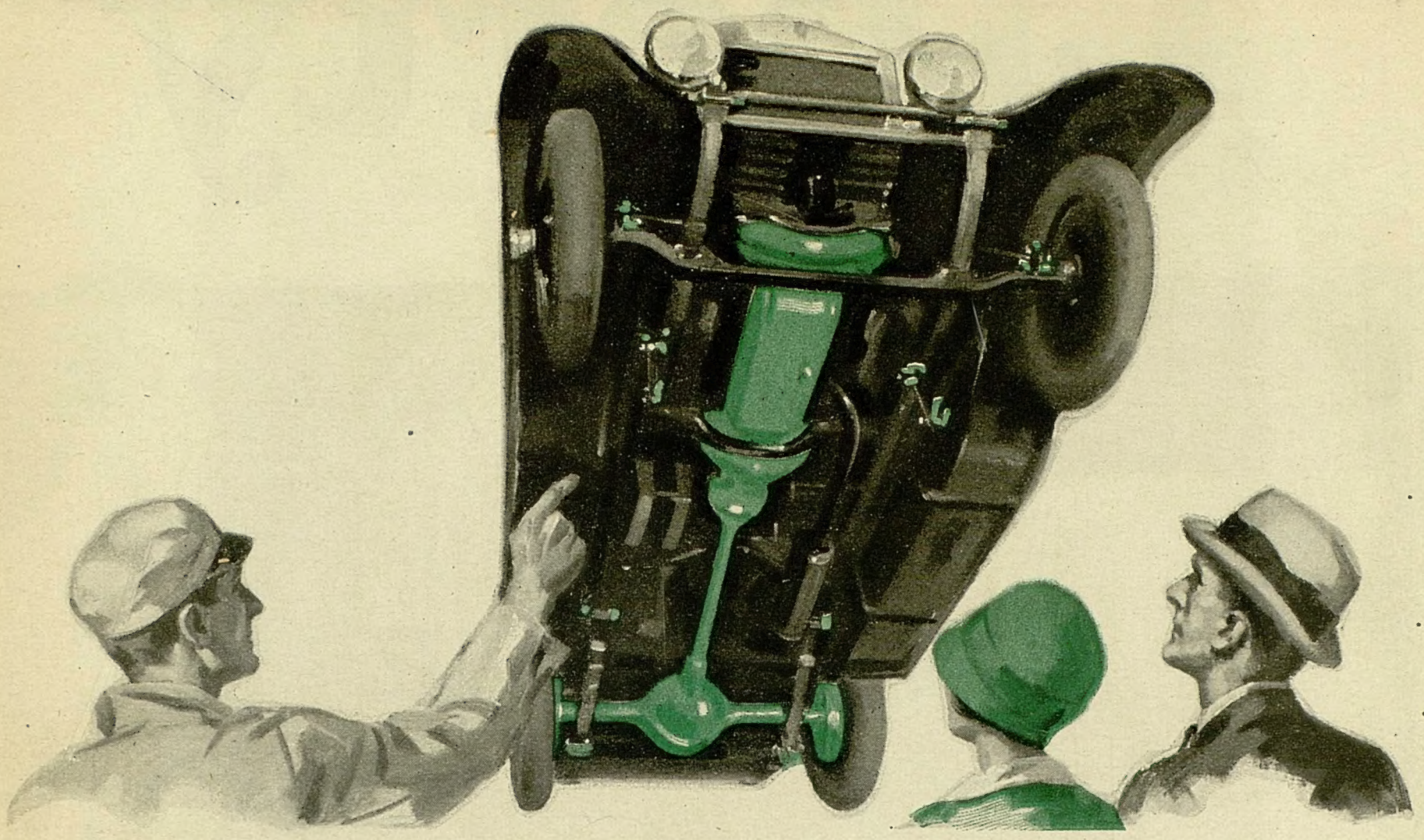


Is Prohibition Forcing Civil War?

by Ida M. Tarbell

Stories and Articles by DELMAR ~ MCEVOY ~ FIASCHETTI ~ HOLDING



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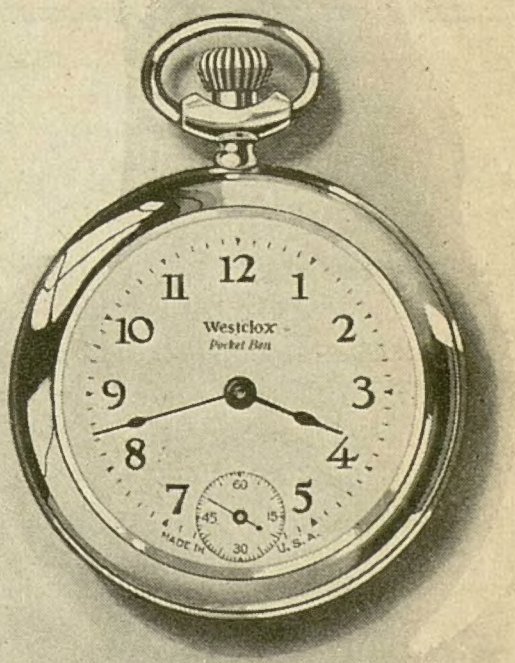

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JULY 6, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 26

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

THE AMAZING PACIFIST MIND

On the Sunday before Memorial Day, in all parts of this country, there was to be observed a symptom in sermonizing more pronounced than ever before.

Ministers from their pulpits were urging the giving up of Memorial Day, or at least robbing it of its present significance by including among its objects of reverence the heroes of peace, such as electrical workers who have been shocked to death and mothers who have given their lives in the pains of childbirth.

We do not much believe in the new psychology which traces most actions to subconscious impulses. But we do find a similarity in the impulses which motivate pacifists and anti-vivisectionists, internationalists and, to a considerable extent, prohibitionists.

It appears to us that those who feel themselves incapable of fighting, or who fear fighting, have set up for themselves the idea that fighting is ignoble or base.

We don't think it always ignoble or base, any more than we think it always noble and glorious. But we do think that when our country gets into a fight it is proper to want it to win. War with victory is terrible, but war with defeat is worse.

Lest there be any misunderstanding, this writer wishes to state that he has never been much of a fighter except with words. In college he was never able to make an athletic team, and this was a lively source of regret. He felt that the strong men of his class were much to be envied. The same kind of envy comes back now when he dubs around a golf course.

But it has never occurred to him, because he was inferior in games, to decry the games themselves—to urge that football be abandoned, or call upon the slave of the training table to give up his difficult regimen and live in ease and sloth.

Most people in this country don't want to be soldiers and go to war. They don't want war at all. But if war comes they want our side to win.

And just as football players in college are not likely to be involved in scraps with mediocre athletes, simply because everybody knows they would win, so it is with our country—if we are strong enough to have the chances in our favor, we are that much less likely to be involved in a fight.

We have our fair share of the good things of earth—other nations may think we have more than our share—and there is no reason why we should pick a fight. But if a fight comes we should be able to defend our heritage.

It is a fact that we do not sufficiently realize to what extent we are coming under the theocratic sway of our clergymen. We won't bring up the prohibition question here, though the ministers' part in that is well known. But these last Decoration Day sermons all over the country opened our eyes and ears.

These clergymen, no doubt with a certain concert, chose Memorial Day, a day sacred to those who died in war, to preach pacifism and disarmament.

Those are matters of statecraft. It does not seem to us that the pulpit is the proper place to enunciate such policies. Our ministers of state should not be hampered by the interference of the churches.

The church, in its place, is one of the most ennobling things in our existence. It ministers to those in sorrow, unites loving hearts, and stills the fear of death. Its object as we understand it is to interpret man's relations with God.

We believe the church should confine itself to theology and retire from politics. If it does not do so, in the long run it will be the church that suffers, and not the state. But as things are now, it is the state that is suffering from the political interference of our pastors.

Prohibition is bad enough, in our opinion, but the prevailing in this country of pacifism and disarmament, which would leave us helpless in a world of swords and spears, would be far worse. After all, the consequences of prohibition can be evaded, but the consequences of defeat in war are inevitable.

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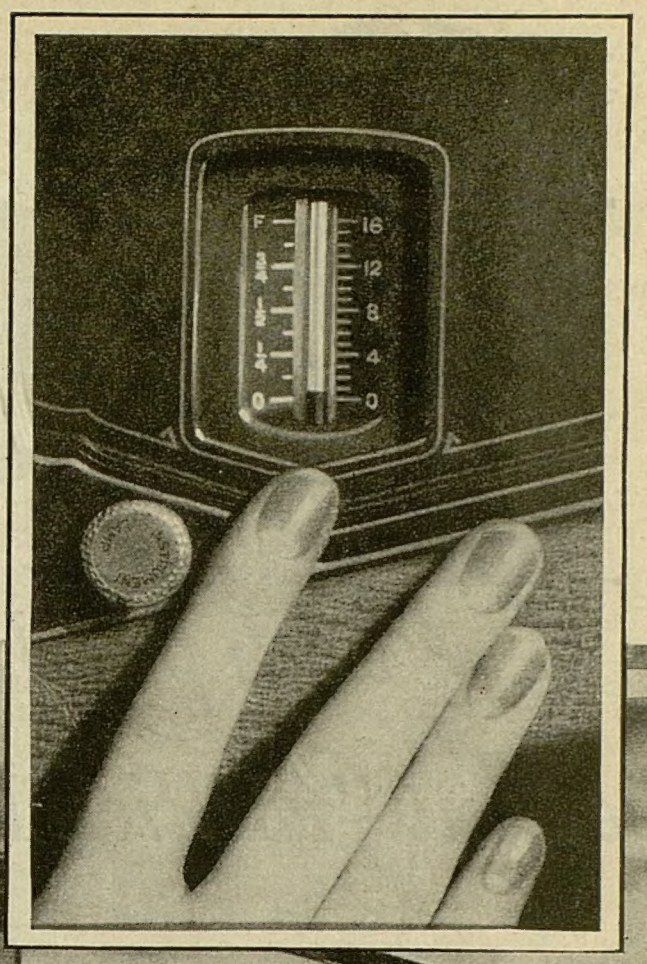

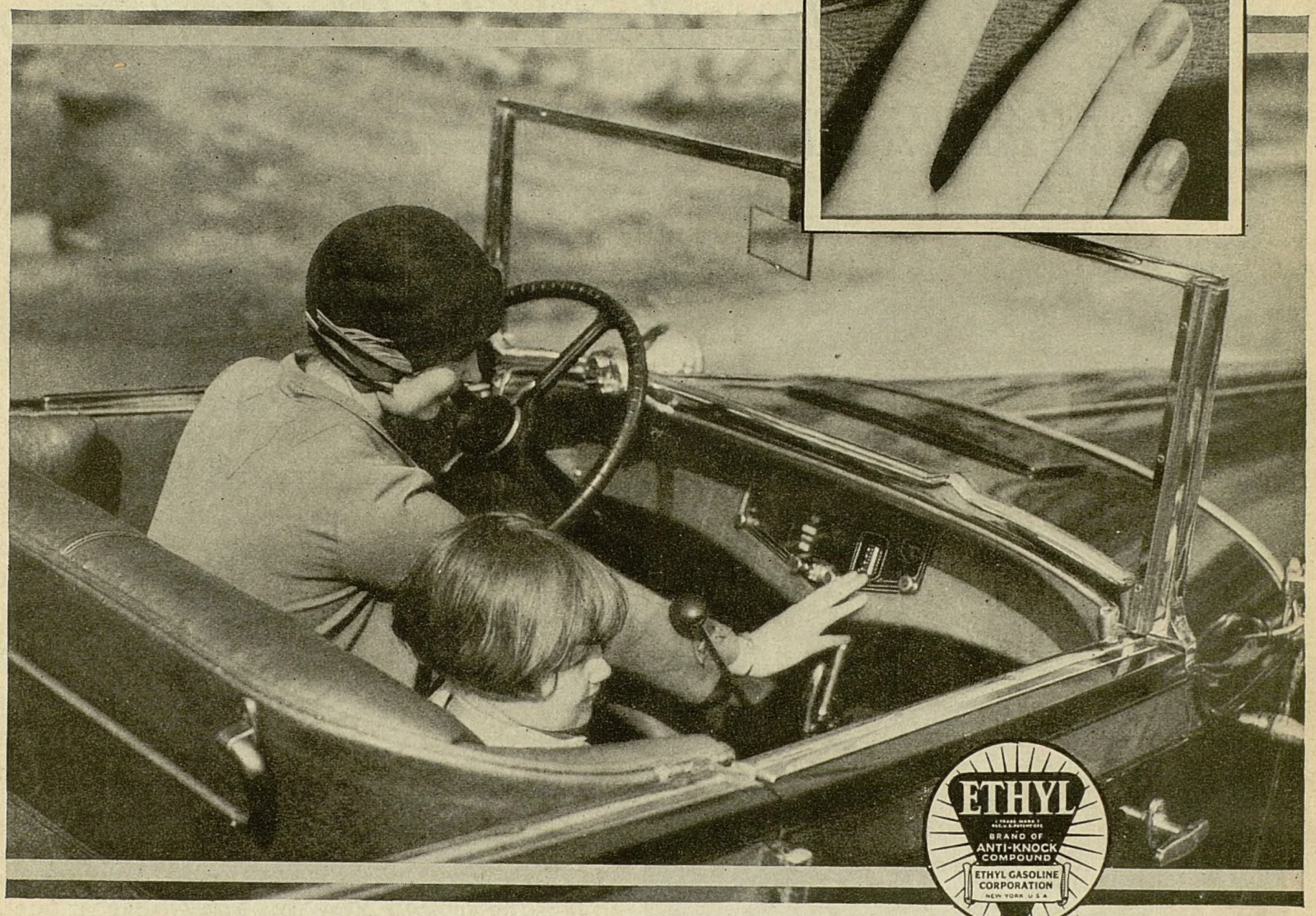

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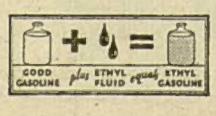

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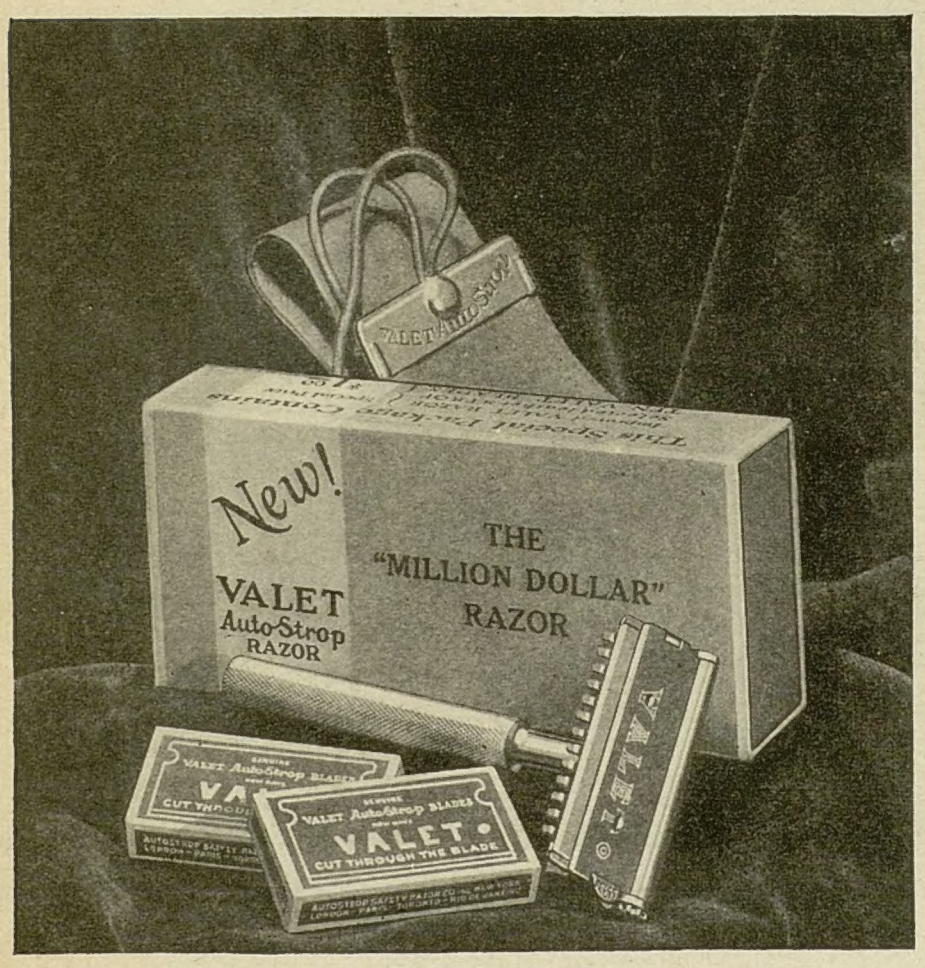

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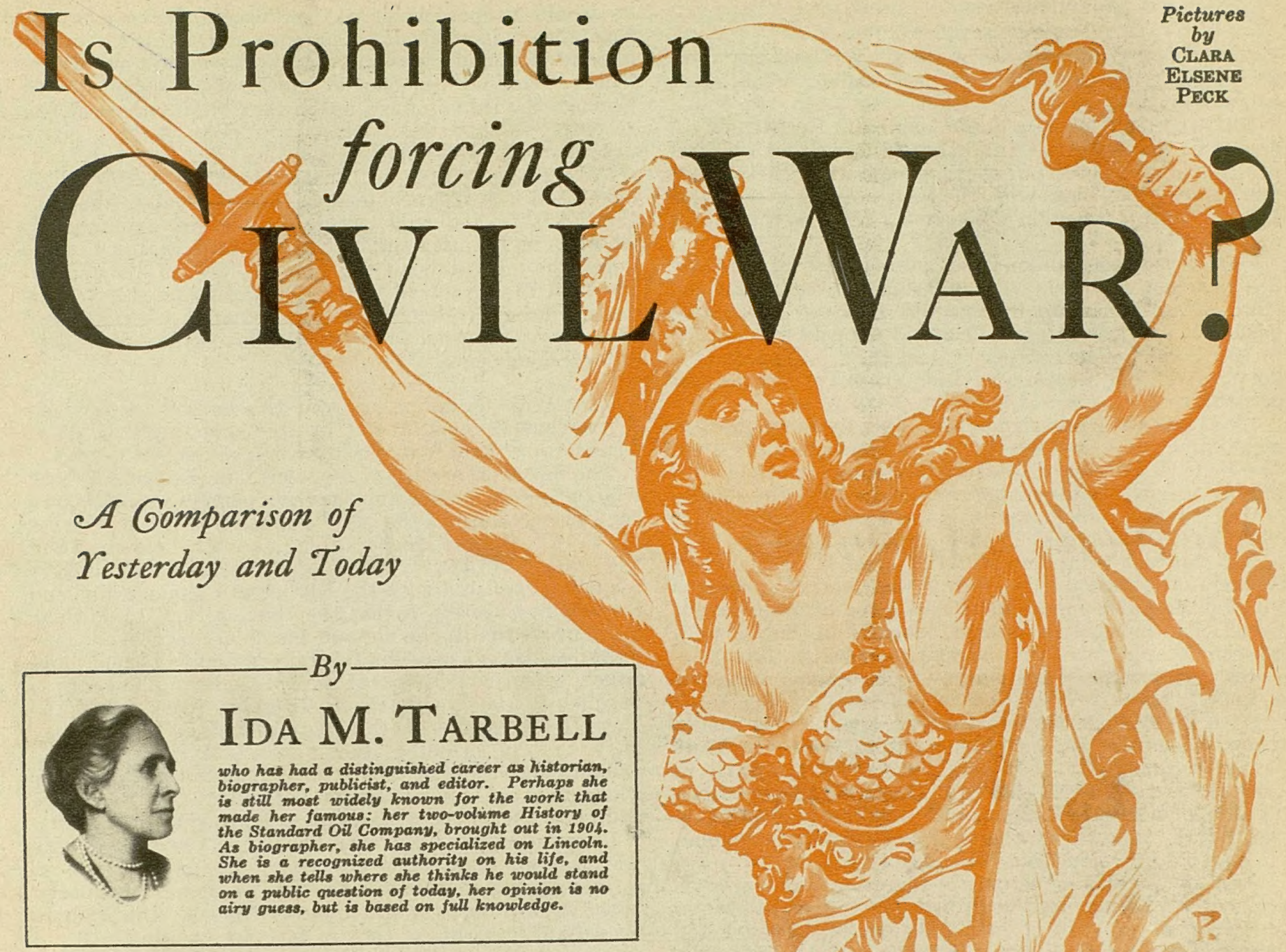
Is Prohibition *forcing* CIVIL WAR?

Pictures by CLARA ELSENE PECK



A Comparison of Yesterday and Today

By

IDA M. TARBELL

who has had a distinguished career as historian, biographer, publicist, and editor. Perhaps she is still most widely known for the work that made her famous: her two-volume History of the Standard Oil Company, brought out in 1904. As biographer, she has specialized on Lincoln. She is a recognized authority on his life, and when she tells where she thinks he would stand on a public question of today, her opinion is no airy guess, but is based on full knowledge.

SOBER-MINDED citizens who all their lives have hoped to see this a genuinely temperate country have been asking themselves repeatedly in the last five years if Prohibition was destroying their hopes. They are beginning to ask a more formidable question: Is Prohibition forcing civil war?

What brings a civil war? Minds so set on an opinion, a method, and spirits so hot in their support that neither change nor moderation is thinkable. Study men North and South in the decade before our Civil War, and what do you find? Unbending passionate devotion of men to things as they saw them—both minds and spirits closed hermetically to ideas which were not in accord with theirs, to facts which weakened or modified their chosen positions—ending in a willingness to fight rather than yield.

Five years before Fort Sumter was fired on, that picturesque and distinguished son of liberty, Carl Schurz, wrote from his Wisconsin home that there could no longer be but two parties in the Union: a Northern and a Southern party, an anti- and a pro-slavery party. "I am not sure this fight can be decided without powder; I doubt it," he added.

Are we coming to a point in our struggle over Prohibition—NOT temperance, note—when we must admit that from now on there can be only two parties in the Union, a Wet and a Dry, and must say, "I am not sure this fight can be decided without powder; I doubt it," as Schurz did in 1856?

What have we already come to? A group of powerful Prohibitionists convinced to the point of blindness, refusing often to recognize that Prohibition has caused an invasion of the ranks of the once temperate; that there is a group of invaders, steadily increasing in strength, ingenuity, and insolence, refusing derisively the right or power of the government to coerce their appetite.

A few months ago, deeply disturbed by finding drunkenness rampant in places once free from it—places that I was forced to frequent in the course of my professional work—I set down my personal experiences. Troubled Thoughts About Prohibition, I called my piece. It brought me curious protests, incredibly muddled criticism. I had "yielded to pressure"—I must remember the harm such comments would do my profession—my books would not be bought, I would be dropped from lecture lists—I was in league with the Catholics, the bootleggers.

I have not an idea that my critics realized that their letters savored of both blackmail and bribery. Their fanatical belief in Prohibition could not tolerate criticisms, could not believe them born of an honest interest in temperance. I must have been "bought" by somebody, and I must look out or my person or fortunes would suffer! Montaigne was right: ".A man hath need of long-tough ears to hear himself freely judged!"

"NOBODY but the Wets has troubled thoughts," declared another type of correspondent. Run over the showing that the liquor statistics of the last ten years make, and see whether an honest citizen, Prohibitionist or not, can have other than troubled thoughts, and whether he has a right to do anything but face them squarely and soberly and ask himself and his neighbors, What can we do about this?

In 1917 came our wartime restrictions, in 1918 national Prohibition. For three years there was an almost spectacular improvement in conditions. The saloon went out of existence. Those industrial communities in which heavy drinking was the order of the day sobered up until they were hardly recognizable. The arrests for intoxication—a list covering 384 towns and cities—fell from 542,039 in 1917 to 233,837 in 1920. Deaths from alcoholism declined in all the registered states. A table covering about 50 per cent of the population shows that in those three years there was a drop of fully 5 per cent per 100,000—from about 6 per cent to about 1 per cent. In those same three years, the New York state hospitals

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[IS PROHIBITION FORCING CIVIL WAR? Continued from page seven]

reported that the number of state cases of insanity from alcoholism fell nearly 5 per cent per 100,000. Prohibition was working.

But with 1921 came a quick, emphatic throwback. A surprised and outraged minority, claiming that the Prohibition law had been put over on them while their hands and minds were busy with the war, started a rebellion. From 1921 this rebellion has grown. What do the figures now show?

Deaths from alcoholism in registered states rose nearly 3½ per cent per 100,000 population between 1920 and 1927. Cases of alcoholic insanity in New York state hospitals, fallen to only a little over 1 per cent per 100,000 in 1920, rose to nearly 5 per cent in 1927. "Enforce the law," is the one answer to these frightful figures and percentages.

What the government has been able to do in enforcement emphasizes appallingly how intemperance is rising. The Federal Bureau of Internal Revenue is charged with seizing illicit distilling apparatus. In 1920 the agents of the bureau laid hands on 15,416 pieces—five years later, on 172,537 pieces—and in 1927, on 208,073.

But consider what they did not seize. It is a fact of common observation that all over the country apparatus for manufacturing moonshine and home brews of every variety can be easily bought, frequently in the five-and-ten-cent stores: even in the five-and-tens of Kansas—"now as wet as Washington," one trained observer asserts.

With every year the government agents have found themselves busier and busier, seizing illicit liquor. They began in 1920 with 109,370 gallons of spirits, and in 1927 seized 1,462,532.8 gallons. There were fluctuations up and down in those seven years, but the general trend was rapidly up. So much for liquor seized, not drunk. No man has, or could have, measured that.

With the increasing seizure of liquor has gone greater activity in prosecutions. The Bureau of Internal Revenue reports that in 1920 it had 7,291 cases in court for violating the Volstead Act. In 1927 it had 68,551. In this latter year it secured 36,546 convictions, dropped 13,842 cases, and had 16,606 still on the docket at the end of the year.

THE United States Attorney General has had, in seven years, a tremendous rise in the cases he has prosecuted. In 1920 he terminated 5,095 cases; in 1927, 40,748; 283,780 in the inclusive seven years. What has been done in efforts to enforce by state and municipal authorities is not noticed. These are Federal activities—a statistical proof that the government has been obliged to increase steadily its efforts to stem the steady rise in liquor supply and in liquor drinking.

Another gauge of the government's efforts is the increasing amount of money spent by the United States agencies in dealing with enforcement. There is the Prohibition Unit. In 1920 it spent $3,750,000; in 1927, $13,322,445. The Coast Guard's appropriations for Prohibition were first separated from those of its regular activities in 1924, when the former amounted to $14,545,830. In 1927 they amounted to $14,560,011. The United States Customs spent $10,023,315 in enforcement in 1920, and $17,263,677 in 1927. The Treasury Department spent $17,814,398 in 1920 and $24,819,057 in 1927.

These accusing figures from government sources are reënforced by state and municipal findings from all parts of the country. The rising crime wave is everywhere coincident with liquor drinking and liquor selling. No matter what the evil deed, there is almost invariably a bottle in the picture. Indeed, it is usually the first thing looked for. Prohibition has made it possible for every form of crime to organize around liquor selling and drinking. It has become the ally and tool of crime.

What has happened is what Chief Justice Taft warned us would happen when the act was under discussion. Take the business of manufacturing and selling liquor out of legalized hands, he said, and it will go into those of the "quasi-criminal." "Quasi" can now be dropped. In Chicago the Illinois Association for Criminal Justice has recently finished an exhaustive survey of that city's predicament. What is its conclusion?

"With the coming of Prohibition, the personnel of organized vice took the lead in the systematic organization of this new and profitable field of exploitation. There is no blinking the fact that Prohibition has introduced the most difficult problems of law enforcement in the field of organized crime. The enormous revenues derived from bootlegging have purchased protection for all forms of criminal activities and have demoralized law-enforcing agencies."

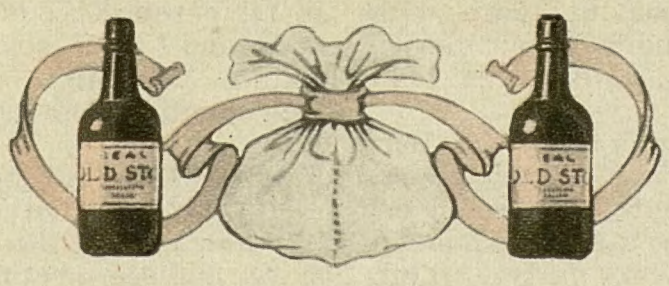
IF the Wets do not worry over this exhibit, as my correspondents insist, then they are neglecting their duty. I can assure them that the advocates of temperance do.

The one answer that a troubled temperance advocate who insists on considering the facts usually receives from the Dry is, "Enforce the law." From the Wet it is, "Curse the law." Dogmatism from one quarter, defiance from the other. We have a group of mutinous open drinkers today so disgusted with the Eighteenth Amendment and the act interpreting it that they have set out to do their bit to prove that it can not and should not be obeyed.

And theirs is a considerable bit. In many of them there seems to be something of the crusader. They are a parallel to the Northern Abolitionists who defied the Fugitive Slave law in the '40s and '50s, although they knew that in so doing they were committing a crime, and although those of them who had not reached a temper where they could not soberly reflect, knew that they were adding to the spirit of war that was growing in the land.

Daniel Webster pled with them in 1850 to obey the law, warned them that they were playing with fire in refusing. Did this abate a whit the passionate sympathy of the Abolitionist for the runaway Negro? Did it abate his defiant breaking of the law at every opening? It did so no more than Abraham Lincoln's reminder that in 1850 the North had *bought* the abolition of the slave trade in the District of Columbia by a fugitive slave law. They must keep their contract though it was what he called "a dirty, disagreeable job." Keep their contract? Never. Many a jury, many an officer connived with the extremists to make the law a dead letter—even as today juries refuse to convict and grand juries refuse indictments under the Jones Law.

And that's the present-day revolt of the advocate of personal liberty. Keep the Prohibition law? He will drink himself into the gutter—he who never drank before; he will give it to his son, open a bar in his home, turn his parties into orgies, to show his defiance.

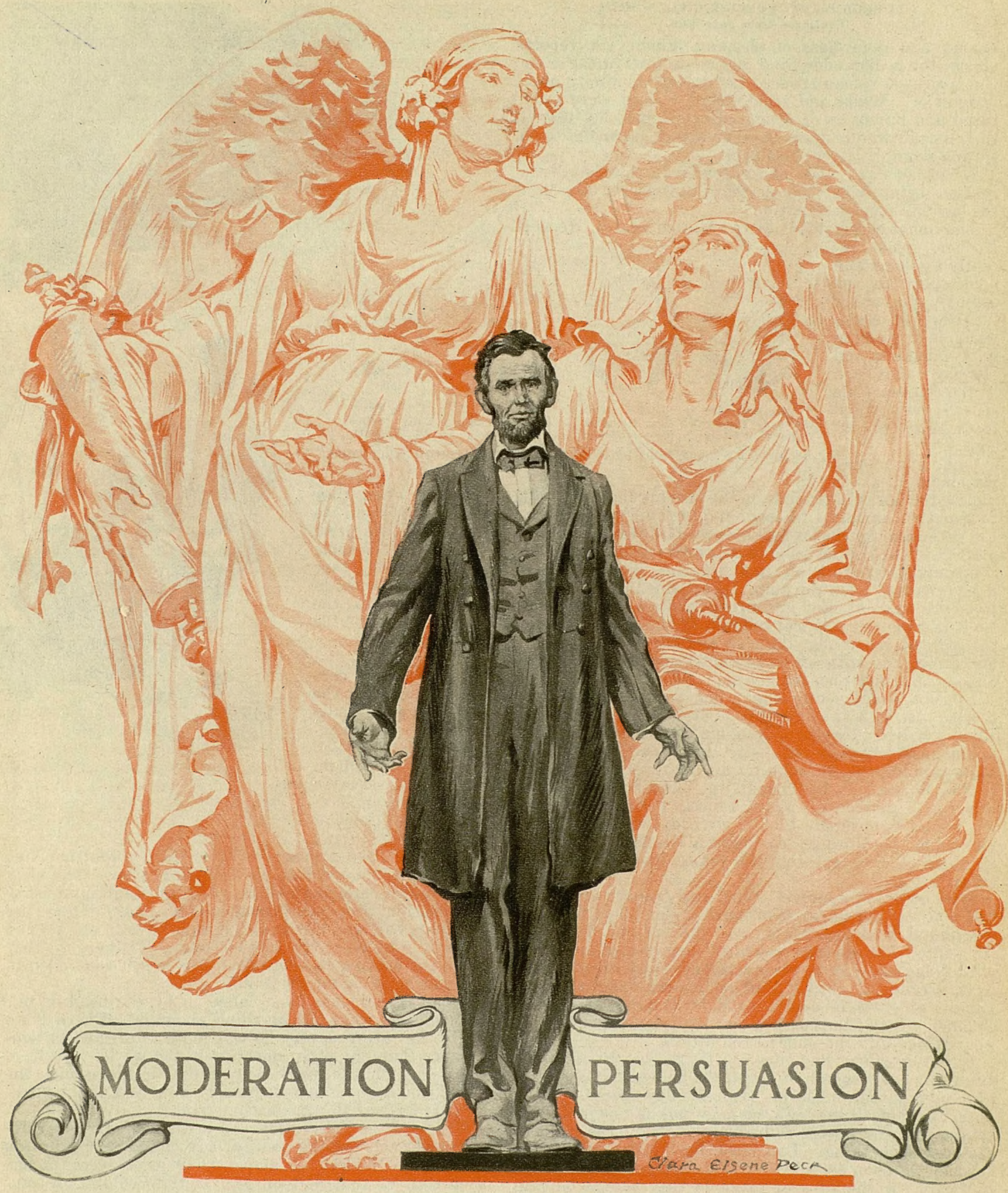


And to this extreme Wet, what does the Dry answer? "Enforce the law—enforce it with guns if necessary—no quarter."

Did North or South in the turmoil before the Civil War show more outrageous outbreaks of violence than we have had in the name of law enforcement?

There have been weeks in recent months when the outline of a day's news read like a war communiqué.

Violent laws show how the makers and their backers are fast losing all sense of moderation or proportion in dealing with the exasperating and puzzling situation. They see no way out but more and more harshness, severer and severer punishments, less and less discretion in pursuit and arrest. And so we have the Jones Law, with its five years' imprisonment and $10,000 fine for violation of the Volstead Act, and we had, for a time, the Michigan Habitual Criminal Act, sentencing to life imprisonment for four convictions under the state prohibition law, which made the possession of liquor a felony. It was under that law that a woman, the mother of ten children, was sentenced to life imprisonment.



With this spirit among the lawmakers, can we expect discretion among officers of the law? Enforcement has become as violent as gang rule. In the years since the Federal government began to enforce Prohibition, 165 citizens and sixty-seven officers have been killed. We have no record of the wounded. We have no record of persons killed in state enforcement. For example, take the woman killed on the outskirts of Aurora, Illinois, in an attempt to aid her husband, knocked senseless by an officer seeking to arrest him for selling liquor—which it was never proved that he did sell, although there is no doubt he had been in the habit of handling the stuff. This woman's death will not go into Federal records; neither will scores and scores of incessant casualties. They are local. Horror at these slaughters? No more than the slaveholder felt when he shot a Negro attempting to escape—or than the Abolitionist felt when he shot a would-be slave-catcher. But this is the spirit of war. Has there ever been in all our history a more sinister and appalling incident than the outburst of applause that greeted the report on the floor of the House of Representatives that an officer had shot a boy of twenty-one driving a carload of illicit liquor?

Could there be any action more irresponsible, more certain to arouse the angry retaliation of citizens, than the random firing into the dark by a Coast Guard picket boat one recent night in Biscayne Bay? Intent on his

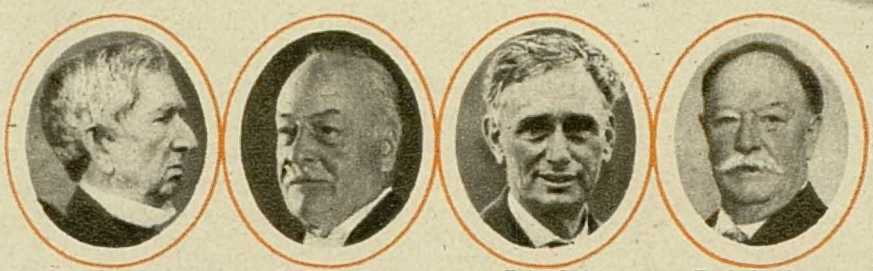
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[IS PROHIBITION FORCING CIVIL WAR?]
Continued from page nine

quarry and regardless of sleeping Miami, the reports affirm, the commander fired 200 shots toward the town. One grazed a woman aroused from sleep, another a night watchman. Walls and windows of houses were punctured and hundreds of Miami sleepers, possibly fearful that nature was making another attack upon the town, sprang from their beds in alarm.

When laws are made and enforced in this bitter and reckless spirit, what hope is there that a plea to respect the law will receive attention?

The honored President of the United States, Herbert Hoover, made recently a solemn and noble plea to the country to check the orgy of crime which is disgracing it by honoring and obeying the law. In the course of his speech he quoted from Abraham Lincoln:



Brown Bros. photo Seward, Lincoln's Sec'y of State | P. & A. photo Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler | Int. photo Justice Louis Brandeis | P. & A. photo Chief Justice W. H. Taft

Four who have held that liberty lives through tolerance.

"Let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap. Let it be taught in the schools, in seminaries, in colleges. Let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in the legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice, and, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation, and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altar."

Lincoln was a young man when he spoke these sentences. He was twenty-seven, just come to Springfield, Illinois, to live. He was making his first speech before the young men's lyceum club. He had been stirred to his high-sounding paragraphs by an outbreak of mob rule in the South. It had begun in Mississippi with the hanging of gamblers. Young Lincoln turned aside from his recital to intimate that if anybody was going to be hanged he was willing it should be a Mississippi gambler, in spite of the fact that the state had legalized his trade.

Still, he didn't approve. What had aroused and horrified him was the epidemic of murder which had followed. Beginning with gamblers, the violence, he said, had turned to Negroes, then to whites suspected of sympathy with Negroes, then to strangers suspected because they were strangers, until "dead men were dangling from boughs of trees in every roadside, rivaling the native Spanish moss of the country as a drapery of the forest." Sounds like Chicago under Prohibition.

If the President had gone a little further in quotation from this early speech of Lincoln's, he would have found him saying that while he so pressingly urged a strict observance of all the laws, he must not be understood as saying that there were no bad laws. He did not mean to say any such thing. Bad laws, he insisted, should be repealed as soon as possible; still, while they continued in force, for the sake of example they should be religiously observed.

THAT is Mr. Hoover's idea. "Whatever the value of any law may be," he said in his speech to the Associated Press on April 22, "the enforcement of that law written in plain terms upon our statute books is not, in my mind, a debatable question. . . . No individual has the right to determine what law shall be obeyed and what law shall not be enforced."

But what do people answer? Just what they have answered since the beginning of law and order when they believed their rights and the rights of others were violated. We know how the North—not the mob of the North, but the ministers of the Gospel, the preachers, the lawyers, the intellectuals—answered Abraham Lincoln and Daniel Webster when they pled with them to obey the Fugitive Slave law. The same class of people are making the same answer today to the pleas to obey the Prohibition law.

"IT is a law contradictory to the Declaration of Independence and inconsistent with the Constitution," William H. Seward declared of the Fugitive Slave law. This is what Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler has been telling us about the Prohibition law.

The statesman who knows his history knows that a law that arouses persistent defiance of a substantial minority of intelligent people is, from the point of view of securing results, a bad law. He knows that if he is to get his end peacefully he must try another route. Is there another route for making the American people self-controlled in the matter of liquor drinking?

Since Lincoln has been called in by the head of our government, what did he think about it? There is no doubt that after slavery he was more interested in temperance than any other question in the world. We have a lecture of his in which he said that in his opinion the world would be vastly benefited by total and final banishment from it of all intoxicating drinks.

But so far as I have been able to discover, Lincoln himself never came to the point of advocating a Prohibition law as a method of banishment. In recent years it has been claimed that he took part in the Prohibition campaign which swept Illinois in 1855, and even that he wrote the law which was then submitted to the legislature. I have myself been over several of the prominent newspapers of Illinois in that period, all of them reporting Lincoln's movements and words, and I have never found a reference to a speech of his in the interest of Prohibition. Albert J. Beveridge in his recent life of Lincoln flatly denies that he took part in the campaign, and Mr. Beveridge's search, I take it, was more thorough than mine, made many years ago.

Paul Angle, the secretary of the important Abraham Lincoln Association of Springfield, Illinois, tells me that he has been compiling a record of Lincoln's whereabouts and activities during 1855—the year of the Prohibition fight in the state; and he thinks that there is no truth in

International photo

P. & A. photo

Above is President Hoover addressing his plea for respect for the law to the members of the Associated Press at their luncheon in New York on April 22 of this year. At the right are Joseph and Gerald de King, husband and son of Mrs. Lillian de King, who on March 25 was killed in their home at Aurora, Illinois, by a dry raider. Mrs. Etta Mae Miller is the Lansing, Michigan, mother of ten children who on December 31 received a life sentence as a fourth offender against the dry law. The inclusion of dry law violators in Michigan's fourth-offender statute has since been repealed, and Governor Green has stated that Mrs. Miller's punishment will be reduced.

P. & A. photo
Mrs. Lillian de King

International photo
Mrs. Etta Mae Miller

the claim, and that all the records show that Lincoln was entirely engrossed in law and politics in that year.

In the matter of intemperance, as in all controversial matters, Lincoln sought to achieve his ends by moderation and persuasion. He was not one to make a fetish of a method. In the temperance speech referred to before, made in 1842, he deplored the methods and denunciations that the early temperance advocates employed against liquor sellers and liquor drinkers as "impolitic and unjust." They were impolitic because "*it is not much in the nature of man to be driven to anything, and still less to be driven to that which is exclusively his own business.*"

Tell the dram seller and drinker that they are the authors of all the vice and misery and crime in the world, he said, and it is not wonderful that they are slow to agree with you. To expect them to do otherwise is to expect a "reversal of human nature, which is God's decree and which can never be reversed."

He went on to explain why he found denunciation "unjust" as well as impolitic. The substance of his argument was that, since "the practice of drinking was as old as the world itself," and since universal public opinion had tolerated liquor selling and drinking, it was unjust to denounce men for what society and law had always recognized, and to expect them suddenly to stop. Time, persuasion, patience were needed to lead them to self-control.

Whether today he would or would not be in favor of the Prohibition amendment, no man has the right to say What we can be sure of, however, is that he would be the strongest advocate of temperance, and that his work for it would be patient and tolerant. We can be certain he would not ignore or try to explain away the increase in intemperance in the last few years—the amazing increase in unusual crimes and corruption closely linked with Prohibition if not directly springing from it. He certainly would be worried.

WE can be sure that he would no more spare the fanatical law enforcer than he would the derisive and reckless lawbreaker; extreme opinion, the savor of bigotry and passion in the interest of a cause however good, was hateful to him. He held it a hindrance to progress, a danger to peace. He was clear-headed enough to realize years before the Civil War that South and North there were men and women becoming so fanatical on slavery that they were ready to trample every principle, every human obligation under foot.

The Abolitionist would "shiver into fragments the union of these states, tear to tatters its now venerated Constitution, even burn the last copy of the Bible," he exclaimed, "rather than that slavery should continue a single hour"; and as for the opposite extreme, what were they beginning to do in order to perpetuate slavery but assail and ridicule the "white man's charter of freedom, the declaration that all men are created free and equal"?

We are not without that type today.

Men who come to such heights of fanaticism are dangerous animals running loose in a country. Their passion is contagious. They arouse even the naturally phlegmatic who sympathize with their way of thinking until they too may run amuck. They inflame their opponents beyond all hope of reasonable discussion, consideration, compromise. Disagreeing fanatics harden one another's heads, heat one another's tempers until restraint is out of the question. Get enough of them and you have a war. That was what happened in 1861.

Is it going to happen over Prohibition in the twentieth century? I know men and women who feel so deeply that Prohibition is the hope of American civilization that rather than see the least modification they would fight and call it a Holy War. I know others who hold it so great a menace to American institutions that they would fight and call it a War for Liberty; and one of the ironies of the case is that so many of these irreconcilables on both sides have called themselves pacifists in other days!

Unchecked, their intensity of conviction and of feeling is bound to spread. But how check it? What compromise is now possible between the extreme Wet and Dry? What would be a fair proposition? Can we say to the first, Pledge your word that you will assist in enforcing a modified act—one giving us, let us say, light wines and beers, but forbidding hard drinks? Can we

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[IS PROHIBITION FORCING CIVIL WAR?]
Continued from page eleven

ask the Dry, in the interest of temperance, order, peace, to consent to such a modification?

Not in the present temper of the two sides. There must be many more grave appeals like the recent one of President Hoover, more and more solemn warnings that the crime we see rampant may mean what he calls a "subsidence of our institutions." As things stand today, I see no chance of either repeal or enforcement. Will Rogers, one of our wisest and certainly of our wittiest commentators on policies, says that if we think this country is wet, it is because we have a "big-city angle on a nation comprised of country folks. It is the only law we ever had where the small town and country knew they held the trump card. You cannot change it without their permission, and you won't get it."

Very well, then, how about enforcement? The police cannot enforce a law, neither can courts and coast guards and government bureaus and district attorneys. Nothing but the conscience and the consent of the people founded on an inner conviction that the thing is right can enforce a law. And the bottom difficulty with making Prohibition work is that there are so many parts of the country where conscience is against it.

You might as well try to force the people of Massachusetts to obey a law forbidding them to eat codfish, said someone back in the '50s, as to force them to return a runaway slave because it is the law.

Massachusetts is still Massachusetts. Last November a referendum was taken on the question whether or no their state senators should be instructed to ask Congress to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment. The vote stood:

Yes	697,735
No	414,512

There is a deep, incorrigible conviction in this people that law must not interfere with a man's private affairs. The men who made our Constitution had that always in mind. "They sought," said Justice Brandeis recently, "to protect Americans in their beliefs, their thoughts, their emotions, and their sensations. They conferred as against the government the *right to be let alone*—the most comprehensive of rights and the *right most valued by civilized man.*" There is the pith of the objection to Prohibition.

And yet the same man who denies the right of the majority to make the Prohibition law will admit the right of a law to punish him if he so abuses the liquor he drinks that he injures or even annoys others. He will admit that he cannot be allowed to be a nuisance, but not that he should be forbidden to decide whether or not he shall get himself into a condition where he may become a nuisance. He will admit your right to try to persuade him, if you can, to total abstinence; he will even respect and admire you because of your efforts in his behalf; but he will resist to the end your attempt to force him to total abstinence, and that, as Abraham Lincoln put it, is "human nature—God's decree, which can never be reversed."

A STIMULUS to the average man's indifference to the plea to obey the law is his belief that the efforts at enforcement in so many cases are not born of that holy ardor for law in the abstract to which the President calls us. The average man believes, cynically enough—and right he often is—that enforcement veers with the political ambition and needs of the enforcer. An enforcer must make a showing. I know of the case of at least one district attorney who pled with a panel of grand jurors to give him indictments that he might make a record. Many of the spectacular raids, the seizures, searchings have been obviously of political inspiration—to make a record.

The man in the street sees that that which Chief Justice Taft prophesied at the time that the Prohibition Amendment was under discussion, has come about: "loose administration in spots all over the United States; a politically inclined national administration strongly tempted to acquiesce; elections turning on rigid or lax execution of the law."

It is difficult to arouse the conscience of a man who sees, as clearly as most of our average citizens do, the political, often corrupt character of Prohibition enforcement. He feels that there are many things to be cleared up, cleaned out, before he can heartily join in a crusade for law obedience, however distinguished the call. "What's the use?"

Another powerful reason why prayers to respect the law, to obey the law, to reverence the law go unheeded and are often met with derision, is the fact that for years our legislators have been cheapening laws by wantonly and selfishly piling them up, beyond the possibility of the people they affect knowing even a fraction of what they are about. In one recent period of five years, 48,000 laws were passed in this country. Seeing them shoveled out winter after winter in Congress and by every state, is it any wonder that to the average citizen they become meaningless? He washes his hands of the whole matter. The law is not for him. If he collides with it, then he must leave it to a lawyer.

AND what does he find too often when he leaves it to a lawyer? Why, that there are confusion, conflict, miscarriages, injustices; that law is not something clear, simple, earnest, direct, shaped on common sense, honor, justice. It is intricate, devious, self-contradictory, defeatist. The rich and powerful can too often use it for their purposes, can often escape even if caught red-handed. The weak and the poor rarely believe it is their friend, rarely escape if caught, too often suffer even when innocent.

Your average man has come in this country to have no great fear, no deep respect, and no love of the law. It is not his depravity, his ignorance, his lack of belief in the need of law, but rather his conviction that law ought to be something you can understand and easily obey. No, it is the law itself and the way that legislatures and courts juggle with it, that is to blame.

Back of any possible enforcement of even a modified Prohibition law must go law simplification as well as the judicial reform that Mr. Hoover promises us.

One thing to be remembered is that you cannot any longer in this country—if you ever could, which I doubt—make people obey laws simply because they are written in the books. They have come to see too clearly that law is a man-made device, that it is no better than the men that made it, that it is continually changing as men change and progress.

They see that nothing we have ever done in building up law or interpreting it, not even our Supreme Court decisions, has been or can be regarded as infallible or unchangeable. They see that the very Constitution is not fixed, that it even provides for its own expansion, its own correction.

They recognize the Eighteenth Amendment as within the letter of the Constitution. They recognize also that a repeal of it is within the letter of the Constitution. A majority put it in, and a majority can take it out. That is, we have a body of citizens who no longer canonize either law or Constitution but who recognize them for what they are: the faulty efforts of faulty human beings to find a procedure to which they can all submit in their struggle to work out what they believe to be their own best possibilities.

All these considerations bear on the present bedeviled Prohibition situation. However helpful appeals to reverence the law may be, and I think that President Hoover's appeal made a real impression on many men, we need something more. We need complete honesty in dealing with facts, admission of benefits, admission of failures; we need candid asking of both Wets and Drys what we ought to do in the situation we have got ourselves into.

There must be moderation, frankness, fewer accusations, and more understanding. Unless we have them nothing is more certain than that the present guerrilla warfare will go on, carrying with it an increasing danger of organized war.

THE END

LILLIAN looked out the window. She saw May McCloud. "Well, good night, Rose," she said.

Kept

The Story of a Girl Without the Law

By

VIÑA DELMAR

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

HUBERT SCOTT sold his business for $15,000. That meant freedom from work and from an indifferent wife.

She had quite a bit of cash herself, Helen had. He didn't know just how much. Her father had been well fixed. He had set Hubert up in business, and hadn't raised a howl when it failed. Helen had put up the cash for this second venture. Well, he had made a go of it, and paid her back every cent. She'd seen to that.

How she treated him, she and their grown son, young Hubert! Thought they were the bee's hips, those two. High and mighty airs. Thought his line of talk only fit for the cook. But, anyway, Helen was nice about her Packard. She had a new Oakland, and he offered to buy the Packard. She wouldn't sell, but she said he could use it.

Hubert wanted to celebrate—wanted to begin spending that fifteen thousand. When Carl Feldman called up, Hubert told him he'd come in the Packard and pick up him and May. Carl wasn't married to his May, but that didn't matter. Nice arrangement. Hubert envied him.

May thought she could get another girl, to make a fourth. She called up Lillian Cory. Lillian worked at a handkerchief counter. She had a furnished room with the Friedrich sisters, who ran a lingerie and hosiery shop. She didn't have many calls. When she got May's invitation over the wire, she said she'd go.

PART TWO—STEPPING OUT

LILLIAN hung up the receiver and started back to her room.

"Going out, Lillian?" Rose called.

"Yessum. Want anything?"

"No. I was just asking out of plain curiosity."

Lillian opened her closet door and stood leaning against

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the jamb, gazing drearily at what she saw. Two hangers on the clothes-arm. One held a velvet dress. It had been a good dress but it was worn now. Badly worn. Lillian yanked the other hanger down. There was a suit upon it. Could she wear the suit? Too cold out. How about the suit with the cape over it? Funny looking.

Lillian began pulling garments off the hooks and regarding them carefully. A silk dress. Torn in the sleeves. A tricotine. Stained beyond all imaginings. A skirt. What could anybody do with a skirt? A nightgown. A coat from which Lillian had ripped the fur collar. Now where was the dress she had used that collar for? Maybe that—oh, there it was. No, that was stained, too. That was the dress she had worn to Louise Casey's birthday party and Billy Fisher had dropped his salad in her lap.

Lillian looked down at the dress she was wearing. It was, after all, the best she had. And why not? It was less than a week old. She'd wear that.

Lillian never used cold cream. Just had never got in the habit of it. She went to the bathroom and washed her face in hot water and then in cold. She squeezed a blackhead and put a drop of peroxide upon it. She sighed as she remembered that she would have to put on the tight shoes again. It wasn't so much that they were tight. They really were her size. But the short vamp was so uncomfortable. Oh, well.

She went back to her room and changed her stockings. A change of stockings is always soothing to hot, tired feet. She really would have to do some washing tomorrow night. This was her last clean pair. The shoes now. Maybe they *were* too small. God, how they hurt! Worse now than all through the day.

Lillian fussed quite a bit with her hair. It was beautiful hair. Dark, warm red with a wide, rolling, natural wave. It was bobbed. Billy Fisher had cut it one night when everybody was drunk. Lillian had awakened the next morning amazed and grief-stricken. She had to go at once to the hairdresser's to have it evened. This hairdresser had assured Lillian that the bob was becoming, so it had remained short for over a year now. There had been a time, though, when Lillian had said, "What! Cut my hair? I should say not. It's the only first-class feature God gave me."

LILLIAN always used a great deal of make-up. It went on thickly now. Pink cheeks, red lips, black brows and lashes. There was little of the real Lillian Cory left when she was finished. A mask surmounted by a crown of gorgeous hair and that so perfect that it, too, looked unreal. She leaned across the bureau to look closely at herself in the mirror. Her short upper lip kept her mouth perpetually parted and her teeth showing. They were good teeth. Strong and white. Her nose was too small for beauty but it was straight, and the tiny nose conspired with extremely large gray eyes to give an elfin quality, a whimsical expression to the face of Lillian Cory.

She opened a diminutive bottle of Coty's L'Origan and laid the glass stopper first against one ear lobe and then against the other. Her hat was a black felt with green roses worked upon it in worsted.

She pulled her hat down over her full head of hair, and it covered her brows, and the narrow peak of the hat gave a faint military smartness to the outline of her head.

She drew her cape over her shoulders. The cape was black broadcloth and there was a collar of so-called fox. It looked well and didn't shed. Lillian asked no more than that of a fur collar.

She went to the kitchen and rescued her chrysanthemum from the milk bottle. She pinned it upon her collar. On the left side. Then, slowly, she walked to the dining room.

Rose had straightened the room and rearranged her hair. She had the center light switched off and was trying to read the paper by the light that filtered through the floor lamp's pink shade.

"No movies?" asked Lillian.

"Oh, I changed my mind."

Lillian got a Camel out of the cigarette box that was standing, now, on the gate-leg table. The box was disturbed only at meal times and then with reluctance. It had cost nine dollars wholesale. Max had given it to Sylvia when the apartment was furnished.

Lillian lit the cigarette and stood smoking thoughtfully. She did not enjoy the tobacco. After one puff it already tasted of lipstick.

She knew why Rose had not gone to the movies. Rose wanted to see who was coming for her. Lillian preferred it otherwise. It gave her a sense of power to know that the Friedrichs were completely unaware of her life and actions outside that apartment. A sight of Lillian's friends would give Rose a foundation to build her guesswork upon. Lillian wanted a cloak of mystery drawn close about her activities. It made her feel important.

And here was Rose ready to play hostess to May and Carl and the other man. Staying home from the movies to see them. To see what they were like.

A car stopped in front of the house. Lillian looked out the window. She saw May McCloud.

"Well, good night, Rose," she said. "I hope Milton Sills didn't miss you."

"Why don't you let your friends come up and get you?" asked Rose.

"Why should they bother you?"

"Oh, they wouldn't bother me."

"Apple sauce. See you tomorrow."

Lillian ran down the hall and out of the apartment. Rose sat for a minute in the pink lamplight. She felt cheated and annoyed. She looked out of the window in time to see a Packard glide away from her front door. Then she got up and went to Lillian's room. She wanted to see if Lillian had taken a nightgown.

"Drink up," he commanded.

II

THE road to City Island leads through Fordham, past the Bronx Zoo, and on out through dark, tree-lined silences. Carl Feldman had suggested a ride, and this one in particular because he was well known in one of the road houses along the way and they could get a drink. He sat with May in the back seat. Her hat was off and she lay with her head against Carl's shoulder. She spoke rarely, only breaking her silence to say, "Don't."

Lillian was beside Hubert Scott. He paid little attention to her because he was driving and Hubert Scott took his driving seriously. When it was necessary for him to get somewhere in a great hurry he would occasionally do thirty miles, but it had to be on the open road.

"Say, Hubert, we're blocking traffic," Carl remarked. "What's the matter?"

"We ain't going to a fire, Carl. What's the use of hurrying? I always figure that it's best to take it easy and live longer."

"What's the use of you living long? The way you drive you won't get many places if you live to be a thousand."

"Don't be razzing me. I'll get you there safe."

Carl said no more. There was no use. Hubert Scott didn't believe that any car made would do over forty miles an hour and he wasn't sure that even that could be accomplished. He'd never tried. It was too dangerous.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

The sheen of the fine old inlaid floor, the grandeur of typical Parisian decoration characterize the Massé salon at 16 Rue Daunou. Fittings are essentially feminine, designed to appeal to the discriminating clientele of M. Massé.

Massé of Paris

BEAUTY EXPERT OF RENOWN

urges his patrons to use this one treatment to keep the skin lovely

"The simplest method of skin care is by far the best of all. That is the consistent use of Palmolive Soap, which combines deep cleansing with the well-known cosmetic effects of palm and olive oils."

L Massé

16 Rue Daunou, Paris

AT 16 Rue Daunou, Paris, many of the world's most distinguished women are accustomed to consult E. Massé on problems of skin care. Massé gives much time and thought to home beauty methods, as well as to the various complexion treatments given in his artistic salon de beauté.

"Efficient but gentle cleansing of the skin at home is an absolute requirement of success in our work," says Massé. "Clients who follow our advice *never* use any soap except that which blends oils of palm and olives—Palmolive. They are the ones whose skin shows the greatest improvement as a result of the treatments we give in the salon."

Other authorities agree

All the leading figures in the Parisian world of beauty culture agree with M. Massé. Lina Cavalieri, Vincent, Mme. Valentin le Brun—these are just a few of the many French authorities who recommend the daily use of Palmolive Soap. And in Berlin, Vienna, London, Madrid—in New York and all the cosmopolitan centers of culture—one meets this same advice.

First, make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water, to be rubbed, with both hands, well into the skin. Two minutes of soap massage, a rinse, first with warm water, then with cold. A final ice water rinse as astringent. Dry skin usually needs some oily cream at least once a day. Oily skin requires an astringent lotion and the use of a day cream with drying effect.

In this 2-minute treatment millions of women find a solution to their problems of skin care. Palmolive is now the leading complexion soap not only in the United States but also in 48 other countries.

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Retail Price 10c

[YOU NEVER KNOW UNTIL YOU TRY
Continued from page fifteen]

He added a leather coat and then wriggled into the fur-lined flying suit from which dangled an electric cord for the heating pads in the lining.

They left the cottage together.

"I'll cut through the woods from here," she said, and held out her hand. "Thanks for luncheon. Come over and see us soon. Aunt Martha's been asking for you."

"I'll do that," he replied. "By-by."

"Larry," she said suddenly, "I hope you won't let this hurt you. After all, there's your flying to console you." She smiled up at him.

"Guess I'll have to make the best of it," he answered glumly, still holding her hand. "But even if we never mention it again, I want you to know that I love you more than anyone else on earth. Perhaps you're right that I couldn't make you happy, but that doesn't keep me from loving you."

She walked rapidly toward the big rambling house and shut herself in her bedroom. To her Aunt Martha she said that she was going to write letters, but in reality she sat, doing nothing, for several hours, suspended in a mood. Larry's plane thundered overhead, sometimes near, sometimes far. When, at last, the engine cut off for his landing, she scarcely breathed until she heard the roar of it again and knew that he was taxiing safely toward the hangar. Then she felt released, as though she were free to move.

That night when they had finished playing cribbage, she said slowly, "I think there is a sort of courage that the world doesn't consider very seriously. It's the courage of a person who knows his—or her—own limitations and who is willing to abide by them."

"Poppycock!" exclaimed the old lady. She ground the fire of her cigarette into the ash tray. "No one on earth knows his limitations."

"I think I know mine," asserted Cora defensively.

"Ts-s-s!" hissed Aunt Martha. "You never know 'em until you try 'em!"

III

FOR three days Larry's plane had not taken to the air. Cora wondered about it and almost convinced herself that she had better go over to the cottage to see if he were ill. Instead, she sent a note to him by a farm boy who had come to The Point to chop firewood. The note read:

DEAR LARRY:

Why haven't you been flying? I hope it isn't that you are laid up with a cold. If you are I'll come over and play nurse. And if you aren't will you come for dinner either tonight or tomorrow night?

Cordially,
CORA.

The boy returned toward dusk with his reply. Cora and Aunt Martha were sitting close to the library fire, reading, when Hector tottered in with it. Outside the wind was howling.

Cora read the note and laughed.

"What's funny?" asked her aunt.

"Just a typical Larry Barber love letter, that's all. Listen."

She read aloud:

CORA DEAR:

You are an angel to ask me for dinner, but I can't for a few days because we are so busy here. I haven't been flying because the temperature has been so low that moisture doesn't freeze on the wings. We are extending an exhaust stack through each wing and are getting ready for the next stretch of dampish weather at about thirty-two degrees. I am sure that we will be able to get rid of the ice, except on the controls, in this fashion, but it is merely a crude attempt just to find out how much heat we need and where, in general, we must apply it. I can measure that by using remote thermometers on the stacks and regulating the amount of heat deflected through the wings. It will at least show us some of the limits within which we must work. But it is far from the ultimate system which will make all pilots cry out with joy when the name Barber is mentioned. Wrap up warmly and hop on over

"They're over there!" She nodded toward an

ilding. "Something's the matter with Hector."

for luncheon or tea. I can always take an hour off.

Affectionately,
LARRY.

P. S.—I forgot to say that we have had warning over the radio of a snorting storm that will be on us tonight. It will last three or four days, so get set for it.

"All that stuff about the plane doesn't mean much to me, but I'm an old fogy," said Aunt Martha. "Storm, eh? Well, let it rip! I'd like to see a real storm again."

A flurry of snow, ice-hard particles, was already in the air, tapping at the windows. The wind cried in crescendo outbursts and during the night settled to a driving blast that made the windows shake. Then the sky cleared magically and a sharp-edged moon, like polished metal, shone down. The black forms of trees, struggling against the wind, weaved upon a shining white background of snow.

It was so thrilling to watch that Cora stayed up until nearly 2, prowling from window to window, finding new aspects of it. Finally she opened the window of her room a tiny crack, which sent the curtains waving like flags, and got into bed—snuggled down in the warmth of it. Larry had chosen The Point for his flying work because the country was notorious for its bad weather. And he was certainly getting it, she said to herself amusedly.

By noon of the next day the wind had howled itself out. There was a lull in the storm and then snow started falling; great flakes of it, obliterating the landscape, inclosing the house in a white curtain. The wind came up again, as though rested, sent clouds of snow drifting. When they awoke the following day, Hector reported that both the electric and telephone lines were blocked. They were snowbound; but with plenty of firewood cut and plenty of food in the house there was a delightful remoteness, a snugness about it.

LARRY came trudging through the snow at noon, blowing from the exertion of bucking drifts.

"Are you all right?" he asked. "Of course, I can see that you are, but I wanted to make sure. Isn't it a ripper?"

"Isn't it just!" exclaimed Cora. "I've an old pair of skis some place in the house. Just as soon as the wind lets up a bit I'm going out."

"And are you fixed for lights of some kind?"

She told him that they had lamps and candles. "This happens every winter," she explained. "Sometimes two or three times, but generally not so early."

Larry stayed for a hurried luncheon.

"I'll get over every day while this lasts," he said as he was leaving. "If there is wood to be cut, or anything too heavy for old Hector, the boys and I'll take care of you."

"We've cords of wood," she assured him. "Oh, we're used to this."

He plowed back through the snow, fighting the wind, and went to the hangar where the mechanics were finishing the job of running exhaust stacks through the wings. He told Stender to uncrate the skis for the plane as soon as he could get around to it, and went to his cottage, where he worked over his drafting board, evolving a formula for the ice deformation of an aërofoil section. Dinner was disposed of in fifteen minutes and he returned to work.

It was nearly 11 o'clock when he knocked off for the night and he was standing at the table, glancing over his diagrams for the last time, when he heard shouts outside. Probably the mechanics rough-housing in the snow before their cottage, he said to himself. They were like a bunch of kids—forever washing faces in snow. But the shouts came again, louder, insistent. Then the outer door banged open. It was Stender.

"Hey, boss! Looks like that girl's house's burning!"

Larry rushed out into the night and saw, gleaming through the cloudy veil of snow, a reddish, semicircular glow, cut off at its base by the rise of scrubby woods.

"Get all hands over there!" he yelled. He snatched up a leather coat and helmet, put them on as he ran, following the shouts of the men. He fell several times, wallowed in drifts of snow; but he knew the way better than his mechanics and managed to pass them. Once

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KEPT
Continued from page seventeen]

I never drank till I went out with you and I only started then because I didn't want to be a wet blanket. Me a tank, no less! I couldn't be. I don't like liquor. I could stop drinking right now; only everybody else drinks, so I don't see no sense in me stopping."

Lillian's eyes rested wonderingly on May. That flare-up had been very unreasonable, she thought.

The waiter was at the table again.

"Another round," said Carl.

"Not for me," May told the waiter.

"Aw, come on, May," Hubert soothed her. "Carl was only fooling."

May sulked and Carl said nothing.

"One old-fashioned and two highballs," the waiter said and started away.

"Wait," May called. She turned to Carl. "I'll take another," she said, "if you'll promise not to call me a tank again."

"I'll promise nothing," said Carl. "I don't care if you don't take another."

"All right, then. I'll have another for spite."

The waiter smiled and went away.

Mal Gobel's Joy Boys were at it again. They were playing the reckless, lovable song from the season's hit show, Charlot's Revue.

A cup of coffee, a sandwich, and you,
A cozy corner, a table for two—

Something magnificent and breathless about the lyric. A realness, a beauty. No song ever written sets its period more deftly. The lunch room with its yellow lights, its white-aproned waiter, its marble table tops. The city outside, the newsboys shouting the morning papers at midnight, the honking taxi horns. The boy and girl smiling serenely and happily into each other's eyes across their orders of fried-egg sandwiches and coffee.

I don't need music, lobster, or wine,
When your lips are pressed close to mine.

"Want to dance?" Carl asked May.

She answered him by standing up and holding her arms awkwardly toward him. They glided out upon the vacant floor. Hubert and Lillian watched them for a while, then turned to each other.

"I don't dance," he confessed.

"I think it's a waste of time myself," she returned.

"Well, I don't know about that."

"Maybe I am wrongish."

"But still—"

"Yeh, but still—"

They looked at each other and Lillian burst out laughing. Lillian always made it a practice to laugh when there threatened to be a lull in the conversation. That is, of course, a conversation for two. Silence would make her appear dumb and unable to think of anything to say, so she laughed and the laughter gave her a superior position. It always worked out so.

"WHAT are you laughing at?" Hubert asked.

"Oh, nothing," she replied with an effort.

"What's so funny? Let me in on it."

"Oh, I can't." A handkerchief leaped to her hand from some unlikely spot and, wiping her eyes, she made a brave attempt to control herself. It proved no use. She was off again in a moment.

Hubert became uncomfortable. What was she laughing at? What had he said or done? "Say, what's the joke?"

"Oh, I can't tell you." The handkerchief flew to her eyes again. She tried once more to control her merriment. This time she was successful. She breathed a faint, weak, "Oh, dear," and regained a polite and quiet demeanor. It had worked. She had now convinced him that she knew all sorts of amusing things which she couldn't possibly share with an outsider. And, too, there still persisted a sneaking notion that perhaps she had been laughing at him. Hubert felt very unimportant and outside the know.

"Drink up," he commanded in an effort to prove that he really was somebody.

"Oh, sooner or later. Not just now. I'll get tight and start throwing things."

"Is that what you do when you drink too much?"

"Sure."

"Well, I don't mind. I'm strong enough to stop you or I'll pay for anything you break. How's that?"

"That's fine." She was laughing again. Not uproariously as before, but enough to alarm Hubert.

"Say," he said, hoping to curb her laughter, "what's your name? I didn't get it when May said it."

"Lillian Cory."

"Great. I'll call you Lil."

"I can't say that I care for that. It sounds kind of saloonish."

"Do you think so? My mother's name was Lily and everybody called her Lil."

"Guess I made a social error."

"Oh, no," he insisted generously. "I'm not like that.

I always say that a guy that's sensitive has a guilty conscience."

"Well, I'm sensitive."

"You are not."

"Honest, I'm terribly sensitive. The least thing hurts my feelings."

She was joking. He could tell by the way she smiled at him that she didn't mean it.

"You're a great little kidder, aren't you?"

"Me? I should say not."

Lillian was laughing again and Carl and May were coming back to the table.

"I like you."

"That's nice. I like you too."

"Do you work?"

"No, I just stand around a department store eight hours a day."

"Which store?"

"The same one that May works in."

"Oh. Can I meet you tomorrow night and take you to dinner?"

"I should say not.

"Why not?"

"Oh, there are reasons."

"What are they?"

"I can't think of any, but there must be some."

"I'll be outside the employees' entrance at closing time."

"I won't hold my breath till you come."

"Honest I'll be there."

"Will you really?" Lillian's voice was mockingly entreating.

"Sure I will," he replied. Then he saw that she was kidding him again. "That is, if I don't see a girl I like better," he added.

"Oh, if you don't come I'll sicken and die of relief."

"I'll be there," he said briskly. His tone said, "Come now, let's be serious."

But Lillian was laughing again and Carl and May were coming back to the table.

"Let's have something to eat," May suggested as she sat down.

"Not here," Carl objected. "The food's rotten."

"Well, where will we go, Carl? I'm game for anything." Two drinks always had made Hubert game for anything.

Everybody fell silent. That was a problem. Where would they go for something to eat?

"How about Arras Inn?" said Lillian.

"Why Arras Inn?" May had to be sold the idea.

"Because nobody else seems to have thought of a place and Arras Inn is in my neighborhood and I can duck right home after I'm fed."

"All right," said May. "That's fair enough."

CARL called for the check and he and Hubert fell to wrangling pleasantly over it.

"This is my party."

"The hell you say."

"You can pay next time."

"*You* pay next time."

"His money's no good, waiter."

"Hey, look, I got the right amount here. You'll have to break a twenty."

"All right. I'll pay down at Arras Inn." Hubert retired only after the waiter had marched away with Carl's money. He felt cheated. What's the use of having $15,000 if some other guy is going to pay for your drinks?

They filed out of the road house. Mal Gobel's Joy Boys looked very cross at their departure. The Joy Boys' lives were lonely ones.

The ride back to Inwood was the same as the one to the road house. Except that May didn't say "don't."

"Are you hungry?" Hubert asked Lillian.

"Sort of."

"Well, when you get to that place you picked out, I want you to order anything you like. Anything at all, now. Don't pay any attention to the prices."

"What makes you think I would?"

"Oh, I can tell your kind. You're the backward type."

"Hubert is reading her palm," Carl said.

"He's good at it, too," May whispered. "She's very backward. Not up to tenth-year intelligence yet."

"Sh. She'll hear you."

"That would be awful, wouldn't it?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KEPT
Continued from page nineteen]

Arras Inn was on Broadway, a few doors off Two Hundred and Seventh Street. It was a long, narrow place with latticed walls and colored lamp shades. There was music, singing, and once or twice a fire to vary the monotony.

There was lobster. Everybody ordered lobster. Little talking was done as the party chewed small, thin claws and delved hopefully into large, fat claws. Hubert had mayonnaise all over his mouth. Lillian didn't think it very becoming.

She wanted to tell him to use his napkin but she was afraid it would make him angry. She kept her eyes resolutely turned away from him.

The waiter came and carried away the shells. Lillian ventured a look at Hubert. There was still some mayonnaise down in the corner of his mouth. Lillian felt that she could be sick. She had eaten too much mayonnaise herself to be left wholly untouched by the sight of some smeared on the corner of a person's mouth. May came to the rescue.

"Big Boy," she said, "wipe your mouth and if your nose needs blowing for God's sake blow it before it starts to show."

Hubert wiped his mouth.

Everybody lit cigarettes.

"I have to go home," Lillian said. "As soon as I finish this."

"Mother waiting up?" Hubert asked.

"Sure—my grandmother too."

Hubert congratulated himself. He was getting to understand her. He could tell that, that time, she wasn't joking. Her eyes had been perfectly serious. She did have a mother and a grandmother with whom she lived.

"I'll take you home as soon as you're ready," he said.

"We'll wait here," said May. "You can come back and pick us up."

"Now there's no sense in that," Carl protested. "We can just as well go when Lillian goes. She only lives around the corner. You'll only have another minute to linger here and what do you want to linger for, anyhow?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Just to make a little extra trouble. Come on. Lillian's ready to go now."

"All right." May got into her coat sulkily.

The waiter brought the check and Hubert paid it, choosing to break a hitherto unrevealed fifty-dollar bill in preference to the twenty which he had allowed them all to gaze upon at the road house.

Lillian wished that Carl and May had decided to stay at Arras Inn while Hubert took her home. She wanted to see if he would mention anything more about meeting her the following day.

She felt sure that he wouldn't speak of it in front of the others. And he didn't.

"Good night," Lillian said as she climbed out of the Packard.

"Good night," each of the others responded. Nobody added a single extra word.

It was all very gloomy.

"He won't be there tomorrow evening," Lillian said to herself. But he was.

III

"COME on, sit down—you don't have to go yet. Rose and Sylvia won't be home till twelve. On Saturday nights they both work till after eleven-thirty in the store. Don't worry, Hubert, I'm not anxious to have them catch me in a kimono entertaining a man. They'd put me out or call a cop or something. But it isn't nine-thirty yet. That's right—have a seat.

"Oh, I know what you're sulky about. You're still glooping over that snapshot on my bureau, aren't you? I told you who it was. I ought to throw it away, I guess, but I'm kind of soft about it. You know—love's young dream stuff. Gee, I was nuts about him and him married and me a kid sixteen years old. He was nice. No, honest, he didn't know I was only sixteen. I lied to him and told him I was nineteen.

"I guess he liked me all right. He had a store. A haberdashery it was. I used to play hookey from school and spend the afternoon in there talking to him. Of course he didn't know I was still a school kid. I used to steal nickels out of my mother's pocketbook to get car fare to go to him, and on days when her pocketbook wasn't handy I used to walk twenty-two blocks to see him. I was a dodo all right. We would go in the little room in back of his shop and we'd pet. For a long time it wasn't anything more than that.

"Then one night—gee, I'll never forget it. It was a hot summer's night and, you know, the stars were all out and you could smell the flowers and green things and it was kind of romantic. I went out for a walk with my girl friend. Her name was Julia—Julia Hart. It was about nine o'clock and I'd just left her and was walking home when who should I see in an automobile but him. He was all alone and he asks me if I want to take a little ride. I says sure and we take a ride. Well, the damned stars and the flowers was too much for us. We should 'a' stuck to the little room in back of the store.

"I WENT home scared to death. I cried and my mother comes in and asks me what's the matter. I wouldn't tell her and she went back to her room thinking, I suppose, that I'd had a fight with Julia or that I'd seen some jane with a prettier dress than I had.

"But the next day she could see there was something serious wrong with me. I couldn't eat and I bawled and I wouldn't talk decent to my kid brothers, and then, of course, she wanted to know what was biting me.

"She comes to my room after the kids are gone to school and she's got all the work done, and she suspects pretty much, because she says, 'Lillian, I want to hear what you've done. You're my little girl and anything you've done is my trouble as well as yours.' She says it as nice as pie and I, like a fool, tells her everything except the boy friend's name.

"Then you should have heard her. She had a nice way of talking but I wasn't her little girl any more then. Once she had her curiosity satisfied she was herself again. I was a little bum and a lot of other things. I was surprised. I was only a kid, you know. I thought mothers always loved and forgave their children. But that's bunk. That's only greeting-card stuff. Cripes, didn't you ever notice how much store a childless woman sets by a dog? There you are. A woman's got so much love to dish out and a dog will do as well as a child. That will give you some idea of the high quality of love a kid actually gets. What? Oh, well, I suppose there are exceptions.

"Anyhow, the old lady tries to get Father O'Day to come talk to me about my downfall. He was a nice old fellow and he says no, he won't force himself on my bewildered young soul. Nice words, ain't they? That's what he told her. I heard her tell my old man. Father O'Day says that if she'd leave me in peace that I'd come to him myself in time. But her leave me in peace? Don't be a clown. She goes to my favorite teacher in school and tells her about it and asks her to come point out to me the error of my ways. As though I was going out with some man every night. Well, anyhow, little by little, the old lady has everybody in the neighborhood wise to what I did.

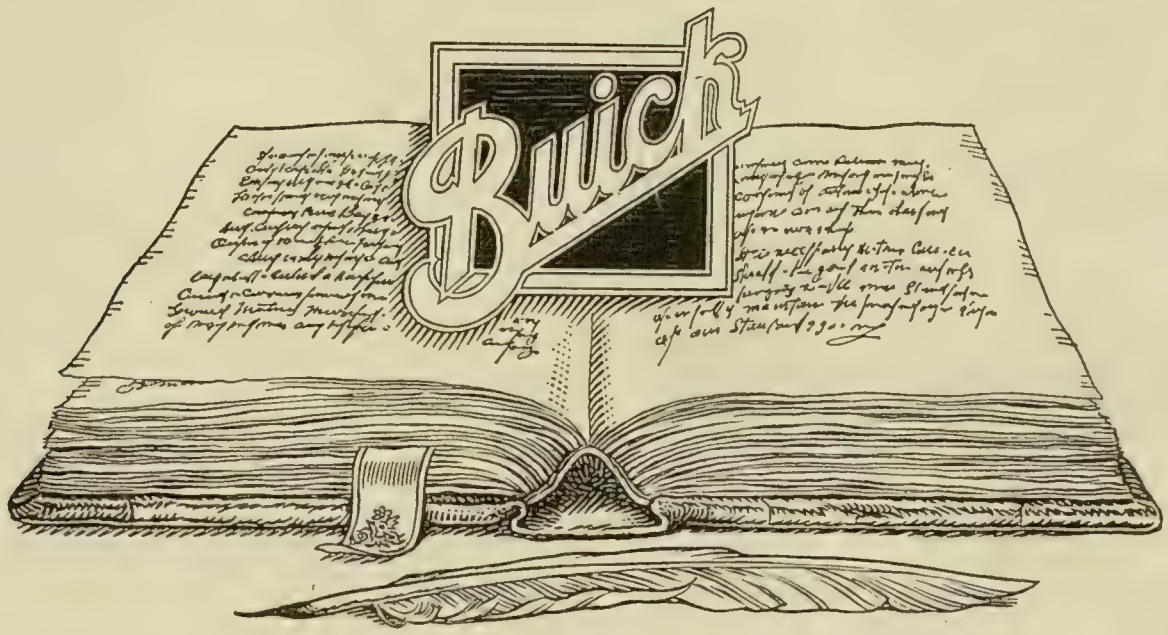
"So just before I was seventeen I left them all flat. 'You'll get your punishment,' my old lady screams at me from the front window as I walk down the street and, mind you, all the neighbors listening. I felt like saying, 'I got all I could stand when I found out what you were really like,' but I just kept walking.

"No, I didn't go to the boy friend. I'd heard his wife just had a new baby and I thought maybe he had troubles enough without a homeless girl busting in on him. I'd never seen him since that night and I ain't seen him yet. He was nice, though.

"I got a job right away in a plumber's store. You know, answering the phone when the plumber was out and taking down all the addresses of all the leaking toilets in town. I saw his ad in the paper and he took me right on and advanced me half a week's salary, which was five

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

TRUST BUICK TO HOLD TRUE TO BUICK TRADITIONS



The brilliant record of the Buick Motor Company during the past quarter of a century is the pride of motordom. But the builders of Buick and the new Marquette hold everlastingly true to their policy of progress. They will continue to press onward to still greater heights of service.

The ideal of Perfection—the finest goal any man or group of men may seek—is the goal of the builders of Buick and Marquette automobiles.

No other goal will do. All others imply an end of effort. And to Buick craftsmen, as to leaders in every field of endeavor, each new achievement marks a fresh beginning.

Progress—the guiding spirit of the Buick organization throughout a quarter of a century—remains the guiding spirit of this organization today.

It does not alter matters that the Buick Motor Company holds acknowledged supremacy in fine car manufacture . . . nor that Buick and Marquette automobiles set the standard of value in their respective fields . . . nor that the motoring public honors both cars with the final and unmistakable reward of buyer preference.

These facts bear witness to leadership. But the leader is a *true* leader only when he merges the thought of leadership in the greater thought of continued service and advancement.

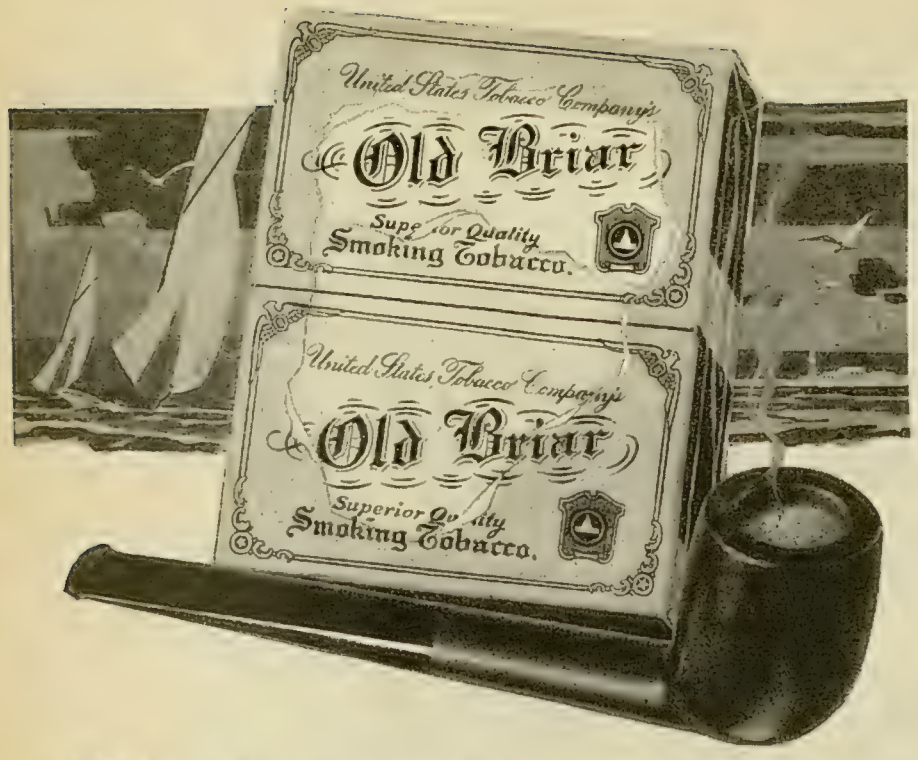
The builders of Buick and Marquette will always endeavor to improve upon their own standards—to build better and better—to give greater and greater value, month after month and year after year.

Buick supremacy is more apparent today than ever before in Buick history. Marquette popularity is thrilling America. And yet Buick-Marquette progress has only begun!

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Canadian Factories McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont. *Division of General Motors Corporation* Builders of Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



The better living today brings both . . . Days in the open and

Better tobacco!

Better tobacco! Everywhere you find men discovering the extra comforts, the added pleasures, better living today makes possible. More and more men every day are learning what real quality means in pipe tobacco. That's why new thousands of pipe smokers each day are now turning to Old Briar tobacco.

Only choice tobaccos of superior quality, exactly suitable for pipe smoking are entrusted to Old Briar experts—men who are pipe smokers themselves and who have had years of scientific experience in the art of mellowing and blending. Only in this way could the unique smoking qualities of Old Briar tobacco be perfected.

The pleasure you have experienced from the comforts of better living can be completed in your tobacco when you adopt Old Briar as your own. Better tobacco dealers everywhere will be glad to supply you with Old Briar in the convenient package—*two separate pocket pouches, individually sealed, but wrapped together*—just as you see it above.

Old Briar TOBACCO

"The Best Pipe Smoke Ever Made!"

United States Tobacco Co., 1107 Broadway, N. Y., Dept. A

Gentlemen: Without cost to me, please send me a generous sample of Old Briar tobacco. I want to give it a thorough trial. L. M. 7-6-29

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Dealer's Name _____

OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

berries. I got a room with it. Three dollars a week for the room. Some room! I was there a couple of months and then, of course, I started to look around for something better. I wanted a better job and a better room.

"I tried the telephone company but I didn't like it much. Too many people telling you what to do. Then I got a job in a movie theater as cashier. That was all right. Gee, this is like an old-fashioned melodrama, ain't it? The wronged girl leaves home and tries to make her way in the brutal world. Only it wasn't so awfully brutal.

"I met Vincent in the movie theater. He was the film operator. He rushed me like mad. I liked him. I thought he wanted to marry me. That wasn't his idea at all. Well, I wouldn't say it wasn't his idea. He wanted everything but the marriage.

"I left that job because of him. I wanted to go work in the stores anyhow. The hours were normal and I thought I'd get to know some girls. You see, I hadn't any friends at all. Here's a laugh. They asked me in the first store if I was acquainted with any special stock and I says, 'Sure, haberdashery.'

"Well, anyhow, I drifted around and finally got in the store where I am now. I got a swell room on Washington Heights. The only thing though, I was kind of lonely around meal times. Eating in bakeries and restaurants alone is no fun. So I came here with the Friedrichs. I don't like it much, though, because I think they don't like me. I'm funny that way. I can't be comfortable if I feel I'm making somebody else uncomfortable.

"I got friends, though. Anna Leitz works in the handkerchiefs with me. I see her often in the evenings. And Louise Casey used to work in the store but she don't now. I see her a lot, though. She's engaged to be married to a fellow named Billy Fisher. I go to parties up at Louise's house and I chase around with her crowd some.

"I haven't had a boy friend—that is, a serious case—in some time.

"That's my story, Judge. There's my whole history up to tonight. Gee, fifteen minutes without a cigarette. Got a match?"

Pathos. Poverty. Betrayal. That seemed to be Lillian's destiny. Does she find any happiness with Hubert Scott? Read next week's installment of Kept, and see.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of Oklahoma; Oregon; Pennsylvania?

2—What is the latitude of the North Pole?

3—Who commanded the armies of Carthage in its wars with Rome?

4—What is the title of the ruler of Persia?

5—What American recently has been installed as president of the Permanent Court of International Justice?

6—What is punctilio?

7—What countries were involved in the recently settled Tacna-Arica dispute?

8—What is common to the following names: Kaw, Uchee, Kiowa, Natchez?

9—Who is Secretary of Commerce?

10—What is the meaning of the French phrase *cherchez la femme?*

11—What are the missing names in this Biblical quotation? "The voice is —'s voice, but the hands are the hands of —."

12—What city is called the City of the Saints?

13—What is a grampus?

14—What is the official name of the Brazilian republic?

15—In what state is the Rocky Mountain National Park?

16—What college in Iowa has the same name as an eastern university?

17—What was the name of the dirigible commanded by Lieutenant Commander Zachary Lansdown, which was destroyed in 1925?

18—Where is Isle of Pines?

19—In what novel by Sir Walter Scott does the character Rowena appear?

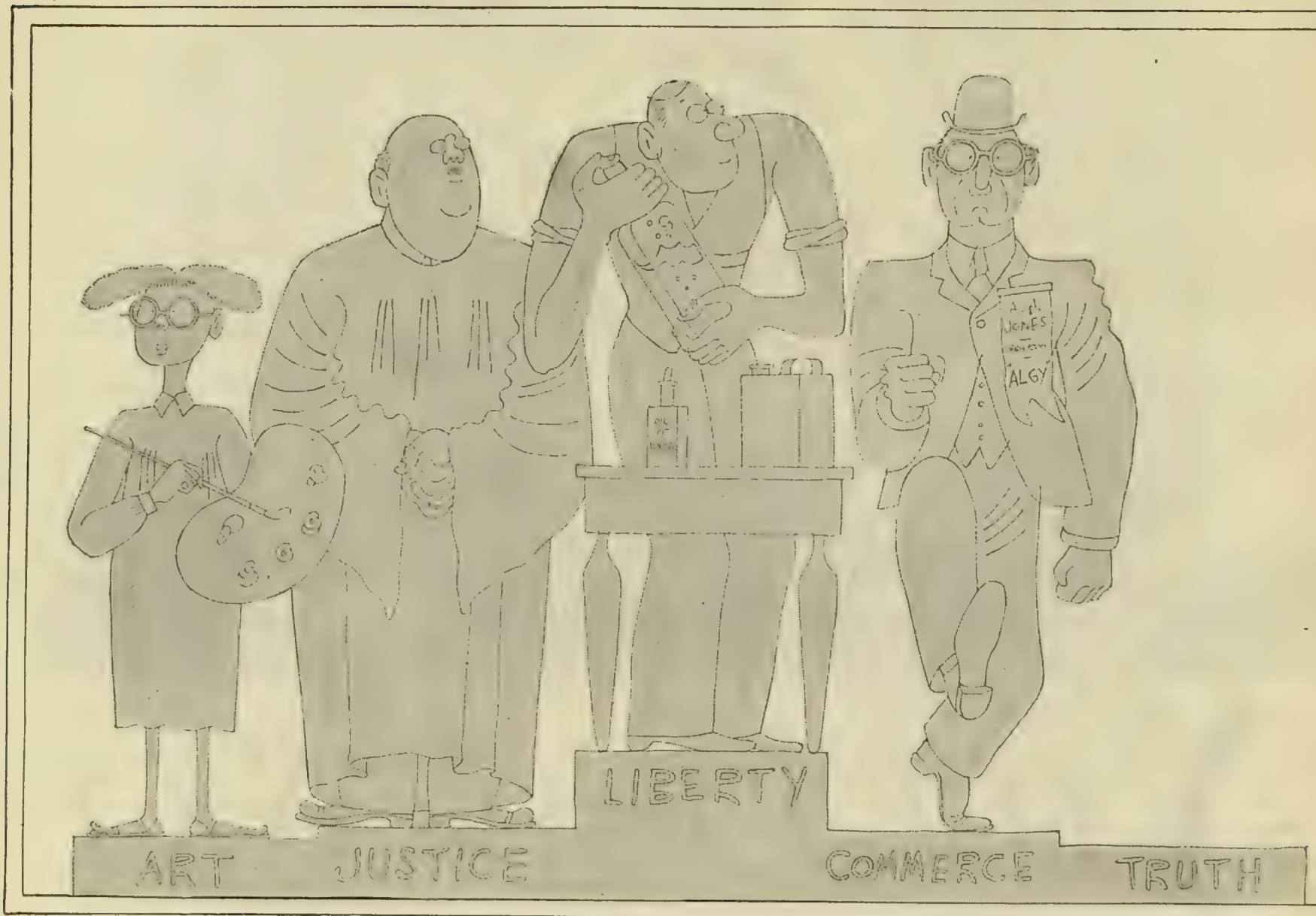
20—Who led the Huns in their European conquests in the fifth century?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-one)

GRAPHIC SECTION

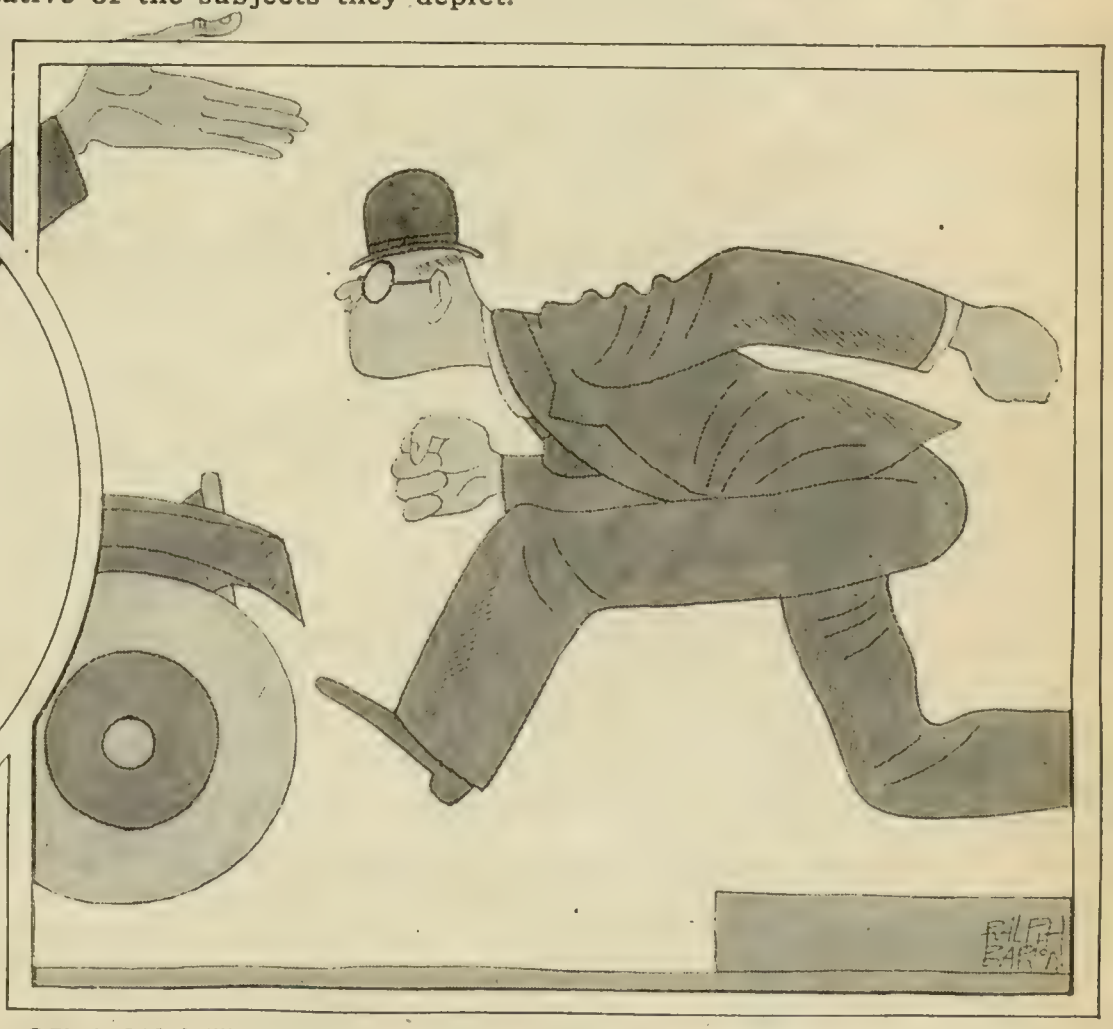
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



REALISM STEALS INTO THE SCULPTURAL DECORATIONS OF OUR PUBLIC BUILDINGS. The new Jasper County Courthouse abandons the outworn allegorical figures so long in use for figures which are more representative of the subjects they depict.

THE YEAR'S MOST POPULAR FOURTH-OF-JULY ORATOR goes through the motions of his speech without uttering a sound, taking the place left vacant by the silent drama.



OUT OF THE APPALLING TOTAL OF 95,000, 81,324 people are killed in accidents in the United States yearly hurrying to get somewhere to do nothing in particular.

Inside a Pan-American air liner. The passengers are off for Havana.

SAFETY in the SKY

A Guide for Prospective Air Passengers

By

BOGART ROGERS

ACCIDENTS are the most important feature of aviation. They have been for years.

Someone flies the Atlantic and lands on the front page—for a while.

A flight to Hawaii or Mexico or Australia commands a few fleeting feet of type.

A shattered speed, endurance, or altitude record is good for half a column.

But since Otto Lilienthal tumbled to death in his glider thirty years ago the most dependable grist of the air news mill has been this:

"Three Die in Air Crash."

"Seven Killed in Plane Accidents."

"Flier Falls to Death."

Every new aërial achievement of a Lindbergh, a Wilkins, or an Amelia Earhart dissolves the last remaining prejudices of a few hundred potential converts and entices them into the cloud-lined highways; but the monotonous funereal procession of aviation fatalities roots millions to terra firma with a strengthened determination to do their flying with one foot on the ground. Which is not as it should be.

If you don't believe accidents are important, ask the folks who refuse to fly what their reasons are. Nine out of ten will give you the same answer:

"It isn't safe yet. There are too many accidents."

In short, a three-line report stating that a man named Jones was killed in a flying accident in Kansas will keep more people on the ground than a long account of some splendid new flight will send into the air.

The trouble is that the Lindberghs, the Byrds, and the Art Goebels are pigeonholed as a gentry apart. Their achievements are not regarded as the personal affair of the ordinary fellow who is thinking of flying and who doesn't expect to span the ocean or gaze down on the South Pole himself. But Jones typifies the average citizen. His demise is erroneously accepted as proof positive that an ordinary man is likely to break his neck the first time he risks a foot off the ground.

That's why accidents are so important. They keep people from flying.

The safety of modern aviation is a paradox.

Honest critics with an authoritative knowledge of the facts will tell you that it is no more hazardous today to ride in an airplane than in a train or an automobile—and will present statistics that prove it.

Yet week after week, as you must know if you read the newspapers, pilots and passengers come to an end amid the splintered wood and twisted steel of shattered planes.

If flying is so safe, why do these fatalities occur?

Why do you constantly read that some Jones or Smith or Brown has made his last flight?

Why do people continue to die in airplane accidents?

The truth of the matter is that a large percentage of them commit suicide.

I say that because there are two kinds of airplane accidents: those in which airplanes kill people, and those in which people kill themselves in airplanes.

There is a distinction.

It is the difference between accidental death, which is difficult to forestall, and self-destruction.

In 1928 civil aviation claimed the lives of 368 pilots and passengers. Serious injury was suffered by 322 more. Approximately 6,000 planes were flying commercially throughout the country during that year. About 450 of these—or about one in every thirteen—met with serious accident.

These figures certainly don't seem to prove that flying is as safe as automobiling. If one auto out of every thirteen met with dire adversity during the year there wouldn't be enough tow cars to haul them into garages.

In all fairness it should be said that army and navy casualties, which get their full share of publicity, are always largely the result of experimental or extra hazardous operations. The air mail, too, contributes its share of misfortunes, almost all of which are the result of losing battles against tempestuous weather—flights which are plainly dangerous, and from which passengers are prohibited.

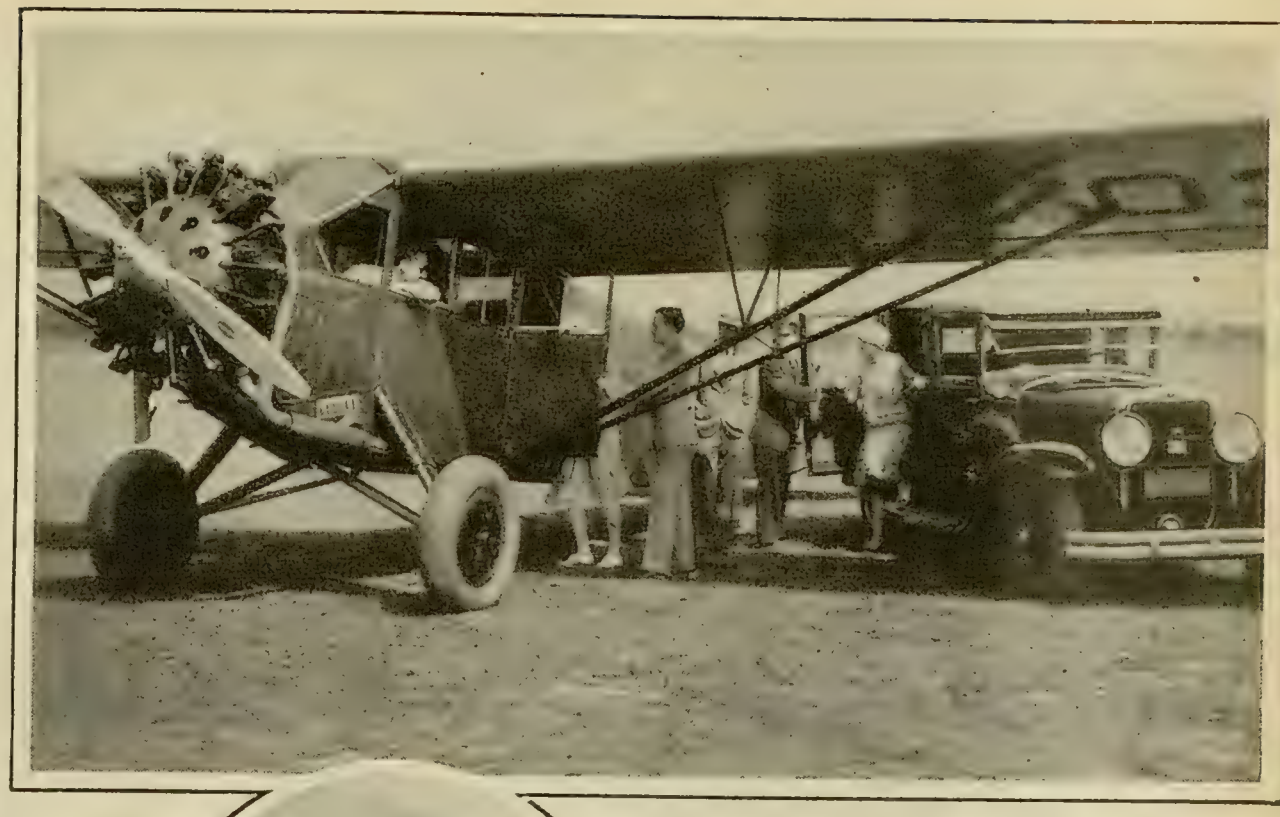
While the crashes continued in the early months of this year, they were proportionately less, and the proportion for the entire year promises to be even smaller. Conditions are improving steadily.

There are two outstanding causes of flying accidents:

Bad planes.

Worse pilots.

Several thousand commercial airplanes are at present engaged in carrying passengers, instructing students, barnstorming, advertising, and a dozen other activities. A considerable percentage of these may not sport silver handles and white satin linings, but they are prospective coffins just the same. No man, woman, or child with a moderate desire to live to a ripe old age would think of flying in them—if they knew how unsafe they really are.



A foursome of modern youth arrives at the air field on a bright afternoon for a hop.

Passengers alighting from a Pan-American air liner at Miami.

The instrument board of a Fairchild 71, as the pilot sees it before him.

FOR every dangerous plane you will find at least one dangerous pilot. A bad plane is one that through age, structural weakness or faulty design, or careless maintenance is apt to embarrass you by suddenly coming apart in midair. A dangerous pilot is a fellow who lacks the experience, knowledge, nerve, or whatever else is necessary to cope with any emergency that may arise.

There are still a lot of both waiting and willing to take you for a ride—right up to the pearly gates. They are being eliminated, but the job is not yet completed.

Mostly you will find these menaces to health and longevity in the smaller cities and towns—although there are many first-class planes in small towns, too. The bad ones inhabit dirty, ill-kept fields and hangars, and are left out in the weather. They are ragged and rusty and worn.

A THIRD contributing cause of fatal accidents is the sublime and amazing confidence so many people place in unsafe planes and incompetent pilots.

Prominently included in the category of famous last words should be these:

"I guess that plane is safe."

"He looks like a good pilot."

The optimism of scores of aviators and hundreds of men and women who fly with them is one of life's little mysteries. Nobody has yet been able to explain why so many apparently otherwise sane and cautious folks think nothing of taking desperate chances in unairworthy flying machines.

Tell a man not to jump out of a tenth-story window lest he shatter his bones on the cobbles below—and he won't jump. Warn him not to step on a third rail because he will be electrocuted—and he won't step. But tell the same man not to fly in a certain airplane because careful inspection indicates it is dangerous—and he will go up just the same.

An excellent though sanguinary example of what can happen to an unsafe plane, an inexperienced pilot, and some optimistic passengers occurred last year.

The pilot and the optimists are dead, so I'll call the former Jones. He designed and constructed the plane and was flying it when it crashed.

The western city where the accident occurred has a strict aërial ordinance. The city air-control board had inspected the plane, declared it unsafe for a number of reasons, and ordered that it was not to be flown from the field. Experts, basing their decision on scientific tests, pronounced it unairworthy.

Jones did not have a pilot's license.

He wanted to test his plane—experts or no experts. He ignored the order to keep it on the ground. The four

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

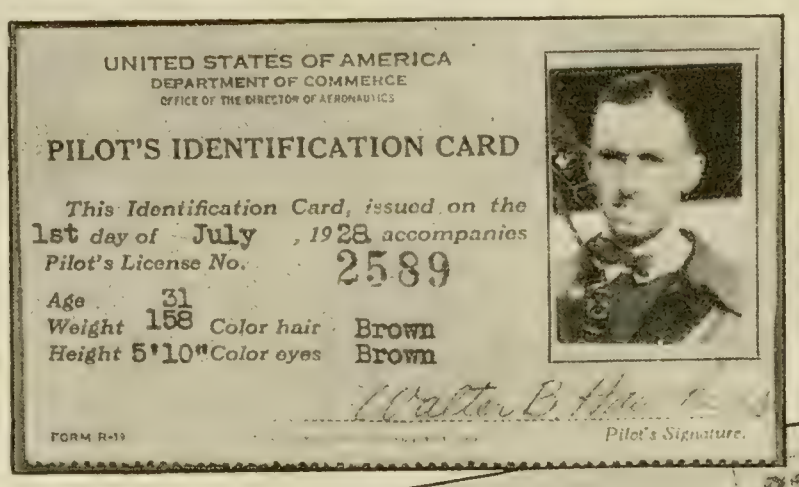
men who fell with him had helped him prepare the ship for flight—they had just happened to be at the field. Jones had asked them if they'd like to go up with him; he needed ballast and preferred human companionship to sandbags. They had accepted his invitation.

Employees of other flying companies on the same field warned the four that the plane was unsafe and tried to dissuade them from going up.

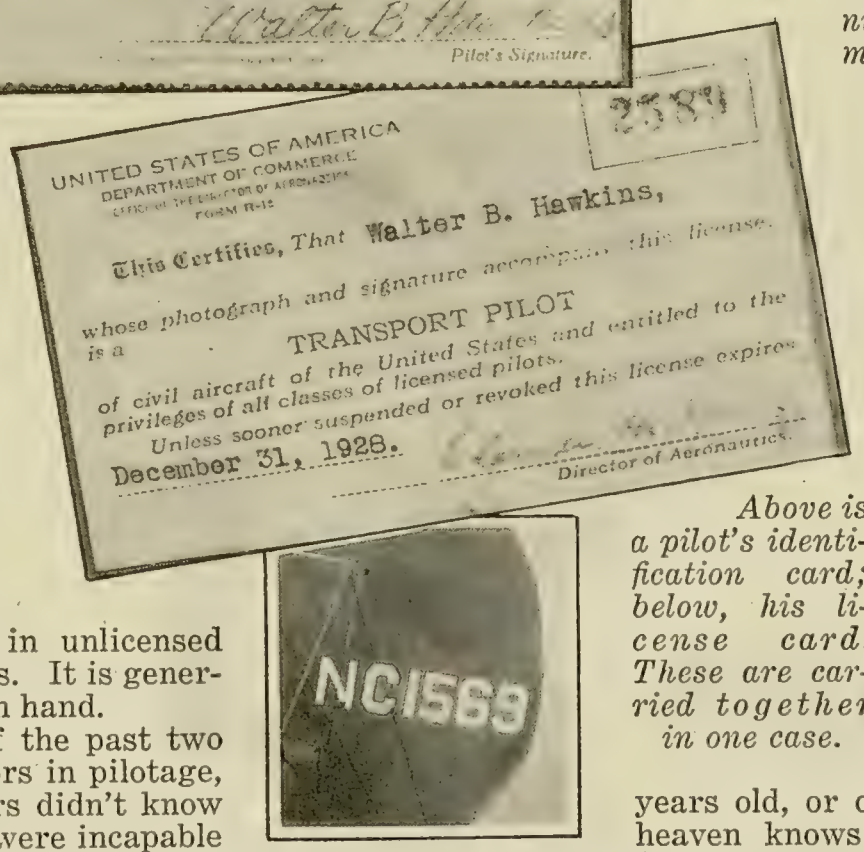
"We'll take a chance," they said. "It'll be all right." More famous last words!

They were willing to take a chance in a plane that had been condemned and with a pilot who didn't have a license!

The C before the number means that this plane is a safe one.



Planes with no C before the number are unlicensed and may be unsafe. An X marks an experimental type.



The N marks a plane permitted to cross international borders.

Above is a pilot's identification card; below, his license card. These are carried together in one case.

Almost half the accidents of the past two years have been caused by errors in pilotage, which means that a lot of fliers didn't know what to do in an emergency or were incapable of doing it properly. About 30 per cent of the accidents were caused by engine failure—generally the result of old, worn-out equipment. A small percentage were caused by weather—the penalties for taking unnecessary chances with the elements. The remaining smash-ups were from miscellaneous and unknown causes.

Recent figures, however, show a decrease in the percentage of accidents caused by human errors in flying, as well as a decrease in those caused by engine failure, which indicates that pilots are getting better and that new-type engines are replacing those that should long since have been relegated to the junk pile.

Faulty piloting, of course, includes a lot of unwarranted stunting and silly trick flying. There are still many young men who persist in cutting didos too close to the ground. They become too cocksure, too confident, and eventually they come a cropper. Stunt flying is a kick, all right, but sometimes it's a kick in the wrong part of the anatomy.

WHERE does the suicide come in?

An overwhelming percentage of the planes that have crashed badly during the past two years were, to the expert eye, potential trouble makers. The pilots who flew them either didn't know it or knew it and didn't care—were members of the I'll Take a Chance Club. The passengers who rode in them might have found out they were dangerous if they had taken the trouble—or known how.

There is a way of doing that, as I'll explain in a moment.

Flying in these worn-out, battered, worm-eaten, rusty old airplanes, like touching the third rail or jumping off the Woolworth Building, is just plain, ordinary suicide.

Permitting an incompetent pilot to take you aloft comes under the same classification.

There is absolutely no excuse for doing either.

There are usually two reasons for unsafe planes: either old age and careless maintenance have overtaken them, or, if new, they are improperly designed or constructed, or both.

Wood won't last forever. Dry rot saps its strength. Continued exposure and constant abuse weaken it. It may look all right to the unpracticed eye, until an expert jabs it with a knife and finds it's all wrong. A gaudy coat of paint means nothing. The spars and ribs and fittings underneath are where the strength must be.

AN old metal plane may deteriorate as badly as a wooden one. Old metal is no better than old wood.

The majority of war-surplus planes aren't fit to fly in today. They are ten years old, or older. They have been flown heaven knows how far, and bumped and abused and left out in the weather and patched and rebuilt until they should be in the ash can. Planes deteriorate in storage, too. Dry rot slowly eats them up.

"Trick planes," which are improperly designed and built, claim their toll of victims. Nobody should fly in a trick ship but an experienced test pilot. He can, nine times out of ten, handle it safely in case something goes wrong. But the smart professional pilots won't fly them unless there is no doubt as to their structural safety.

Worn-out engines are another cause of accidents. The time comes eventually when an engine can stand the strain of continued usage no longer. Sometimes it quits when it is needed most—with unfortunate results.

One of the greatest boons to flying today is the tremendous improvement in metallurgical science. Stronger, lighter, and more durable steels and alloys have been developed in the past few years. Actual metal breakage has become a very rare defect in modern airplane engines.

There are a lot of good pilots flying commercially today—and some bad ones.

Vance Breeze, an old-timer around San Francisco, landed his plane and six passengers safely in a tiny pasture when the motor dropped out of his plane one afternoon. He was faced by an emergency, knew what to do, kept his head, and was able to do it. That makes him a good pilot. Colonel Lindbergh, who everybody knows is a good pilot, further proved that he was one by accom-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

Bill (*breathlessly*):
"Nan, I've been taken into the sales department!"

Nan (*very happy*):
"What was it you said, young man, about scrubbed hands and clean shirts not counting?"

Real cleanliness gives him a better *chance!*

Wives know. Husbands in many ways are still little boys. They're frequently careless about details that are really important. The matter of personal appearance, for instance.

Many a man has been helped to a bigger job by extra cleanliness of the all-around and every-morning kind.

Thousands are held back, on the other hand, because they don't see their half-clean hands and "slightly soiled" collars and shirts as others see them.

Is there anything finer (or more practical) that wives may do, or mothers with grown-up sons, than to encourage a more *cordial* attention to cleanliness among their men folks?... in the shrewd little ways that only wives and mothers can manage?

Send him forth in "shining armor"

Business *is* a battle now-a-days, and our warrior needs every advantage he can muster. No two-day shirts and no family-imposed feeling that he can't have a fresh one, every morning.

Clean socks, of course, and handkerchiefs. And clean underwear to go with that on-top-of-the-world feeling that he gets in the bath. Nothing adds more to the morning's store of self-confidence and self-respect.

When he's tired out and cross

For real cleansing, the hot bath naturally is best. For sleeplessness, however, and to soothe tired nerves, the tepid bath is recommended . . . first a good lathering and then a good "soak".

Here's something else to do, when you're particularly anxious that his sleep should be refreshing: put clean sheets on the bed. Is there anything more welcome to the tired, distracted body?... that *induces* sleep more surely?

Keeping him happy . . . at home

Business usually takes a man "out and around" more than a woman. He meets more people, men and women. He goes more places, most of them cheerfully clean. Is it any wonder then, that he is a bit disheartened when he comes home to a house with dingy curtains?... or finds you in untidy clothes?

Clever wives have found a direct relation between a schedule that keeps woodwork clean all over the house, curtains fresh, kitchens scrubbed, bathrooms spotless (and wives themselves pretty, by dinner-time)... and husbands who truly *enjoy* being at home.

It makes friends everywhere

That is true. Real cleanliness *makes friends everywhere.* And for *everyone.*

It makes friends for mother . . . nice people she otherwise might never meet; for brother and sister, friends among their school and playmates; for father, business friends . . . works every day to help him get ahead.

It becomes more *important* every day, as living becomes more crowded.

Yes. It's worth striving for, *real cleanliness*, because it improves our health and happiness in so many ways.

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, *45 East 17th Street, New York.*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

plishing the difficult feat of landing with only one wheel —which has been successfully done by a number of good pilots and badly messed up by others who were less skillful. It is in the emergencies that good piloting asserts itself.

In case I'm painting this flying picture in too somber tones, I'll try to lighten it up a bit.

Safety in the air can obviously be assured only by riding in airworthy planes in charge of first-class pilots.

To the great majority of people, a plane is a plane and a pilot is a pilot—at least to the naked eye. Nothing is farther from the truth.

This is how you can distinguish the sheep from the goats. The Aëronautics Branch of the United States Department of Commerce was organized to promote and regulate commercial aviation by evolving air traffic rules and inspecting planes and pilots engaged in interstate commerce. It is the greatest single force in America for the advancement of safe flying.

It started to function two years ago. It consists of some thirty inspectors, scattered throughout the country, and a large technical and executive staff in Washington. It is an organization of experts who devote their working hours to the task of preventing aërial misfortunes.

The inspectors examine planes and engines and pilots, and the department licenses them under various classifications—or refuses them licenses if they are unable to meet the strict requirements.

The department recognizes four classes of planes.

The first is the "identified plane." IT IS NOT LICENSED. It is only identified by the department and given a number. It isn't licensed because it has failed to pass inspection or its owner does not wish a license—usually the former. If it has been refused a license, the inspectors regard it as unairworthy, which is a polite way of saying unsafe.

The identified plane may be distinguished by the fact that it carries a number, without a letter prefixed, on its wings and tail. It also carries a metal plate which specifically states that it is not licensed by the department. That metal plate should act like a quarantine sign to anyone desiring to fly.

IF you want to enjoy your grandchildren you had better keep out of unlicensed planes. If the experts of the Department of Commerce don't think they are safe it should be sufficient warning for you.

Next comes the plane with the "temporary license," or "letter of authority." This letter is issued to planes awaiting inspection or that have been inspected and passed and are awaiting issuance of their permanent certificate. Don't confuse this with the identified plane. It carries the number without any alphabetical prefix, but it doesn't carry the metal plate of condemnation.

Number three is the experimental plane, a new design that has not yet been approved by the department. It carries an identifying number preceded by the letter X. The Spirit of St. Louis, if you will remember, crossed the Atlantic with N-X-211 painted on wings and rudder. The experimental ship may be an excellent craft—the Spirit of St. Louis was—or it may not be so good. If you like to take chances and don't care what happens to you, go ahead and ride in them. The Department of Commerce prefers to wait until scientific and practical tests have demonstrated just how good they really are.

You may feel safe in flying in any plane which carries a number preceded by the letter C. That is the "sterling" mark of American aircraft. It is granted only to planes that have been officially inspected and passed by the experts of the department. Every detail of design, construction, and material has been checked and tested. The plane has undergone rigid flight tests. It fulfills the stringent requirements of the department engineers. Its chances of coming apart in the air are practically nil.

The letter N designates a plane that has been granted the right to cross international borders. It has nothing to do with the airworthiness of the ship itself.

Licensed planes are subject to periodic inspection. The inspectors are apt to look them over any time, but never less than once a year. Their certificates may be revoked for any one of a number of reasons, such as operating the plane with a load in excess of that specified in the license. In other words, the department makes sure that licensed planes are kept in airworthy condition at all times.

Picture by Clayton Knight

The unqualified pilot and the ramshackle plane are a deadly combination.

THERE are four classes of pilots' licenses.

The first is the private license. It can be obtained by making three landings, executing a series of figure eights in the air, and passing a simple written test on air traffic rules. It also requires ten hours of solo flying. You can fly with a man who has had only ten hours solo if you want to. I don't go in for it, myself.

To secure an industrial license, the second class, requires fifty hours' flying and a rather comprehensive written and flying test. Industrial pilots may engage in any sort of flying except carrying passengers for hire.

A limited commercial license also requires fifty hours' flying and certain tests and permits the holder to carry passengers for pay—but only ten miles from the field from which he operates. He is regarded as capable of flying passengers if he doesn't stray too far from home.

The fourth and highest class is the transport pilot. He may fly anyone anywhere for money, marbles, or chalk. He must have had 200 hours' flying and must pass severe tests on planes, motors, navigation, meteorology, and air regulations.

Student aviators must have a permit, which will be issued only after they have passed a physical test.

All licenses require physical examinations.

Transport and limited commercial pilots must have their licenses renewed every six months, at which time they must undergo new physical examinations.

Any license may be revoked for any of a number of causes.

The proper combination for safe flying, then, is a plane that carries a letter C and is flown by a limited commercial or a transport pilot—preferably the latter.

The department also provides for "approved type" planes, which means that any plane built on approved plans and specifications is automatically eligible for a license.

There are more than a hundred types on the approved list, with the number constantly increasing.

Now don't ask why, with all this inspection and licensing of planes and pilots, accidents continue to shock the populace. I'm about to explain.

The Department of Commerce, being a Federal organization, has effective authority only over planes engaged in interstate commerce. It can prevent unlicensed planes and pilots from carrying passengers across state borders for hire, but it can't keep them from flying within state borders, licensed or not. And that's where most of the accidents occur.

Local authority can prevent unlicensed planes and pilots from breaking their own and other people's necks, but local authority has been somewhat remiss in so doing.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY]

New Business . . .

$1,250,000

SINCE March 1, LIBERTY has received contracts totaling more than a million and a quarter dollars in new business.

As most magazine schedules are made up before the first of the year, this definite trend toward LIBERTY is particularly significant.

Late last year LIBERTY announced a change in size starting in January. As LIBERTY predicted, the circulation went up in amazing jumps — an increase of 500,000 in a few weeks. Early in March LIBERTY passed the 2,000,000 mark. Advertisers with funds not previously tied up in contracts began immediately to take advantage of this 500,000 circulation bonus, LIBERTY'S whole family appeal, 99% newsdealer circulation, 80% concentration in the 249 largest markets, unique visibility for advertising, and the lowest advertising cost in the field.

LIBERTY GUARANTEES
MORE THAN
2,000,000
AVERAGE NET PAID
CIRCULATION
FOR THE BALANCE OF 1929
No Cut in Summer Circulation

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

More than 70 important new advertisers are now using LIBERTY!

Even when teeth are white

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

*4 out of 5 Neglect the Gums and Surrender Health to Pyorrhea

DANGER seems so remote when teeth are white. But, as your dentist will tell you, teeth are only as healthy as the gums. And diseases that attack the gums seldom reveal their presence until too late.

So start taking proper care of the gums to preserve teeth and safeguard health from dread Pyorrhea—the disease of neglect that ravages 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger. Prevention is easier than cure. For when Pyorrhea is once contracted only expert dental treatment of long duration can stem its advance.

Every morning and every night, when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously with the dentifrice specifically made for this purpose—Forhan's for the Gums.

Within a few days you'll notice an improvement in the way your gums look and feel. In addition, your teeth will look cleaner and whiter. For while this dentifrice helps to firm gums and keep them youthful (the surest safeguard against Pyorrhea) it cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay.

Get This Good Habit

Remember, nobody's *immune*. And the safeguard against disease is proper daily care and a semi-annual visit to your dentist.

Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist today. Two sizes —35c and 60c. Start using it, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. It will protect their health. Forhan Company, New York.

Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

Very few states have strict regulatory laws to control flying. Only a small proportion of cities and counties have them. They are getting around to it, but slowly.

Cook County, Illinois, wherein are most of Chicago's flying fields, has a very effective aërial ordinance. It prohibits planes or pilots from flying unless licensed by the Department of Commerce. Before this law was passed, accidents were frequent. Since its passage there have been practically none.

You can land at Ford Airport, in Detroit, in an unlicensed plane, but if you do you will ignominiously fly it out on a Ford truck which is kept there for the express purpose of ridding the premises of unlicensed aircraft.

The same procedure is followed at Mills Field, San Francisco's municipal airport, only they make you furnish your own truck.

If all states would adopt the Federal regulations, aviation accidents would be reduced materially. The Aëronautics Branch knows its job and is doing it well.

There are good fields and bad. An airport that has a lot of accidents is a good one—to stay away from. Usually the reason is careless management, coupled with poor equipment and perhaps incompetent pilots.

Conversely, a field with a clean record is the place to do your flying.

THE inspectors are a nice lot of young fellows personally, but they are exceedingly hard-boiled as far as their work is concerned. They play no favorites. If a plane doesn't come up to specifications, they don't slip it by just because the owner may happen to be their friend. Sometimes they are criticized by disgruntled pilots who say the air regulations are unnecessarily severe, but the inspectors work on the theory that they would rather have a pilot mad at them than dead.

There's another point about this Federal inspection business. It concerns insurance. Most companies are now writing insurance that covers airplane accidents. But they specifically agree to pay for flying injuries or death only when the insured has been injured in a licensed plane flown by a licensed pilot. If you get hurt in an unlicensed ship, you'll have a hard job collecting your insurance.

If you're going to fly—and everyone will, eventually—stay away from unlicensed planes and pilots. Don't get too chummy with the fellows with private licenses, even if they are your friends. Wait until they learn a little more about the ways of the air and pick up additional experience. Detour around fields where frequent mishaps occur. Stay out of experimental ships.

Stick by the new production planes with the C before the number, flown by pilots with a Federal limited commercial or transport license and you won't get into very much trouble. Their record is remarkably clean. You needn't be afraid of them.

When will flying accidents be eliminated entirely? Never. They haven't been able to remove entirely the danger from railroads or automobiles or steamships—or even bicycles. Flying means speed, and speed has always been synonymous with danger. Flying in properly licensed craft is as safe as any other form of transportation. It's the unlicensed boys who provide the necessity for obituary notices.

Don't be afraid to ask questions. Most people hate to seem timid when flying is concerned. They'd rather take a chance than flatly ask if the plane and the pilot they are about to go up with have been approved by the Department of Commerce and the pilot likewise. That's why a lot of them have been killed. Don't be bashful. Step right up and ask the questions—and if the plane hasn't been approved and the pilot isn't licensed, wave them both a fond farewell.

If you don't like to be inquisitive and are willing to take a chance in any old kind of a plane, let me send a couple of friends of mine right up to see you.

One of them sells life insurance. The other sells cemetery lots.

THE END

From Broadway to Sir Arthur

A Passing Glance at the Picture Parade

By
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Glenn Tryon and Merna Kennedy in the film version of the stage hit, Broadway.

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★

THREE years ago Philip Dunning and George Abbott wrote a biting if unpretentious melodrama of New York night life. It was Broadway—and the first of a long line of Manhattan underworld dramas. It made a resounding hit and Universal bought the film rights for $250,000, along with the restriction that Broadway would not be released until the stage original had expired.

Meanwhile, a lot of other melodramas of this genre have come and departed. That makes the going hard for the cinematic Broadway. The producers made it hard, too, by dumping a fortune into an over-elaborate production which almost swamps the original tangy story.

Broadway was a story of gang war and murder, the smoking gats popping all around its central figure, a bumptious young hoofer in love with a cabaret cutie. Originally this took place in a tawdry, unostentatious speak-easy. Hollywood has glorified the place into a titanic cabaret. The footlight Paradise Club, with its shabby walls and six chorus girls, has given way to a towering, giant extravaganza with modernistic trappings, three balconies, and acres of dancing girls.

The two best players of the cast come from the original stage production. Thomas Jackson's playing of the laconic plain-clothes man, McCorn, is superb, and Paul Porcasi is excellent as the suave cabaret proprietor.

★

Perhaps my expectations were too golden in anticipation of Paramount's presentation of The Cocoanuts, offering that royal family of zanies, the Marx brothers. This is just a musical comedy—about Groucho Marx's tribulations with a bankrupt Palm Beach hotel—filmed in a hurry. The sounding is bad. The picture is amusing in spots, when Groucho taunts the cast, but the result isn't happy.

★ ★

Some time ago Overlord Will Hays barred Margaret Kennedy's story of the untamed family of an erratic musical genius, The Constant Nymph. It has been filmed in England and recently was voted the favorite film of 1928-29 by British fans.

You never may have the opportunity to see this all-silent version, which is done with intelligence, some

Frances Doble (left) and Mabel Poulton in The Constant Nymph, an English movie voted the most popular of the 1928-29 season by British fans.

dullness, and much care, but if you liked the novel, I suggest that you try to view it. An American company wants to do it as a talkie with a change in title to dodge the Hays decree. If it is purchased and redone, you will miss two good performances; one by Mabel Poulton and the other by Ivor Novello.

★

This Is Heaven, in which Producer Sam Goldwyn unveils Vilma Banky's accent, is just another version of the immigrant girl who hooks a handsome young millionaire almost as soon as she emerges from Ellis Island. Vilma's Americanization progress in discarding petticoats has a certain pleasant interest—but not much.

★

If you are a film fan you know the prize fighter, battered about the ring and about to take the count, who sees his girl and then tears into his opponent, knocking him cold. The story is present in Paramount's The Man I Love, although Richard Arlen, as the small-time pug who becomes champ, and Mary Brian, as his young bride, lend charm to it. Even with a theme song, the result is slender.

★ ★ ★

Watch for the Fox Movietone appearance of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in a reel in which he tells how he came to create Sherlock Holmes and how he began the study of psychic phenomena. Whether or not you string along on spook chasing, Sir Arthur has a way with him.

Do you know that—

Paul Fejos, director of Broadway, is a Hungarian? . . . Richard Dix and Adolphe Menjou are leaving Paramount? . . . Gloria Swanson's Queen Kelly, which cost $980,000, may never be released?

Mirage

A Story of Love's Resurrection

By

ALLAN SWINTON

Pictures by WILL FOSTER

Any story of wild places finds Allan Swinton at home. He has punched cattle, prospected oil, and searched for gold in Canada, planted tea in Assam, poked into odd corners in Argentina and India, where he served with native cavalry. He is a World War veteran. For the past four years he has turned author, finding more gold in the written word than he did in mines and oil wells.

"Go tell Wong run quick for Doctor Haines," he ordered Skookum. "Run like hell!"

CONFUCIUS said, "Happy is he who knows his own heart, which knowledge is more precious than riches or wisdom." Had Johnny Crispin known this, he would have been spared agony and peril that swept him desperately near murder.

There had never been a time when Joan and he were not the inseparable complements of each other's lives. Their fathers were the logging firm of Jukes & Crispin on the north Pacific coast. In infancy they crawled together on the log-strewn beach in charge of an ancient Chinaman. As barefoot boy and girl they adventured avidly along all the country's ways; with the Japanese fishermen into the hushed mists of dawn; up-coast into innumerable craggy inlets with the mill tug for the booms of logs; hand in hand awedly through the brooding timber. Through gangling adolescence to manhood and womanhood no rift grew in their intimacy. Neither could remember when the idea of marriage first came to them—but all at once it had been their wedding eve.

Married, their lives had marched unchangedly, joyous, tranquil, and unquestioning, remote and inviolate from the outside world.

The children came, Johnny and Joan and Mary. Old Man Crispin died, and they moved into the rambling great log house among the cedars by the sea that he had built in '81. And then Anne Velley came, a glowing creature from a fervid and to him unknown world, and the desire for her took Johnny like a fever, and possessed him utterly.

It is a man's life—sea-logging on the rugged flanks of Juan de Fuca Strait—breeding a virile, big-souled strain, half woodsman and half sailor, and very near the elements. The essence of that life came to a head in Johnny's passion.

It began in the woods by the flume head, where the logs come roaring down to hit blue water with a mighty plunge and a glittering white fan of foam. He had gone in to locate a new camp site for the booming gang, and, finding it, turned and headed for the sea, blazing a line to guide the swampers as he went. Soon the timber ceased, yielding to turf with clumps of broom, at that spring season one sheer mass of intense yellow blossom. He elbowed through and halted at the cliff edge, above the blue sea whitecapped in the windy sunshine. The breeze sang through the firs behind him, gulls wheeled,

mewing plaintively above, and the surf sucked, hissed, and spouted white against the crags. It was his land, his sea, his wind. The sights and the sounds and the smells of them were in his blood. He filled his lungs with sea tang and the spiced fragrance of the forest, and his spirit tasted ecstasy. Then, at a movement in the broom, he turned. A woman, seated on a stool before an easel, was quietly watching him; a stunning tall dark creature in the thirties, with pale, long face, vivid red drooping mouth, and blue-black hair, parted and sleekly drawn to whorls of braiding low on her neck. She regarded him with undisguised delight. To her artist's eye, here was a faun in drab drill shirt and trousers, a gleaming double ax in one brown fist. There was a pristine bloom on him, such as is on wild forest things, and she was aware at once of the intense verve, the elemental virility, that was his strongest characteristic.

"HULLO," he said, recovering. "You sure did startle me!" His gaze fell on her work, and he bent with quick interest. It was his well loved seascape, glittering in the sun; the far, purple-misted shore heaving to clouds, to emerge therefrom in soaring crystal peaks. "Say, did you do that?"

She nodded, smiling, not taking her gaze from his brown face with the sweat drops on the brow and pine needles in the sandy hair.

"It's perfect! It's more than a painting. It's got the feel of the coast. How in thunder do you do it?"

Momentarily, the artist in her was uppermost, thrilled by praise so authentic and sincere. She shook her head, and the hunger, the travail, that is the lot of all true artists, illumined her face. "One works, and works, and works, and, in the end, if one is very lucky, when one almost despairs, it is there."

He rested the ax bit on his boot. "I never saw anything like that, not to know someone had done it. Always seemed to me such things just happened. I never realized someone sat down with paint and stuff and did 'em."

Words of a boy; yet she saw he was all man—thirty, at least, she judged. Her liking for him was instinctive and inevitable.

Her life was one long quest for color—color in sight, in sense, in sound—for anything which had the power to grip her spirit and release that ecstasy, that soaring of the senses that is the artist's meat, and drink, and air. There, in the sun, among the wheeling gulls, with the bright sea beyond, he had come to her like the incarnation of the thing she sought—romance, that glamour which is the joy and the lure of living, and without whose beckoning remains only despair. And she was of such a fiber that two matrimonial adventures, each ending in divorce unregretted, had not destroyed her appetite for that form of personal romance which, like certain iridescent fish, loses its beauty in the instant of its capture.

She said, "I'd like to paint you, here, just as you are, with your back to the sea and the ax in your hand."

He cocked an eyebrow at her in surprise, then grinned. "I'd look fine if the boys came here and found me, wouldn't I?"

"The boys?"

"The gang. I'm Crispin. That's my flume. We're loggin' here, you know."

"You're Mr. Crispin, who lives at Soo-oose?"

"Sure."

HER face lit with pleased surprise—she had thought he was some casual woodsman. So this was who lived in the hoary old log dwelling with its purple masses of clematis by the sea. "Then we're neighbors. I have rented the Holden house—to paint this lovely coast."

"You don't say! An' I never heard a thing about it."

"You couldn't have. I'd no idea myself. I just came for a trip, saw, capitulated, and, being a creature of impulse, rented, all in a day."

Close under the cliff a Klaxon blared. "So late?" he said. He swung the ax one-handed, cutting a broom stalk with a clean "snick."

"That's my launch. Look here, you goin' back, by any chance? I'd be glad to give you a lift."

"The man was to come in an hour for me. Could we stop him?"

"You bet. Come on. Then you can meet Joan. You'll be seeing us often."

"Joan?" she seemed to hang upon his answer.

"My wife."

"Oh!"

Each was aware of a prescient spell upon them as he helped her take her things down the steep face of the cliff to the strip of beach.

A workmanlike black launch, half-cabined, was being fended from the ledge of rock by Skookum, Johnny's old Siwash factotum. In his youth Skookum was crushed by a log, and left with a withered leg and twisted side. Since then he had run the launch, in which he took inordinate pride, keeping it spotless and gleaming. Johnny helped Anne in, and at the contact breathed a cultivated perfume utterly exotic on that primeval seacoast. It made his head sing and his heart beat strangely.

When they cleared Mendoza point and opened up Soo-oose cove to leeward of it, the Klaxon blared, and as they slid alongside the barnacled wharf timbers, Joan burst from the house and came running with the children down to greet him. Arriving breathless at the wharf

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MIRAGE
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edge, in a blue linen dress, with the baby, Mary, on one bare pink arm, she might have stood for the spirit of all motherhood; not heavy nor coarse; dainty, yet generously proportioned; a wide-hipped, deep-bosomed Hebe, with laughing eyes, a mouth that was frankly large, and freckles undisguised. She tossed the crowing Mary on her arm, and with the other cleared her ash-blonde hair from her gray eyes.

"Oh, Johnny! C'm on and see the cake I made for Mary's birthday! Wong didn't touch it! It's the biggest . . ." She stopped, with open mouth and startled eyes to see Anne's slim and vivid person, as Johnny helped her up the timbers. Joan hastily put Mary down and began a swift ordering of her toilet.

Johnny said gravely, "Joan, this is Miss Velley." Anne had not seen fit to tell him of her now-nullified marital adventures. "She's come to live at Holdens' and paint. You ought to see her work! I met her up on Valdez and brought her in to get to know you."

Joan dimpled with the shy, lowering glance that was her greatest charm, then offered her hand. She looked almost buxom beside Anne's fragility. "I'm glad, Miss Velley. It's long since we had neighbors. We're very far from everywhere. Come along in; you're just in time to have some tea."

The acquaintance so fortuitously begun soon became intimate. Anne and the children achieved the most riotous of comradeships. Seldom a day passed when she did not take tea or dine or spend the evening at Soo-oose, or Joan and Johnny did so in her house a half-mile down the coast beyond the ravine. Anne early had repeated her desire to paint Johnny, and such was Joan's delight at the suggestion that she added her persuasion till he growlingly capitulated.

Anne posed him where they had met, on the low cliff at Valdez by the flume head, where the surf beat below unceasingly, and the wind crooned through the mighty conifers behind the fringe of broom. She did not work on the portrait always, but only as the mood for it was on her. But as the weeks went by, oftener and oftener Johnny came climbing up the steep path, to lie at her feet and watch her face while her fingers nimbly and with consummate art made live the things he loved on the canvas.

It came to a head one day on Valdez, when a rain squall drove them to the shelter of the cavern made by the drooping limbs of a gnarled jack pine. Anne was in first, with her wet canvas, and as he followed, laden with easel and stool and paint box, scrambling to avoid the rain that drove like bullets, he stumbled and the gear went flying. With a cry of protest, she stooped to retrieve her scattered paint tubes, and as he did likewise they collided violently. Then she was in his arms and he was kissing her like a wild thing, silently and desperately, as though his life depended on it. She lay quite still, with her eyes very wide, by and by slipping her hands between their faces and gently pushing him away.

He loosed her and stood panting, white under his tan.

Anne felt her lips ruefully with her fingers. "My, what a savage it is," she said softly, then held up her face to him. "Kiss me again, Johnny, but don't be *quite* so fierce!"

PRESENTLY he took her by the shoulders and held her off from him, gazing with hot eyes from beneath lowered yellow brows. He ran his fingers through his hair distractedly. "What," he said in a queer hoarse voice, "are we goin' to do about it?"

"Do?" the mystification in her query was quite genuine.

"I'm married. I've got three kids."

In the world she came from, details such as wives and families were commonly not serious obstacles in the way of love affairs, either trivial or more grave; and, infatuated as she had grown with Johnny's virile and ingenuous and unruly manhood, she had not contemplated any state of things that his domestic ties would obviate.

She said, "That needn't matter, need it? This is love, Johnny. We can have each other. I'll buy the house, stay here as long as you want me. I'm—yours—always, Johnny."

This was a new idea to him. He realized its significance with a dazzling and ecstatic impact, more startling to him than had been his point of view to her, and as the completeness of her surrender came to him, his head sang, and he stepped up close to her, seizing her shoulders in that hungry grip of his. "You mean that? And I love you, Anne. I'm burnin' up for you!"

She swayed close and he embraced her fiercely.

But even as he held her, forgetting everything but ecstasy, a shadow loomed across his consciousness. It was the shadow of his father, mighty, grizzled Old Man Crispin, the sea-logger, whose way it was to terminate discussions with a knobbed fist dashed upon the table, "Thump," and the truculent declaration, "It ain't right, I tell ye. It ain't right; an' there's an end to it!" The realization was as sweeping as had been his triumph, and his racing heart sank sickeningly. His hands fell to his sides. His joy had become a shameful thing.

HE did not meet Anne's questioning and more than chagrined gaze. "This is no good, Anne," he said slowly. "We'll have to cut it out."

"How do you mean?" she queried, with some asperity.

"You know what I mean. It isn't right. We'll have to quit it."

"But we aren't doing any harm. It won't make any difference to your family. Of course you've got to see them through. The man you are couldn't do otherwise. And I wouldn't hurt anybody. It's just my misfortune that I have to share you. But it's worth it. We'll see each other every day. We'll have our happiness and no one will be hurt. Please, dear. Life's short, and there's so little time for loving. And this is love, Johnny. I never loved before. Oh, love me, love me. Let me feel you loving me again."

His head was lowered, his fists clenched by his sides. He looked like a bull at bay. "I do love you. There's something between you and me I never knew before, not even with—my wife. But I'm a married man. I made my promises, didn't I? I'd be a hound to break 'em. I've got to stick 'em, haven't I?"

She had not till that moment truly realized how utterly straightforward and sincere he was. In that instant she was nearer loving someone more than she loved loving for its sake alone than ever one of her temperament could be. For that instant, the glamour that was her life was pierced, and the imprisoned woman underneath was touched. Before his defiant and yet hungry and defeated eyes she was unaccountably abashed and dumb.

He gave his head a little shake, drew a convulsive breath, and dropped on one knee and began to gather up the forgotten paint tubes. Presently she knelt by him and helped.

But although the convictions of his somewhat artless mind remained unshaken, and his Crispin doggedness enabled him to stand against Anne's unrelaxing and most skilled seductions, he was utterly unable to control rebellion at the state to which his irksome sense of duty bound him.

Joan had become the mere symbol of an inexorable fate that stood between him and his desire. Joan the playmate, Joan the wife, and Joan the mother, were quite obscured by the effulgence of a woman whose only hold upon him was the fact that she expressed for him what he had always seen in blue-veiled distances, dawn-wind and sunset, and in the running of the sea.

Life had cheated him, and Joan was the instrument of his defeat. There was no future for him; nothing but grim endurance of a state which he owed it to his manhood and his honor to perpetuate, and which his simple spirit would not humble itself to cheat. And the latter was not what he wanted. He wanted Anne for his woman in the open, honestly. And Joan—Joan with her eternal patience and importunate tenderness—though of late she

had a trembling lip and a scared, desperate look in her gray eyes—was what kept him from her.

Joan, busy from morn till night with her home and children, and the multifarious activities she maintained among the homes of Jukes & Crispin's logging crews, became aware of ominous changes in her husband. His familiar lazy banter came less and less often. He grew moody and silent. He did not grin and chuckle as the children rioted about him, but sat in silence, gazing seaward so abstractedly as to be oblivious to the petulant tugging of his youngest-born at his lean fingers.

It had been his custom to return daily, as often as he could, in time to swim with them before tea. Joan and he were magnificent swimmers. As children they had been trained in life-saving till they could handle with ease an inert body in rough water. It had been a childish fad of theirs—life-saving. They had learned all they could of it; how to pump water from the lungs of the drowned, and artificially respirate by hand manipulation till the flickering spark of life glowed and resumed its function. And to this day their afternoon swim had been an institution and a lasting joy to them.

JOAN realized distressedly one day that they had not swum together for a clear month. Johnny was seldom in till dinnertime—unless Anne was with him. Anne did not swim, and in her exquisite presence the animal and lusty joy of their aquatics lost its spontaneity.

Joan grew acutely miserable, and in her constant mental searchings for the source of this, though she considered many possibilities—as is so often in such cases—did not dream of the truth. She wondered if she had made too much of a habit of her husband, taking him for granted. She thought he was bored with her, and made anxiously planned efforts to divert him and to inspire his self-esteem. But he remained monosyllabic and sullen. He bit his lip and looked exasperated at her small talk; and when she stood behind his chair and stroked his hair in the way he used to love, he took her hand and held it still till she removed it and went miserably away, while his eyes never left the turn in the path where he would first catch sight of Anne as she made her almost invariable after-dinner visit.

At last the portrait was done. They brought it home one afternoon when Joan was out, and set it up on the veranda. He and Anne had had bitter words that afternoon; she reproaching him with lack of courage in being held by such bloodless ties as kept him to his duty. Anne was more than a little worn by the past weeks of defeat. Her cameo-like face was drawn, her eyes cavernous and sometimes somber. She went early and a bit sullenly to her own house.

Johnny sprawled in a deep chair, glowering at the sea. From the

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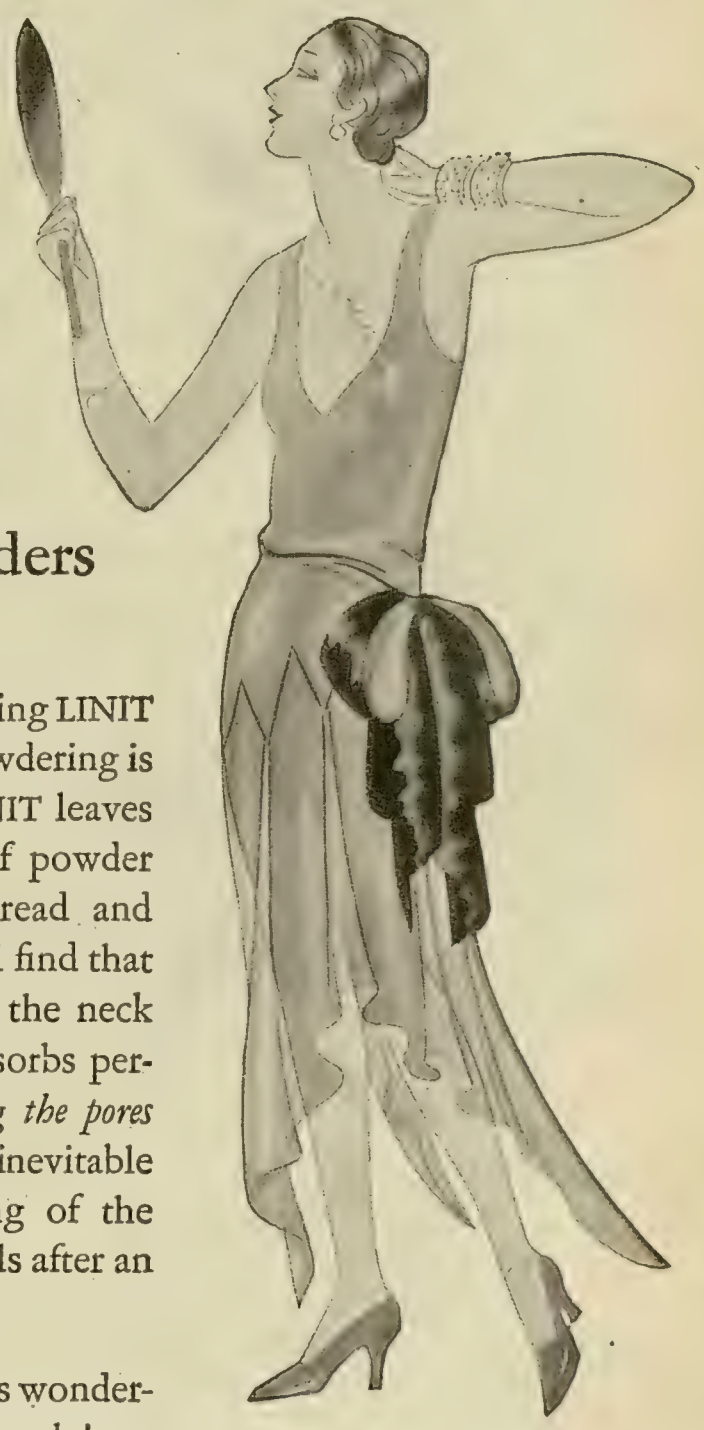

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THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN.

To her artist's eye, here was a faun in drab drill shirt and trousers, a gleaming double ax in one brown fist.

[MIRAGE
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garden came the smell of roses, and the spiced scents of stocks and pinks mixed with cedar and the tang of weedy rocks in sunshine. The ceaseless mew of gulls made background for the staccato croak of crows, and the soft croon of the surf an obbligato to the exquisite day.

Two Japanese gardeners in big straw hats hoed with the enduring patience of their kind. But the loveliness of his father's home was lost on Johnny. He was gnawed by desire and goaded by fierce resentment at the chains that held his stubborn spirit.

By and by he heard Joan's footsteps in the hall, heard her go to and fro there, and then enter the living room. Her stride, that all her life had been so gay, was lagging and dispirited. She came out to the veranda, saw him there, and gave the old bright smile which of late had been so hard to find.

"Hullo, darling. I was over at the foreman's. Mrs. Giles' new baby is the loveliest thing. She's . . ." Joan saw the portrait, stopped, and stood like a statue, gazing. Johnny heaved to his feet and slouched across to her.

Anne was no mediocre artist. She had painted into the portrait not only all that Johnny was, but all that she would have him be to her. The spirit of the ideal lover of a woman whose whole life was loving for its own sake shone from the clear gray eyes beneath the tousled hair of Johnny Crispin. He stood with his back to waist-high broom, with sky and wheeling gulls behind, and a glimpse of crested sea low in one corner. His head was high and his gaze was free, and his face had a look that Joan had never seen, gazing out from the canvas with the mixed arrogance and humility of a proud man who worships.

Joan gave the canvas one long wondering stare, then turned her gaze to Johnny's face beside her. It was lowering and grim, the mouth set in a hard line, and as she met his eyes he did not smile.

Then, in that instant, she knew; and he was aware at once of her enlightenment. It was as though a cold hand slowly squeezed the life from her warm heart. Johnny drew a deep breath and squared his shoulders.

SHE said in a tone of bewildered incredulity, "You looked at her like *that!* And you haven't smiled at me for weeks!"

His head went down, and he stood, gnawing his lip, while she waited patiently like a small child before him, seared by the revelation, but praying desperately for his denial. Her eyes were wide and frightened, and her lips shook.

Moments ticked by, but he did not speak, and she reached out and touched his shoulder. "You—love her, Johnny?" He nodded.

"Is she in love with you?"

Now he raised his head and spoke defiantly. "Yes. But you don't need to worry. I'm not that sort. There's been—nothing, and there won't be. I'm goin' to make Anne go away, and that'll be the end of it. I didn't mean you to know—ever."

The coldness of his tone struck sparks from her injured pride and virtue. Her retort was spontaneous and from her heart. "And you think you can live here with *me*, loving her all the time?"

"I'll have to. We're married, aren't we?"

"Ohhhh!" she gasped. To a woman of her instincts it was the ultimate insult. But the spell of joyous years is not so easily destroyed. The overwhelming conviction seized her that this was unreal, some ghastly dream. Johnny, her Johnny, who had always been and always would be! How silly all this was! The anger left her, and she was at once again his playmate and his woman. "Don't let's talk like this, Johnny. It's too horrid. I'll—"

"All right. You started it, didn't you? I'd never have said anything."

"Please not. And it will come better, won't it? You've been so different. You never smile. You're barely civil. You're like a stranger to the children. It'll all come like it used to be, won't it?"

"I suppose so. One gets used to anything. I'm sorry for the way I've been. Leave me alone, and I'll come out of it."

"Yes, yes. I'll help. I'll try so hard! And you don't —really—love her, of course. . . . You're just friends, dear friends?"

He was silent, and the dogged set came to his jaw. Moments ticked by, but the denial that she agonized for did not come, and some grim power drew her eyes miserably to the telltale portrait, then back to the man before her with his sullen face and air of rancor, and the truth was finally and ineradicably inflicted on her.

She forced herself not to recoil from the impact, clenching her hands and compelling her faltering lips to function. "Then you must go to her. You don't belong here. You're not my husband any more. And—you must be happy. I'll take care of the children. They're nice children, Johnny. . . ." Her voice faltered. "You —could—see them—often."

THAT hit him. He wanted his children. He wanted them almost as much as he wanted Anne. It was Joan, Joan, Joan, with her eternal solicitousness, her little song, and her shy smile, who stood between him and his desire. But the fierce pride that was in him would not bend itself even to so desired an end.

"Dammit," he gritted. "Leave me alone, can't you? I never meant you to know. I'm married, and you're my wife. I made my promises. I've got to see you through, and, by God, I will!"

"But we can't. I wouldn't dream of it."

"We'll have to! What kind of a piker do you think I am, to let a woman down that way?"

"But I couldn't. I couldn't think of it. I'm not that kind of a woman. It's not—not decent."

His nerves, frayed ragged by the past weeks' strain, tautened to breaking point. He had an insane desire to plant his fist in the middle of her half-indignant, half-supplicating face.

"Oh, leave me alone. I say I'm going through with it and that's all there is about it. Shut up and let me go!"

She was suddenly very gentle. "Oh, my dear! Don't be so harsh. Don't you see you can't live here with me if you love Anne and she loves you? We won't talk any more. Tomorrow you'll feel better, see things more clearly. Somehow it will all come right. I'm sorry I badgered you. Let's—let's go for a swim. We haven't for so long. . . . That will let us down. Come on! I'll race you in!" With a simulated eagerness that was very gallant she ran up to her room.

But when she came down, splendid and lovely in a bathing suit of emerald green that set her white form off exquisitely, he was sprawled motionless in his chair. At the sound of her bare feet behind him, he did not move.

She stopped, made to go to him, halted again. Her voice was very small and frightened, "Aren't you coming, Johnny?"

"No."

She went dejectedly down the steps, and he watched

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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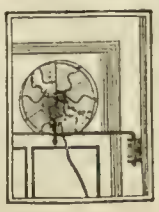

The sign of a G. E. Fan Dealer

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MIRAGE
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her go across the lawn and along the length of the gnarled old wharf his father built years ago. As she stood poised against the sky, her figure was as familiar to him as were the peaks that loomed across the strait beyond her. Sullenly he watched her spread wide her arms in a gesture as of supplication; then put her hands together and disappear in one clean leap.

Johnny sat without moving, and the black rage of his bafflement ate into his heart. He was perilously near hysteria. A heterogeneous snarl of thoughts reeled through his brain. Joan! That woman in the sleek green bathing suit, with the voluptuous figure. That was his wife—had been for fifteen years—and would be forever. There would be no end to Joan. Why had he married her? Because, he realized, she had been always so interwoven with the web of his life as to be an indistinguishable part of it. Ever since he could remember, there had been no hours, no doings, no thoughts of his that were not inextricably involved with hers. The life of neither of them had a pattern of its own; the two together made the weave, and by itself each lacked its essential complement. Propinquity, he thought with fury. That was it. Joan had been the only eligible woman in his life. She had been a habit with him and he had married her. And, as is the way with lifelong habits, he lacked the power to free himself of her so long as he should live. And there was Anne, the dark, gracious one, with the fragrance and the glorious voice, who talked in a low murmur till you forgot things, and whose tones and perfume made you feel as always had the wind in mighty cedars, and the gulls crying above the thunderous white surge of breakers. He wanted her. He was consumed with his desire for her.

Poor Johnny! He never dreamed that he was in soul more artist than was Anne herself; and that the desires that tore him were but the unceasing hunger of all artists toward the infinite, toward the supreme flame, whatever it may be, that is the answer to the enigma of the universe. Because she had the gift of merging into the background of the elemental things the poet in him loved, and could give expression to the inarticulate strivings of his ego in a way that he could not, it seemed to him that all his cravings had their source in her.

He forgot that before Anne came, through all the years with Joan, always there had been his hungers, his ecstasy at the elements' vagrant symphonies. He only knew that those things which had made for him such joy in living seemed now to be contained in Anne. And he loved living! He was avid for the ecstasy of youth unbridled in a world of sea and wind and sky. Joan stood between him and his desire. He hated Joan.

HE noticed Skookum hobbling down the path to the wharf at whose end there were steps to a floating slip that rose and fell with the tide. Skookum disappeared down these.

By and by Johnny's head came up with a jerk, recognizing a familiar footfall. Anne was coming up the path. He heaved to his feet wearily as she came on to the veranda. "I had to come, dear," she said. "I couldn't stay away after the way we parted." She was confronted with the distressing truth that what she had begun as a casual amorous adventure had changed for her into a most serious situation. She wanted Johnny desperately; wanted him more than ever she had wanted anything. She would marry him without hesitation. Now she went very close to him. "Don't be so hard, dear. I love you so. Can't you see? Can't you feel?" She slid her arms up round his neck, and his went round her slowly and deliberately, drawing her close—close. She heaved a profound sigh and nestled into his embrace, her body limp and yielding.

Over her shoulder Johnny was aware of Skookum scrambling precipitately over the wharf head and heading toward him at a shambling run, waving his arms and yelling. As the old man neared, he put Anne off. Then he distinguished Skookum's anguished wheezing, "Boss! Boss! Come queek! Missis! Missis drown! Me pull um out boat 'ook!"

He was running hard down to the wharf. On the floating slip at water level Joan lay motionless, creamy limbs asprawl and emerald *maillot* vivid against the dark timber. A length of fish net was wound tightly round her. While he was unwinding it, Skookum beside him croaked, "Herrin' seine, boss. Dreef' in on tide. Missis dive into um."

She was clear now. He felt her lungs—solid—like wood—full of water. She was all right, though, he was sure. She'd not been in the water long; could not have lost consciousness more than a minute or two. And she was strong as a mule. He'd have her round all right.

"Go tell Wong run quick for Doctor Haines," he ordered Skookum. "Run like hell!"

AS the old man shambled off, he picked Joan up and ran with her to the house. Halfway up, he met Anne coming down. They exchanged no words as he laid Joan face downward on the veranda floor, flung off his coat, and kneeling with her body between his knees began methodically to pump the water from her lungs. At the rhythmic pressure of his hands, small spurts of brine came from her mouth and nostrils. Near thing, he thought as he worked. If Skookum hadn't come . . .

He was aware of Anne's eyes upon him hungrily, compellingly; urging him—somewhere. As he groped to interpret their importuning, his hands grew still. Anne whispered, "Johnny. What if—she's *dead?* . . ."

He sat up as if he had been struck, his hands suspended. *Joan was dead;* had died by an act of fate just at the time when it was time for her to leave his life. *Why should he bring her back?* This was an act of destiny. Suave devils whispered the conviction; Anne's dark eyes drove it home. The imponderable workings of Providence had decreed that, now it was time for Joan to go, Joan had gone. She was dead now, actually. He had but to let fate take its course. Haines could not arrive for half an hour, and by that time, with her lungs full of water, she would be beyond recall. Like a man in a trance, glancing furtively over his shoulder as he moved, Johnny got slowly to his feet. As he stepped over his wife's quiet body he saw Anne's eyes, hooded and sly, searching the garden. He sat down in an armchair.

He was in an uncanny, tight-strung calm. That thing which he had most desired had come. Joan was dead. There would be no more Joan. Instead, there would be Anne, the dark, svelte creature, furtive and secret-eyed, close beside him, with her exquisite clothes and manners, her glamorous personality, and her siren voice. There was a great world to be seen. He was rich. Money was all-powerful. Anne had with burning words told him what heady joys profits of forty grim years' sea-logging could command.

That would be his life now. For Joan was dead. There would be no more Joan. No Joan eagerly walking round the garden in the morning to see what roses were to bloom. No splendid figure flying out at sound of the launch when he cleared the point. Never again the swim before dinner in the icy strait's waters. There would be no more Joan telling stories to the round-eyed children, of gnome and trull and leprechaun that lived in gnarled stumps and in crannies of the sea rocks; and with tales for him of the endless grief of loggers' shiftless families. That was all past and done. There would be no more Soo-oose, with sun and wind and yellow gorse and singing cedars and crested seas. There would be a new woman and a great new world.

His somber gaze dwelt on his wife's still form, the splendid limbs, dry now of the brine, gleaming and still against the red tiles, the friendly face, familiar to him as his own hand, slack-jawed and ghastly, cold on the cold stone.

Joan was dead. His thoughts ranged into the vistas

of past years, recalling happinesses too commonplace to have been marked —and every one of them inseparably revolved on Joan. But that was all past and done. Joan was dead—gone—there would be no more Joan —ever.

He grew aware of a swelling in his throat, fire behind his eyes, roaring in his ears. His hands were cold and palsied. There came a hot clasp about them, a warm shoulder pressed to his, a dulcet voice said, "Johnny!" He looked into Anne's eyes. They were exultant, yet furtive, and, beneath shameful knowledge, lovely and inexpressibly desirable and—with a shocking thrust of truth he knew it—evil.

She whispered, "Come away! Come away! Don't let's stay here!"

His spirit freed itself with a mighty surge. He gave a strange choked whisper: "*Joan!* Oh, my God, Joan!" Then he had hurled Anne aside, sprung up like a mad thing, and was kneeling above Joan with every power of body and spirit concentrated on the exercise of what he knew of artificial respiration.

And as he worked, he prayed. His hands were under her soft breasts, the breasts that had nursed his own three children. He lifted strongly, then bore down on her back with the balls of his hands. A little spurt of water came from mouth and nostrils. To and fro his body swayed. Up—"God, don't let her die!" Down—"I was mad!" Up—"I love her! I worship her!" Down, and a gush of water. "God! God! Don't let her die!"

Her lungs were empty now. He turned her on her back, pumping the air in and out steadily.

THE doctor, tearing down in his car twenty minutes later, found a dark, lovely woman crouched in a big chair, glaring with angry eyes at Johnny Crispin, his face grim and dogged, wet with both sweat and tears, kneading his wife's lungs in an unflagging rhythm, and with stark terror in his eyes.

"How long, Johnny?" the doctor asked.

"Forty minutes, I guess, doc."

"All right. Let me come. Hold her head up!" He poured brandy between the purple lips, produced a hypodermic, and injected strychnine. Then Johnny resumed his desperate labor. They brought blankets, hot bottles, packed them around Joan as he worked.

Minutes passed. More. Half an hour, but there was no sign of life.

"Let me come, Johnny," the doctor said at last. He used his stethoscope while Johnny watched him haggardly. Haines shook his head, and turned with a scared look. "I'm afraid, old man, terribly afraid. An hour and a half, you know."

"Get out of my way!" Johnny was back again, pumping and praying.

"God! God! Please . . . I was mad. I wasn't myself. Please give her back! Give her back. . . ."

The sun crept down and down, till the long shadows of the cedars barred the red tiles of the porch, and the violet mists of the Pacific evening gathered while Johnny still knelt above the long heap of blankets, his hands in their folds, lifting and pressing, lifting and pressing steadily—and praying. But, when the sun had touched the sky line, Joan's eyes were still closed, her lips purple, her body cold.

HAINES, who had sat throughout spellbound by the grim drama, rose at last and laid his hand on Johnny's shoulder. "Old man. You'll hurt yourself. Three hours now. 'Tisn't possible. Come now, let me— *Ah!*" He reeled across the tiles from the savage blow that Johnny struck him when he had laid hands on the blankets.

"Get back, you!" Cold terror had Johnny now. He resumed his labor. "I've—got to—get her—back! I've —got to—" He labored on and prayed.

The doctor had come back quietly and sat down close to him. The shadows thickened slowly, a chill crept on the air. Johnny noticed Haines' eyes light suddenly. He was smiling.

"What's the fool grinning for?" he thought bitterly. Joan had been drowned. He was respirating her, like the Old Man taught them together years ago. He heard the voice of Old Man Crispin: "Every man ought to know it that lives on this cold sea. Save life sometime, sure." Truth, grim truth. Who would have thought that it would have worked out like this, though? . . . What was the fool doctor grinning for? Pointing? He looked. . . . *Joan's eyes were open; her lips were red!*

The sun, sinking in a blaze of gold into the Pacific, shed its last rays on one who knelt among the ranks of mighty cedars behind the house that Old Man Crispin built, and prayed, ". . . Thank Thee for this great mercy! Forgive me my great sin. Amen."

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

You Never Know Until You Try

A Story of Love and Adventure in the Air

By Austin Parker

2

Nude Stockings

A Tale of Murder and Mystery

By Mark Lee Luther

EAT YEAST IN THIS MODERN FORM

IF YOU ARE RUN DOWN, CONSTIPATED, FAGGED OUT, AND *IN FACT*..

HERE is a yeast you'll like . . . Yeast Foam Tablets. Tasty little pellets of pure yeast; easy to swallow, good to chew, and you'll like their fine nut-like flavor!

Eat these tablets regularly. Give them to children freely. They're good for indigestion, constipation, skin disorders and run down condition. They keep and they do not cause gas.

This yeast is the standard for vitamin studies by investigators of the leading universities and of the U. S. Government. Purity and potency *guaranteed.*

Six tablets in the glassine envelope for 5 cts. or the 10 day bottle at drug stores for 50 cts. Northwestern Yeast Co., 1750 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ON THE AIR

Every Wednesday 7:00 P.M. Central Daylight Saving Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers," through N. B. C. Blue Network. Also Milwaukee, Duluth, Minneapolis. Tune in!

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FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobacco

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...in a cigarette it's TASTE!

TASTE *above everything*

When it comes to taste, the really fine cigarette begins where the average cigarette leaves off. Something more than ordinary tobaccos and routine care are needed to produce the aroma and character that are Chesterfield's own.

* * *

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* * *

Not routine care, but tobaccos blended to scientific *balance*, to bring out the finer qualities that *make* a cigarette—and "cross-blended," the Chesterfield way, to round out and perfect the delicious flavor.

* * *

Chesterfield is much more than "something to smoke," just because each step is governed by taste, *above everything*. And long experience has taught us—and Chesterfield smokers as well—that a really fine cigarette can be made by no other rule.

field

. . . not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

MILD . . .
and yet
. . . THEY SATISFY

Show Girl in Hollywood

A New DIXIE DUGAN Adventure

By

J. P. McEVOY

Pictures by J. H. STRIEBEL

I want to study and learn all I can about this voice control so that I will make good in the talkies.

DIXIE DUGAN of Show Girl fame has left Jimmy Doyle, her author sweetheart, flat and is on her way to Hollywood with a movie contract. She got her screen and voice tryout in New York by posing as a newspaper woman and interviewing Fritz Buelow, Colossal director. During the interview she added Mickey O'Keefe, a song writer, to her list of admirers.

PART THREE—OUT WHERE THE STARS BEGIN

On Board
The Twentieth Century Limited.

JUNE 28. Dear Diary: Now that I am beginning a new life, so to speak, I am going to tell you every day just what I do and think, because some day this all may be valuable, and when interviewers say how did you start your wonderful career in the motion pictures I can refer them to you, Diary, and they can see for themselves I'm not handing them a lot of horsefeathers. I suppose, too, Diary, we should keep posterity in mind, because when they came across a word like horsefeathers and didn't know what it meant we should have it defined somewhere. So, for the sake of posterity, horsefeathers means a lot of cha-cha, and cha-cha means what diaries are usually full of. I was reading one only the other day in one of the screen magazines and it went something like this:

JAN. 11. Out with X last night. We took a ride. He's awfully sweet.

JAN. 12. Saw X again. Had my hair washed.

JAN. 13. Had the white wrap dry-cleaned. X didn't call me up. Going to have a voice test. Here's hoping.

This was advertised as a sensational secret diary and was supposed to be all perfume and hot pants. Well, it rolls off my knife. They needn't blow some my way. I think if a girl keeps a diary she should put in it only things that matter—things which reveal her real self, so, when in after years she reads it back, it will recall all the sweet times she has had and the merry hell she used to raise, which will take the curse off of sitting around crocheting diapers for the youngest generation.

Which reminds me of a poem Julius Tannen used to recite:

Oh, I wish there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all of our poor selfish grief
Could be dropped like a shabby old coat at the door
And never put on again.

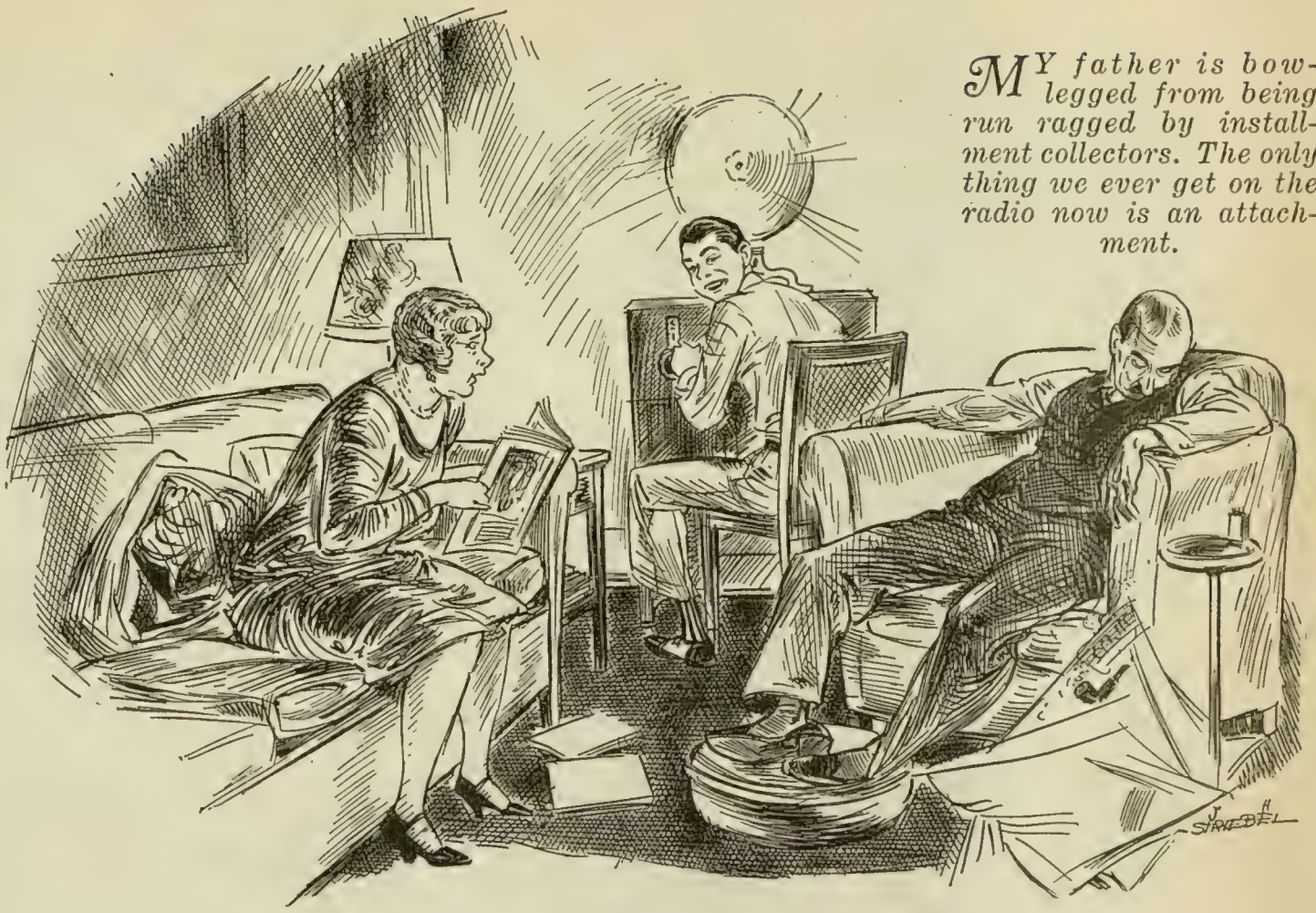
I think that's a honey. It always socks me, especially if I'm a little ginny.

And, now, Diary, let us bounce right off into the facts and figures. I was born at the usual age in the usual way, of poor parents who, as I grew to a babbling child, spent most of their time wondering why they saved me and drowned the others out of the litter. I am now five feet two inches tall and weigh 110 pounds bedside—where I sleep alone, worse luck. Which reminds me of the cute epitaph which Elsie Janis is supposed to have written for herself: "Here lies Elsie Janis—still sleeping alone."

I have an older sister, Nita, who is a dear, and a younger brother, Sam, who is a nut. My father is a hard worker and has been that way for forty-five years. He is also bow-legged, not from riding horseback in the park, but from being run ragged by installment collectors. As a matter of fact, the only thing we ever get on the radio now is an attachment. Mother still wears petticoats and silk stockings with cotton tops, and her favorite reading is glue advertising pages showing how to make artistic lamp shades at home out of those cardboard pieces the laundry sends back in the shirt fronts.

The only man I've met turned out to be a climate salesman back from a visit to the East.

So much for my family. As for me—I am



MY father is bow-legged from being run ragged by installment collectors. The only thing we ever get on the radio now is an attachment.

nineteen years old and what is technically known as a virgin, although I have been most thoroughly and thrillingly mauled on many occasions which I will tell you about in detail some other time. Just now I must tell you, Diary, what I should have told you at the very beginning—where I am and why and how come.

Well, I'm on the Twentieth Century Limited on my way to Chicago where I will get on the Chief Limited and ride, God knows how long, until I get to Hollywood, where I am going to be a motion-picture star and ride at least two Rolls-Royces at a time, Roman style.

I hope you'll excuse me just a little while, Diary—it is getting dark and they have just announced the fourth or fifth call for dinner. I've often wondered why they start calling dinner so early in these diners. I guess the waiters all want to get it over with as soon as possible, and they figure if they start early enough and nag enough, you'll get sick of it and eat and get rid of them. Of course, I could have it served here in my compartment, and maybe I will, because if I go to the diner I may meet some people and they'll take my mind off what I've got to do on the way out West.

I want to study and learn all I can about this voice control, enunciation, and deep breathing, etc., so that I will make good in the talkies—or, as they are more affectionately known, the belchers—and a week, or whatever it is I will be on the train, won't be any too long for me to wade through this book on Tuning-in the Tonsils or Tricks on the Trachea or Marooned with the Adenoids in Movieland. . . .

Well, I'm back again, Diary, with a special plate dinner inside of me and two bucks less in the grouchbag, which I call putting a light finger on me considering the refueling job I did. I was given one of those tables for two and was prepared not to be angry if some good-looking male was seated opposite me and his better nature tricked him into talking to me and eventually out-fumbling me for the check. But wouldn't it be little Dixie's luck to draw the only elderly minister on the train? Two bucks that cost. I can't help wondering how Sadie Thompson would have handled the situation.

IT'S dark outside and I can see myself in the window, except when we're going through the towns—which are all alike. A few lights away off, and then a lot of lights, and then a helluva lot of lights and a long platform with a lot of faces like pies looking up. And over their heads a sign that says NEW STONK or FITZBURG or, if the train is going real fast, just SKRR. I bet they wish they were on this train, and I bet if any one of those little Main Street gazelles was offered a chance to be where I am tonight she would jump right out of her bloomers.

I'm still a little dizzy myself, figuring how I'm here. It just seems like yesterday since I got the hunch to wire Fritz Buelow, the Colossal director, for an interview. Of course, it was just a rib to see him, as the only thing I know about newspapers is that they smell good when they're fresh and you can't believe a word in them. Why they seal them up in corner stones, I don't know.

I think that fellow down in Texas years ago had the right idea. When they opened up one of his corner stones years later a horned toad jumped out. Corner stones ought to always have good gags in them for posterity so they'll think more kindly of us. I seem to be worrying a lot about posterity tonight. Train riding always seems to stir up dat ole davil sex in me.

It isn't just chance that New York and Hollywood are at the two ends of such a long train trip and Iowa is somewhere in the middle. There's an idea for a book or something: A Lay of the Prairie or Made in the Midlands. I'm going to bed, Diary. I'm tired and I've got such a nice new pair of pyjamas, and no one to admire them.

JUNE 29: Arrived in La Salle Street Station this morning and got on the Chief this evening. So that was Chicago. Not so hot. A great big Newark I would say. New York is a jazz band playing diga-diga-doo, but Chicago is just a big megaphone with an overgrown boy hollering through it, "Look at me! Ain't I big for my age?"

One of Nita's old boy friends took me around and showed me the park system and the lions in front of the Art Institute, which are different from the ones in front of the New York Public Library because they look like lions and those on Fifth Avenue look like Adolphe Menjou.

Saw a good picture at the Chicago—one of those big movie houses like a glorified carbuncle. It was all alabaster and rhinestones and mauve and orange lights with gold organ pipes and ankle-deep carpets. Something like the Paramount in New York, which somebody says was Cecil DeMille's idea of God's bathroom.

Well, I'm like the little girl in the New Yorker cartoon—they can call it broccoli, but I say it's spinach and I say to hell with it.

Third call for dinner. I guess I'll look over the new cargo in the diner. If we didn't take on a hotter-looking load in Chicago than we did in New York, I'll go up and sit with the engineer.

SA354 26 DL NEW YORK NY 1201P JUNE 29
DIXIE DUGAN
CARE THE CHIEF WESTBOUND
YOU EVEN HAD TO TAKE THE SAME TRAIN WITH BUELOW I HOPE HE MAKES A BIGGER FOOL OF YOU THAN YOU ARE IF THAT IS POSSIBLE
JAMES DOYLE

Can you imagine it, Diary? While I was having dinner I got the snootiest wire from Jimmy, accusing me of taking the same train with Buelow. That's the director who got me my screen and voice test, you know, after I pretended to be a newspaper woman and I was interview-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD
Continued from page forty-three]

ing him. I didn't tell you before, Diary, but Jimmy was sore as a boil about me meeting him in the first place, and then letting him make a test of me in the second place. But when the company called me into the office and told me the test was good enough to give me a contract and send me out to the coast, then Jimmy just burned up—said Buelow was on the make for me or he wouldn't have wasted that much time on me. I said, of course he's on the make and what of it—all men are—only some are sneaky and don't admit it. And then he said well, maybe you didn't sell out for a test, but you certainly will have to for a rôle!

And then, Diary, did I bear down on him! What do you mean—maybe I didn't sell out for a test, I said. What a filthy nerve you've got to talk to me like that. If that's what you really think of me, you can get to hell out, and if I never see you again, it'll be too soon! And then he said I was a double-crosser and a sneak and I told him he was a liar and a bum, and after that we began to get personal. It was the first real fight we had ever had—Jimmy and I—and the queerest part of it, Diary, was that I really enjoyed it. There's nothing like fighting with somebody you're crazy about to pick you right up and give you that warm glow. It's better than a cold shower and a rubdown.

I felt just great, but only for about an hour or two. Then the reaction set in. The effects began to wear off like those lushing parties where the liquor runs out about 10 o'clock in the evening and about 11 you run down like a victrola record.

At 2 in the morning I was still calling the pillow dirty names, and punching it. You see, it was Jimmy. It was all soaked with tears at 3 o'clock. I know, because I heard the clock strike 3 and then 4 and the next thing I knew I was holding Jimmy in my arms and we were whispering to each other and feeling that extra tender toward each other. You know—the way people do after they've had a big fight and are making up. And then Jimmy kissed me until I struggled for breath, and I woke up and it was that damn pillow.

Now, he sends me a wire saying that I'm on the train with Buelow, and he hopes Buelow makes a bigger fool of me than I am, if that is possible. What's the matter with him—is he crazy? And even if Buelow was on the same train with me, which he isn't, what of it? Jimmy ought to know by this time I can take care of myself, and he knows I love him—or I did anyway. I guess maybe I still do, Diary, or maybe I don't—I don't know.

To hell with love anyway. I'm going in for a career. After I'm a big success I'll have plenty of time for love, and probably better opportunities. Jimmy can stay in New York and burn up for all I care. Maybe I'll answer his wire and tell him so. I wonder what he's doing tonight. Out with some dame I guess. Gee, he's a sweet boy. Ah, to hell with him! I'm going to bed.

JUNE 30: Woke up this morning and it was just a little after 8 o'clock and we were in Kansas City. Two good reasons for going back to sleep. Had my breakfast in my berth, dressed, and left the door open hoping something would happen. Nothing did. Lunch in the diner with nothing to see outside the window except a big landing field. Asked the conductor what it was and he said it was Kansas. Lindy would love it.

Took my first good look at the map today. It seems we have to go all the way through not only Kansas but Nebraska, part of Colorado, part of New Mexico, all of Arizona, and all of California before we get to this Hollywood place. Ho hum!

Just finished my eighth or tenth trip through the train, trying each time to look as though I had a different reason. Saw nothing in the Pullmans except rows of closed compartment doors—some with yip-yip coming through. In the open Pullmans they were either playing bridge or sleeping with magazines over their faces. I wish my voice culture book would put me into a nice coma that would last until I get to the coast. Stuff like this ought to do it, but it doesn't:

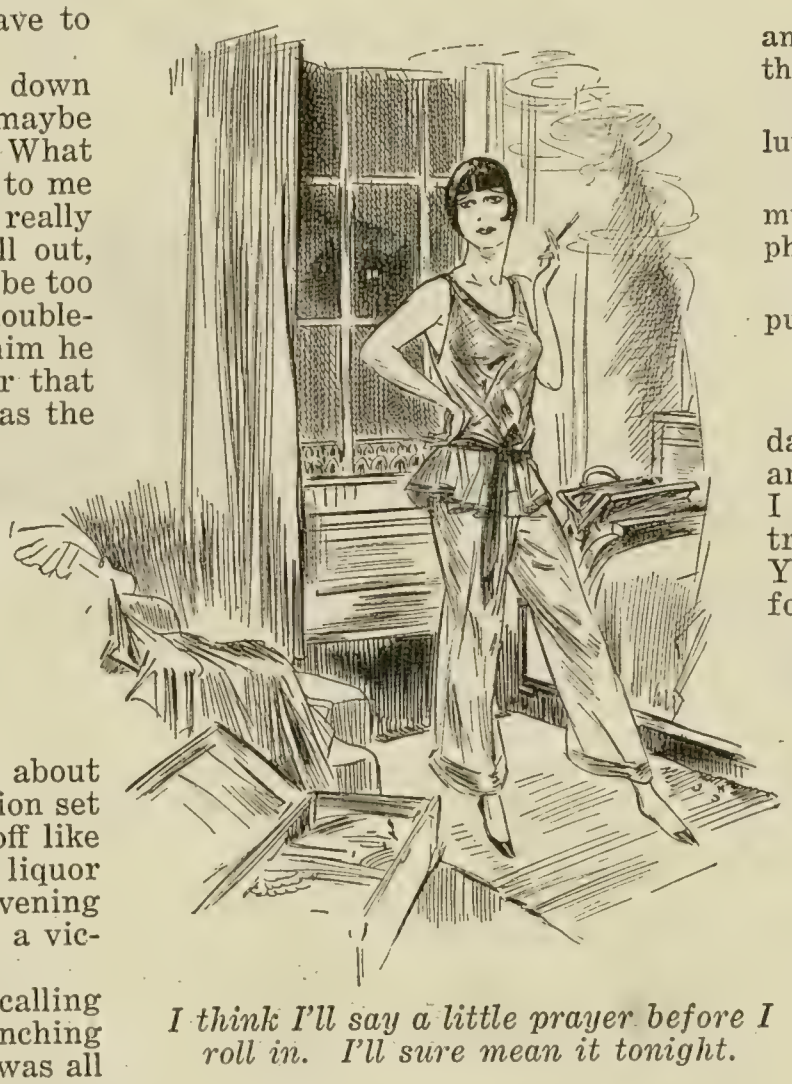
Breathing out: In order to secure an even and continuous air pressure three forces have to be considered:

1. The elastic recoil of the inflated lungs and expanded chest;

2. The contraction of abdominal muscles that assist the relaxed diaphragm to return to its place, and,

3. The contraction of muscles that pull down the ribs.

Loads of this! Now, I ask you! It's getting dark outside, but not dark enough. I hope I never see another grain elevator as long as I live. Wish Buelow *was* on the train, but I'm sure he's still in New York finishing up the street shots for Sinning Lovers. Last time I saw him was at the studio making my test. And he called me up and congratulated me on getting my contract. The last thing he said was don't forget it's full of options.



I think I'll say a little prayer before I roll in. I'll sure mean it tonight.

YOU see, Diary, it's a five-year contract with options every three months the first two years, and every six months after that. And one of those morality clauses. I had heard a lot about them, but I never saw one before. Here's the way it goes. I think it's cute:

The Artist agrees to conduct herself during the period of her employment with due regard to public convention and morals, and agrees that she will not become intoxicated or become involved in any scandal or become the subject of comment by any publication reflecting on her character or tending to lessen her drawing ability or popularity as an actress; and agrees that she will neither do nor commit any act or become involved in any situation or occurrence tending to degrade her in society or bring her into public hatred, contempt, scorn, or ridicule, or tending to shock, insult, offend, or outrage the community or public morals or decency, or tending to the prejudice of, or to the financial injury, or injury to the business of the Producer, or the motion picture industry generally; and in the event the Artist violates any term or provision of this paragraph, or of the happening of any of said incidents, the Producer is given the right, at his option, at any time thereafter, to cancel and annul this agreement on giving five (5) days' notice in writing to the Artist of his intention so to do.

There doesn't seem much chance of getting into a mix-up with that clause on this train. All these closed compartments may be full of possibilities, but the only man I've met to talk to at all, turned out to be a climate salesman coming back from a short visit to the East—and his last, if he can help it, sez he. Sez I, too.

JULY 1: Hollywood tomorrow morning. Whoopee! All day today we have been going through the desert. Was sitting out on the observation platform, and my climate salesman sat down with me and talked California sunshine and irrigation. See all that desert, sez he, all it needs is water. And I sez, that ain't news, pa-pah.

And now after thousands of years, sez he, it's going to get it, isn't that funny? And I sez, it's plum hilarious, but who wants water? If they did, don't you think the place would be running over with bootleggers on camels smuggling genuine pre-war water from the Great Lakes? I hope to tell you. Yes sir.

You don't get the idea, sez he. Water is what makes the desert blossom like a rose and now, with the Boulder Dam going through, all this you see here will be orange groves and avocados and figs and pecans, and towns springing up everywhere with lovely homes and schools. Think of that, sez he. And I told him I'd rather not. There are too many schools and homes and filling stations now, I sez. I've just gone through Kansas and I ought to know. The desert is beautiful, I sez, and restful, and here you want to go and fill it full of vegetables and mortgages and deferred payments. People like you are a menace, I sez, and ought to be suppressed. Never happy unless you're starting a subdivision somewhere. And he sez, all joking aside, you can buy big chunks of the desert cheap now, before the Boulder Dam goes in. Fifty cents an acre, or you can homestead a section for only sixty dollars, but you have to live on it seven months a year. In other words, the government bets you sixty dollars against 640 acres that you can't live there seven months without starving to death or being fried alive. It isn't on record that the government has ever lost.

AND then he asked me where I am going and I told him to Hollywood. Then he told me he lived there, and then I did get interested, Diary, and asked him if he knew any of the stars and he said no. I asked him if he had ever seen any of them and he said, well, he thought he saw Strongheart once, but he wasn't sure—it might have been another dog. So then I stopped talking to him and watched the sunset on the desert, and it was so beautiful it made me wish there were somebody with me I was crazy about, so we could sit and watch it together.

After dinner I read all the magazines in the club car and in one of them I ran across a cute poem signed by—who do you think, Diary? One guess? Wrong! It was Mickey O'Keefe, my theme-song writer, the one I met up in Harlem when I was out with Fritz Buelow and his manager, Goldfarb, and Fritzie's sweetie, Chiquita Tortilla. I swiped it out of the car and I'm going to copy it down here so I won't forget it:

A PRAYER FOR YOUR HOUSE

(With a bow to Eddie Guest)

Oh, it takes a heap o' licker in a house t' make it home—
A heap o' Scotch an' Bourbon, an' ye sometimes have ter roam
Aroun' th' hull durn city 'fore ye'll find a guy who'll know
Anuther guy who knows a guy who knows a place ter go.
It don't make nary diff'rence how rich ye git ter be
By matrimony, alimony, fee, or legacy;
It jest ain't home, though it might be th' palace of a king,
If ye ain't got a lot o' gin an' rye 'n' everything.

Oh, then ye c'n sit aroun' an' sing an' ye c'n romp an' play
An' learn ter love 'most anyone in any sort o' way.
An' th' roses on yer noses they'll jest blossom all th' year,
An' git ter be a part o' ye, suggestin' someone dear,
Who usta love 'em long ago when ye wuz just a souse
An' th' kind old barkeep usta say, Boys, this'n's on th' house.
An' so I say, God bless yer house from cellar up to dome,
But it takes a heap o' licker in a house t' make it home.

JULY 2: I'm in Hollywood, Diary. What a kick. The first thing I saw when I looked out the window this morning was orange groves. I recognized them right away, because I saw one once in the Music Box Revue, only that one had electric lights instead of oranges. I asked someone on the train where I ought to stop and they told me the Ambassador if I wanted to be where all the movie people go. Well, that's where I want to be because now I'm a movie person. Maybe I'll be a star too—who knows? It makes my heart stand still when I think of it.

I'm sitting here at the window looking out at all the lights sprinkled all over the hills. Those must be the Beverly Hills they talk about. I wonder which light is Mary Pickford. Maybe it's that one over there, away up high. I'll hold you up, Diary, so you can see it.

Wasn't that a big joke on us, Diary—thinking there was nobody on the train? No movie people—no celebrities. Why, when the train stopped at

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

When the train stopped at Pasadena, the platform was full of photographers, and out swarmed stars with their arms full of roses.

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[SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD Continued from page forty-five]

Pasadena, the platform was full of photographers, and out of all those closed compartments swarmed stars with their arms full of roses, posing for the photographers on the steps of the train. There was Norma Talmadge and Gloria Swanson and her marquis and Eric von Stroheim and Adolphe Menjou and several more, and the platform simply seethed with chauffeurs and footmen and maids and reporters and movie photographers. And here I rode clear across the country right in the middle of all these celebrities and didn't even know they were around.

Believe me, when I become a star and come west on the train, I'll walk around a little bit and give the beginners something to look at. And I'll talk to them, too, and give them a bit of advice, and tell them how it was with me when I started. Yes, you're a bit frightened at first, I'll tell them, but then if you work hard and keep your mind on your business, and, of course, if you have some talent, too, you're bound to succeed just like me. And then I'll autograph my picture for them—the one I'm going to have taken holding a big black cat right next to my face. Something like one I saw once of Dolores del Rio. I've got good eyes, too. They say that's one of the most important things in pictures.

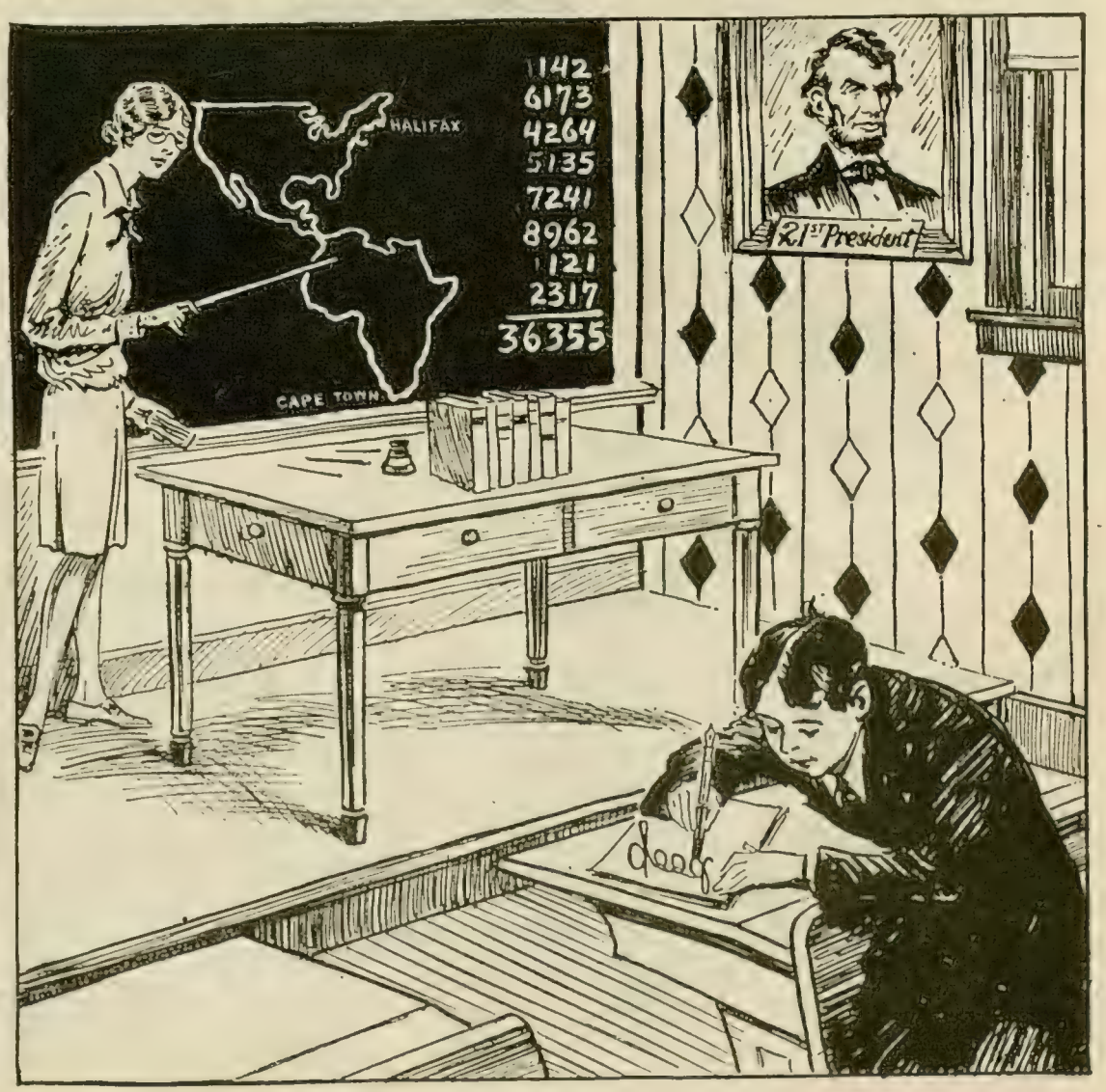
Well, I'll know more about it in just a few weeks. Tomorrow I'm going out to the studio. I called them up today and told them I was here. There was some dumb-bell on the other end of the wire—he didn't seem to understand me. I had to spell the name two or three times. He'll be the first one to go when I get set out there. I told him I was out here under contract, and imagine the dirty nerve of him. What of it, he says, who isn't? So I explained to him I had just arrived from New York where I had signed a contract to act in the Colossal pictures, and he says what do you want me to do about it? And I says all you have to do about it is get somebody on the phone who understands English so I can talk to him in my native tongue.

He hung up on me, but I rang back and he finally let me talk to somebody's secretary who told me to come out tomorrow morning and report to the executive office where somebody would take care of me.

Tomorrow morning, Diary! I'd better go to bed early and get a good night's sleep so I'll look my best. I think I'll say a little prayer, too, before I roll in. I'll mean it tonight.

And now things begin to get more complicated for Dixie. Next week she tells of her first visit to a movie lot, and a new admirer enters the picture.

How Many Mistakes Here?



Detecting the several mistakes made by the artist in the drawing of this picture will test your ability to observe details. The errors are listed on page seventy-five.

By the Dawn's Early Light

A New For the Love o' Lil

ALL the bedroom windows in town were wide open that sultry Fourth-of-July morning. Would the sun really have the nerve to rise and make the country any hotter? People wished it would remain in its mist-shrouded bed on the other side of the horizon, at least until afternoon. But it suddenly kicked aside its cloud curtains and burst into the sky, trailing with veils of lavender and rose.

"Have you slept at all, dear?" Lil sighed over to Sandy. "I haven't. I feel as though a ton of dough had fallen on my eyelids."

"Don't crab," Sandy said, sighing like a veteran willow. "I heard cats on the fences all night. I'm going to buy up stray cats at one dollar per capita an' drown 'em in the river."

"Per capita?" she asked sleepily.

This week's cover picture.

She didn't quite gather what capita had to do with cats, but she was too tired to ask. Catnip, catsup, and catgut had something to do with cats. But capita? The sandman took pity on her and tossed gravel into her eyes so she fell asleep.

Wise mosquitoes flitted at dawn from indoors to outdoors and their secluded habitat which was the damp ground under the hydrangea bushes of City Hall Park. Family tradition had taught them that the early mosquito catches the swat.

Having dined all night upon sweet punctured human flesh, they felt like the overstuffed insects of Roman times. Each winged gent exercised his leg segments. Every lady sharpened her wicked proboscis against a blade of grass. They all looked forward to the holiday ankles which would gather on the grand stand at noon to hear the patriotic airs of the police band.

One bow-legged mosquito who had unfortunately fallen into a drop of dew boasted that his great-great-aunt had bitten President Hoover on the ear. This led to a violent discussion. Should he stick to Republicans or nip the Democrats?

"Sure the steerage on the Shamrock was cooler than this," Lil's cook was complaining from her third-story back hall room. "I hope Mrs. Jenkins don't come into me kitchen today. I'm wearin' bare feet and nothin' over 'em. The new checkered linoleum will sure feel nice on me toes." She wearily started to dress.

"Wa-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a!" A dramatic pause. "Wa-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a!"

"Wake up, dear," Lil murmured. "The baby wants his zwieback. Give him a piece, and then hold him up to the window to watch the boys outside shoot off their firecrackers."

Sandy didn't feel like waking up, but he did. He staggered into the nursery and lifted a tousled towhead from the crib. Doorsill. Library. Step by step toward Lil, stopping to switch on the green-jeweled radio button:

"Madame Claire Clovoska, brilliant coloratura from Budapest, will now sing The Star Spangled Banner!"

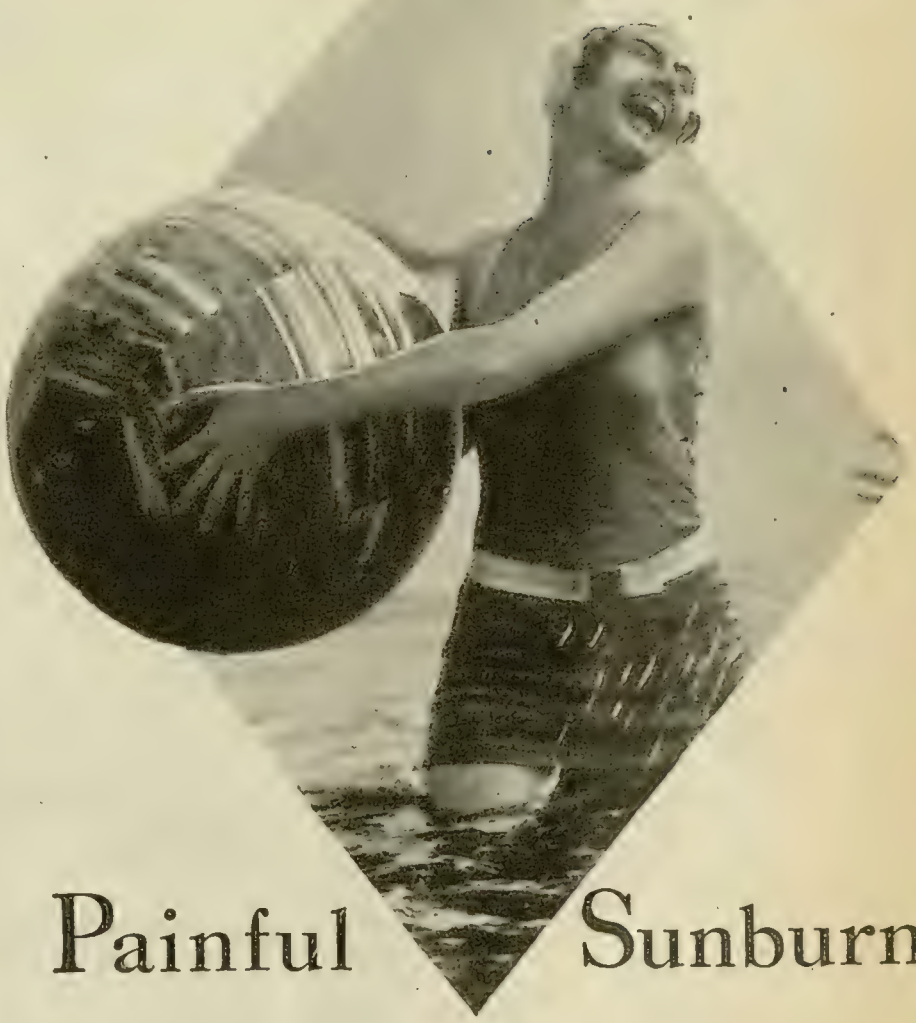
"Coloratura?" Lil giggled from bed. "She'll sound like a crazy hen laying eggs on the stars and stripes. That's what I call treason!"

"Never mind," Sandy called. "Come on. *Salute!*"

And so, three patriots paid sleepy homage to their country in the dawn's early light!

(Next week's cover adventure: A Beach Shower)

Don't rely on ineffective lotions—or other cosmetics with no healing power.



Painful Sunburn

demands a serious remedy

GLORIOUS sunshine and bright water! Play in the sparkling outdoors these vacation days.

But remember—doctors say sunshine is vitally necessary for everyone, yet too much sun—enough to burn you—is dangerous.

Like all burns, sunburn kills the living cells on the skin's surface, spreads poisons through your system.

Severe cases show all the distressful symptoms of a deep burn—a high fever, weakness, nervousness.

Don't let sunburn spoil a single hour of your summer playtime. At the very first sign of redness use plenty of Unguentine, the famous *antiseptic* surgical dressing, standard in 8 out of 10 hospitals for all burns.

The soothing oils of Unguentine sink into the burned tissues and remain there to do their work. The pain is stopped almost instantly. Rapid healing begins.

Get a tube of Unguentine today. Take it to the beach and on your vacation. Always keep a tube in your auto kit. At your druggist's, 50¢. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Canada—193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Don't let cruel sunburn spoil bright vacation days. Rub on a thin coating of Unguentine before you go out into the sun. You'll tan smoothly without painful burning.

Unguentine Soap, bland and pure, is the perfect soap for tender, sunburned skin. And because of its Unguentine content it rapidly clears up blemishes.

Unguentine

FOOLED!

A Detective Turns Angel and Regrets It

As told to Prosper Buranelli

By

MICHAEL FIASCHETTI

Former Head of the Italian Squad, New York Police Department

P. & A. photo

Five of the gang who, on May 4, 1921, in New York City, kidnaped five-year-old Giuseppe Varotta (above) and subsequently murdered him. In the oval is Detective Fiaschetti at the spot on the shore of the Hudson where the body of the child was found.

I HAVE listened to many a tip in my day, taken it all in while many a stool pigeon came through with the information. Yes, I've heard a lot of weird, wild things and got a weird, wild education giving a wide-open ear to a thousand and one squeals. It's like taking a college course in the tough subject called mankind. I suppose I ought to be hard boiled, and I am. I suppose I shouldn't be surprised or shocked at anything.

But I was. I still am. You would be too, if you had heard what I did.

Give me that looking glass over there. And now I'm squinting in it, and telling myself what I think of myself.

"A fine copper you are, a fine wise, cagy dick. Why, you're just a big-hearted boy, innocent and unspoiled! You're not a bull, you're an angel!"

That's the cheap way I felt that day seven years ago when Mr. Oswald K. Stoolpigeon gave me the lowdown on what was in many ways the most famous case that ever came into the office of the Italian Squad of the New York Police Department. It needed only one word, a name, telling who did what. That squeal was the sourest music I ever listened to.

The Varotta case was one of those kidnaping sensations that hold public attention for days and send eight-column streamers across the front page of the newspapers. Kidnaping, of all crimes, seems to fascinate popular imagination the most, and the disappearance and death of the five-year-old Varotta boy stands, along with the Leopold and Loeb affair in Chicago and the fiendish murder of an abducted little girl out on the Pacific coast not long ago, as the most celebrated kidnaping case in recent police annals.

It had the qualities of anxious waiting, the doubt and suspense about the fate of the child, and then the finding of the body. No wonder that kind of crime causes public excitement, and every parent feels a pang of furtive worry about his own child. The boy disappeared in the afternoon, and the next morning the blackmailing letter came. Twenty-five hundred dollars demanded, and death to the child if the police were informed—that was the gist of it; and the signature mentioned the name of the Black Hand Society, although there really never was any such society, only an evil, vague reputation.

THE criminals in the case were merely gangsters up to any kind of crooked game they could work. The parents were terrified, especially as they had no more money than a few hundred dollars, the savings of years. There was no possible way they could raise twenty-five hundred dollars.

The trouble was all caused by an automobile, a shiny, swell-looking bus. Blackmailers don't select poor people as their victims, but look for someone who can fork out the money they demand. You'd think they had no business to pick on the Varottas. But there was a reason. The father had worked in Marseilles as an automobile mechanic and become an expert. He had a job in a garage here in New York. He found a chance to pick up a battered piece of rolling stock for next to nothing, and he went to work on it. He was skillful enough to shine it up and make it look like a million dollars. And so the Varottas had a car, and a good-looking one. It stood in front of their door and they drove around in it in style.

They lived in East Thirteenth Street, a tenement-house district, where any kind of automobile was uncommon, and where a big, slick limousine looked like real money. The word went around that Varotta must have a bank-roll stuck away somewhere. That's how the kidnapers got the idea they were hooking people with money. They expected Varotta to dig up the twenty-five hundred without batting an eyelash. No protests by the distracted family that they had not enough cash for the ransom could possibly have any effect. That six-cylinder 1921 model was poison. To the kidnapers it spelled d-o-u-g-h, dough.

The Varottas were up against it, desperate, half crazy. They were scared to death about making a complaint to the police, for fear the boy would be killed. But there was nothing else to do. The father came to my office at Headquarters and told me the whole story. I wasn't puzzled, and didn't have to look up any encyclopedia, figuring out what to do.

In kidnaping cases the cops have one standard piece of machinery. You have the intended victim hand a package of marked money to the kidnapers, and then you jump in and make a pinch. That's the way it's done according to Police Department Hoyle, and it has been worked hundreds of times. Everybody knows about it, especially the crooks, and it's usually a battle of wits between the coppers and the kidnapers as to whether the old trick can be put over. You'd think something new could be got up, but it doesn't seem possible, from the way kidnaping cases usually break.

The gang in the Varotta case were certain to be expecting the old marked-money racket, and to be all set for it. In their letter they said one of their men would come to the Varotta flat and the money was to be handed to him in a shoe box. That scheme of getting the cash was very ordinary and didn't have any frills or dodges about it at all. You might think them simple-minded, crude workers, suckers. You might say it would be a cinch to trap the Black Hand collector when he came around.

I didn't figure it out that way. Those fellows were sharp, and would be on their guard. It's easy to spot a dick, and the Sicilians can smell a copper a block away. I figured the kidnapers would have the Varotta place watched, waiting for some sign of plain-clothes men. Any pair of flat feet wandering around there was likely to tip the gang off, and then good-by.

"Mike," I said to myself, "you've got to find some way to set a trap without having a bull within a mile of the place." And I wanted to get not merely the collector but the whole mob as well — a round-up.

THE first thing was to spar for time. I told Varotta to go back home and take it easy, and when the collector came, to string him along, saying that he was raising the money and would have it soon. He carried out instructions to the letter. The collector came one day and then another and then a third day, and we kept the gang waiting.

I put a policewoman in the Varotta flat, a clever Italian girl. She was represented as a cousin who was visiting the family. A woman would not mean "copper" to the kidnapers. She was not there to make arrests—merely to keep her eyes open and do a bit of scouting.

Across the way from the Thirteenth Street home was a tenement, the roof of which overlooked the front of the Varotta house. I arranged with an electrician that he should go fiddling around the tenement and secretly install a telephone on the roof. There I had a friend of mine —not a detective—take his stand as a lookout. He could go to and from his post without being observed.

Policewoman and lookout reported that the Black Handers had the Varotta flat thoroughly watched. They were cautious, and had it all figured out that they weren't going to be trapped, but I still had an idea that we could land them.

Varotta at my instructions told the collector for the gang that he would have the money ready on the following night, which was a week after the day the boy was kidnaped. I marked a package of bills and gave them to him.

Then I sent a detective around, the first one who had stuck his nose in the Thirteenth Street neighborhood. Rigged out as a plumber, he went wandering about, and managed to sneak into the Varotta flat like a thief, and hide himself under a bed. Only the policewoman knew he was there, and not even the family. I was afraid that they would be so scared and nervous if they knew what was going to come off that their looks would give the game away.

THAT night I was waiting at Police Headquarters, half a mile from the scene of action, with a squad of men ready to move at an instant's notice.

The collector showed up at the flat, and Varotta handed him the shoe box with the marked money in it. Out from under the bed popped a man, six-shooter first. He grabbed the Black Hander, snapped the bracelets on him, and then jumped to the window and hung out a towel. That was the signal to the watcher on the roof opposite. The watcher phoned to me that the pinch had been made.

"And," he concluded, "there's a bunch waiting on the street in front of the house."

We dashed to our car and went speeding to East Thirteenth Street. Sure enough, there were five men standing on the sidewalk talking in front of the Varotta house.

We had figured that the gang, watching the house from day to day, would all be on the job when the collector finally went to get the money, and that, with everything seeming O. K. and no cops around, they would gather outside for a quick getaway with the dough. The sharp lookout they kept was what got them all pinched.

There wasn't any trouble—everything nice and peaceable, guns poked in ribs and a whack or two on the head with blackjacks. And the boys got a nice motor ride to the Tombs. They were tough mugs, low-down thugs, typical Black Hand gangsters—all but one. This was a young, clean-cut chap, good looking, just a boy. He was one of the mob we had picked up on the sidewalk, and you wouldn't expect to see him in such bad company. The kid didn't seem like a member of the gang at all. When I took him aside and questioned him, he said he didn't know what the trouble was about. He was related to one of the other men, he explained, and was passing along the street, when he stopped for a chat with them.

It sounded reasonable, and the kid

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Picture by G. Patrick Nelson

Casque d'Or was the swellest jane that ever trimmed a tourist.

[FOOLED! Continued from page forty-nine]

talked with an open, frank manner that sounded real, straight goods—the voice you can trust. I always did give myself a few medals for knowing human nature and being able to size people up, and I was sure the kid was O. K. He was a good kid. So I told him to beat it, which he did. I felt kind of good after I had done it. I knew a crook when I saw one, and I wasn't any mean copper wanting to lock up the whole world.

With the gang tucked away in the Tombs, all that remained was to go out and get the kidnaped boy. That was the bitter part of it. He was dead. Those dogs had killed him while they were still angling for the money. Not that they had any idea that Varotta had called in the cops. They killed the boy because he was too intelligent. He was only five, but was sparkling-eyed; too bright for his age; smart as a whip. The gang saw that; saw that he was looking on at everything going on around, looking wonderingly—and would remember. Most of them lived in the East Thirteenth Street neighborhood, and if the boy remained alive, some day or other he would see one of them—and he would remember.

They didn't want to take a chance with his lively wit and sense, and so they stabbed him, crammed his body in a box, carried it up the Hudson, and threw it into the river. I found it after a long hunt, a week after the arrests were made. It had drifted ashore and lay on the bank in a deserted cove.

You'll run across a stool pigeon some place or other in nearly every real-life detective story—maybe here, maybe there, but somewhere. In the Varotta case I got what I could from the stool pigeons, and it consisted mostly of one hot tip, so hot that it burned my ears. It was about who had actually killed the boy; about the one who with his own hands had done the murder, had stabbed the lad. Who was it? Yep, you guessed right. It was the kid, that same good-looking youth whose honest face, nice get-up, and straightforward story had convinced me that he was all right and had persuaded me to let him go. He had beat it, and beat it properly. We never saw him again, never found any trace of him.

Picture by G. Patrick Nelson

The Mona Lisa was stolen from the Louvre, and that gave other crooks an idea.

I HAD been taken in like the greenest sap and sucker, and had trustfully turned loose the criminal whose hand had wrought the most fiendish murder I have ever encountered. Can you blame me for looking in that mirror and telling myself that I am innocent, simple-hearted, pure, an angel more fit for heaven than this wicked world?

Well, I found that little body crammed in that box, the stab wound between the shoulders, and I went to the East Thirteenth Street house and broke the miserable news to the frantic father and mother. We had kept it from them until the finding of the body made it certain.

I have been up against a lot of unhappy scenes in my life, but I guess that one was the hardest to watch—the way the mother carried on. I could do little to comfort the family. I'm not very good at comforting, anyway. I went down to the Tombs and walked in on those dogs with a sawed-off baseball bat. Maybe it does sound like a brutal cop, but I'm human just the same as you are. Yes, they came through with everything they knew. I wasn't taking any chances of their beating the case. They squealed on two other members of the kidnaping gang who were not among those present at the round-up. We went out and got them. They all were convicted and sentenced to the chair. Later on the sentences were commuted to life imprisonment.

I don't feel very good, very cheerful, telling that story, and I guess it hasn't made you feel gay and jolly either. I need something to brighten things up a bit. Which reminds me of an experience of my friend M. René Cassellari, the famous detective of Paris.

M. Cassellari is in some ways different from our American dicks. French detectives usually are. The bulls of the U. S. A. are what you might call diamonds in the rough. Sometimes we fit in better at a clambake than at a fancy ball. The Frenchmen are more suave and finished, and none more suave and finished than M. Cassellari. He'd collar a crook with a bow and slap a black-jack across a murderer's head with a witty remark.

Only, if you ever run across M. Cassellari, don't get him wrong and try to get gay, or they're liable to be taking stitches in your scalp.

THERE were a number of museum jobs in France. First the Mona Lisa was stolen out of the Louvre, and that seemed to give a lot of burglars an idea. One museum after another was turned off, the museum at Meaux, for instance; and that was the time M. Cassellari met his Waterloo.

He went from Paris to Meaux to investigate, and after looking things over got the idea that the job had been put up by crooked local art dealers. Then he found that one of the art dealers, a shady gent, had been the boy friend of a certain lady in Paris and after a ret-hot romance had left her for another pretty baby. Who the dame was—that was the interesting part of it.

She was called Casque d'Or, and you ought to hear M. Cassellari tell about her. She was the belle of the boulevards, the swellest jane that ever trimmed a tourist. She had a mass of blonde hair that made 'em call her Casque d'Or, which means golden helmet. The Paris police often use the girls of the boulevards as stool pigeons. Casque d'Or had turned in bits of information on various occasions. M. Cassellari happened to remember that she had done something or other recently, and there was a warrant out for her entitling her to six months in jail. So he got the warrant, put it in his pocket, and went out looking for Casque d'Or.

When he found her he told her he wanted her to go to Meaux and hit it up with her old boy friend the art dealer, and get him to spill what he knew about the museum job.

"He didn't do right by you," M. Cassellari explained, "and you ought to be glad to get even with him. Anyway, you don't want to do the six months, do you?" And he tapped her on the shoulder with the warrant.

Casque d'Or agreed that he was right on both points.

"But," she said, "a girl can't go to another town without an apache along with her."

"I will be your apache," said M. Cassellari. So he rigged himself out with the kind of clothes Paris gangsters wear, and the two of them went to Meaux.

The game was for her to seem to bump into the art dealer accidentally, so that he wouldn't get leery. Casque d'Or went wandering around the streets at night hoping to run up against him, while M. Cassellari stayed at the hotel. Two nights, and nothing happened. On the third night Casque d'Or sailed out again. M. Cassellari hung around a while, and then went to bed. He woke up suddenly as he got a punch hard enough to cave in his ribs. Then he found himself jerked out of bed and kicked. Two gendarmes were giving him a rough reception.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"You'll find out from the judge in the morning, you dirty apache!" These two gendarmes were a lot like American cops. "Come along to jail, you so-and-so!" And they gave him a few more kicks.

M. Cassellari could have told the pair of frog-eating John Laws who he was, but he didn't want the whole town to know about it. He thought he'd whisper his secret to the judge.

"I want to see the magistrate," he demanded indignantly. "Call him for me."

It didn't go. It wouldn't go in the U. S. A. either.

"Wake up the judge for an apache, a so-and-so like you? Take that, and that!"

There was nothing to do about it. Jail it had to be. They hurled M. Cassellari into a dirty cell, where there were bedbugs, fleas, and rats, and you couldn't have slept on the plank they had for a bed, even if there hadn't been vermin. M. Cassellari, as I have said, is a suave, polished dick, but by the time that night was over he had nearly lost his suaveness and polish.

IN the morning they hauled him before the judge. M. Cassellari spoke to him in private, showed him his badge, and explained who he was. The judge was terribly sorry, as the judge was when the convict served thirty years and then they found he was innocent. There had been a great mistake, he said, and then he told M. Cassellari what had happened.

Casque d'Or had finally run into her former sweetie, the art dealer, and started in to get on the right side of him. But after a few minutes the diplomacy was too much of a strain. Her jealousy got the better of her. She began to scratch his eyes out and tried to steal his watch. He called a gendarme and had her arrested. They took her, yelling and clawing, and threw her in the jug. Then one of the other girls told the gendarmes that Casque d'Or had a Paris apache with her, and the apache was at the hotel. Small towns never do like tough guys from big towns, and the gendarmes said they'd show him. They went ahead and did it.

M. Cassellari listened to the story with deep attention. Casque d'Or had spoiled the game; there was no use trying to go on with it. The beating up he had got and the night in jail were all for nothing.

The judge, as I have said, was very sorry. He apologized to his colleague from Paris, and wanted to do anything he could to square things.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "I am about to give this Casque d'Or six months in our local penitentiary, but, my dear M. Cassellari, for your sake I will gladly release her."

"Not at all, my dear fellow, not at all," responded M. Cassellari. "Go right ahead, and here"—with this he dug down in his pocket—"and here is a warrant that will give her six months more."

It turned out later that M. Cassellari had been on the wrong trail all the time. The local art dealers had nothing to do with the robbery of the museum.

Another real-life detective story by Mr. Fiaschetti will appear in an early issue.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 22

1—Oklahoma City; Salem; Harrisburg.
2—Ninety degrees, north.
3—Hannibal.
4—Shah.
5—Charles Evans Hughes.
6—A nice point of exactness in conduct, ceremony, or proceeding.
7—Chile and Peru.
8—They are names of tribes of American Indians.
9—Robert Patterson Lamont.
10—Look for the woman.
11—Jacob; Esau (Genesis xxvii. 22).
12—Salt Lake City, Utah.
13—A large marine mammal that is allied to the blackfish.
14—The United States of Brazil.
15—Colorado.
16—Cornell, at Mt. Vernon, Iowa.
17—Shenandoah.
18—Off the south coast of Cuba.
19—Ivanhoe.
20—Attila.

IT KEEPS TEETH WHITE

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Little Deeds of Kindness

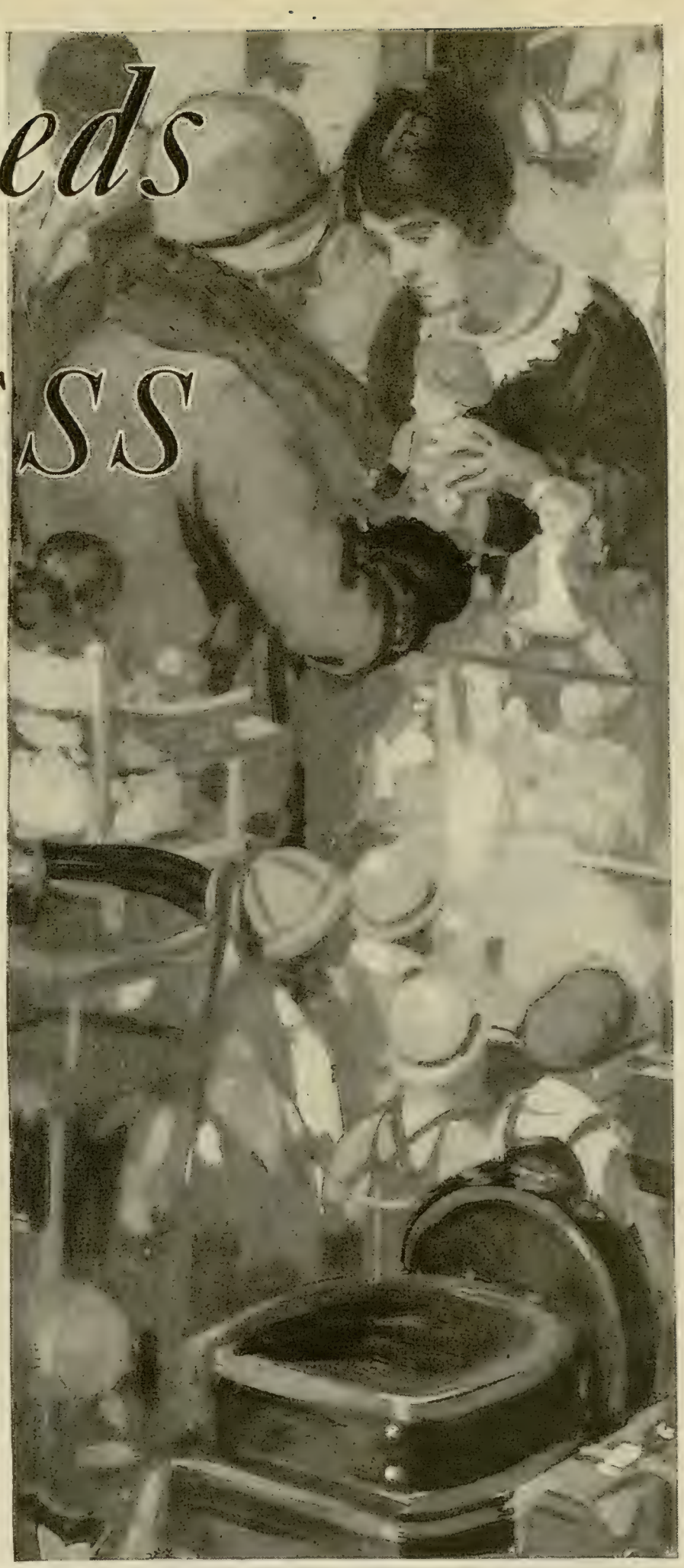
The Story of a Good Scout

By

ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

who is an author under two flags. Married to an Englishman, she lives and writes in Bermuda, but New York is her birthplace. She comes yearly to America to keep in touch and show her two children their motherland.

Pictures by J. A. CHENOWITH



She embarrassed Benny considerably.

THE alarm clock rang and Mrs. Croley got up in the gray dawn of an April morning. She let the clock go on ringing because she had no objection whatever to waking up the other inmates of her house.

"Snoozing away . . ." she muttered while she dressed.

She made plenty of noise going downstairs; part of it was due to irritability, and part to the fact that she was tired and no longer young, and much troubled by her feet.

She turned on the light in the kitchen and set the coffeepot on the gas stove with a bang.

"Like a drove of pigs!" she observed.

She now went into a small room off the kitchen, where in the dark she could discern a mound of covers on a cot. This mound she prodded.

"Get up, Benny!" she said.

The mound stirred.

"Get up!" she said.

The mound heaved; the figure beneath it sat up.

"Aw' right!" said a virtuously indignant voice. "I am up, ain't I?"

She turned back into the kitchen. She flung a slab of ham into a big frying pan, and while it frizzled itself into the consistency of leather, began to cut bread.

"Like a drove of pigs!" she said aloud.

She didn't care who heard her. Her lodgers were getting up, two young fellows who worked in a garage. They came, one after the other, to wash at the kitchen sink. It did not occur to them to salute her in any way, and she did not expect it. When they had finished, her nephew came out of his very small room, clad in singlet and trousers, and began to wash in that way that irritated her. He scrubbed himself with fury.

"You won't wash that nose off yer!" she said triumphantly.

"You don't hear me kicking about my nose," said he.

He did have a somewhat large nose, as had Wellington and other heroes. He was a slight lad of fifteen, "skinny," his aunt called him, with black hair that fell across his brow in a poetic lock, and a look at once alert and forlorn.

"It's that monkey business again today!" said she.

"Aw' right!" said Benny. "*Call* it monkey business."

He returned into his cubicle again and came out wearing a khaki shirt and knickerbockers, and the insignia of his rank in the Eagle Patrol.

"Will yer lookit!" she said.

Her scorn was mechanical; she had really no grudge against the lad, on the contrary she loved him.

She put the breakfast on the kitchen table and they all sat down. Nobody attempted to converse. The lodgers ate and drank much coffee and went away, and Benny dried the dishes that his aunt washed.

Then she got down from a shelf the hat a lady had given her, and the coat another lady had given her, and set off down the muddy road. She was not radiant, yet

She stopped to examine a doll and pulled its flaxen wig off.

she was to be welcomed by yet another lady with delight. For she was a washerwoman, and when she did not appear before those who expected her, she disorganized entire households.

Benny now sat down to practice knots. He had passed all the tests possible—he was an incomparable Scout—but he was working now to bring the other members of his patrol up to something like his own standard. He feared he might have forgotten some of his cunning.

In half an hour's time he was satisfied, took up his wide-brimmed felt hat, and set forth to the meeting. He had to go through the town, and he went briskly, partly because of his natural zeal and partly because the wind was sharp.

As he approached the railway station, his expression became more alert. There was here a dangerous corner where traffic came from four directions. And he had often been able to perform good deeds here. He no longer undertook to pilot young children through these dangers, for he had discovered that young children could be shockingly impudent, but he looked out for mothers with baby carriages, and old ladies—especially old ladies.

HE saw one this morning, standing on the curb, and almost at the same moment that he caught sight of her, she darted into the roadway. A truck swerved aside and the driver yelled at her; she stepped back almost under the wheels of a taxi, and then Benny reached her and took her arm.

"Ki heppu, ba'am?" he asked.

She turned; she did not quite understand his words, which adenoids and natural modesty made somewhat indistinct, but she saw a helpful glow upon his face.

"Pedestrians have the right of way!" she said severely. "These men ought to be put in jail."

"Well, they are, if they kill you or anything," Benny explained.

"I'm in a hurry," she said, trying to pull him forward. "I *must* get that train."

"Yes, ba'am," said Benny, restraining her. "The light'll change in a binute."

At last he got her across. But she held his arm while she struggled with her pocketbook. Delicacy forbade him to help her in this; he stood still, very miserable. According to the Scout code, he could not accept any reward for his good deeds and he always disliked having to refuse money.

"Oh, *dear!*" said she impatiently. "Pshaw! There, now!"

Just as she got her bag open, the train whistled.

"Here!" she cried. "Run and buy a ticket to New York, my lad!"

He took the bill she gave him, and ran into the waiting room, approached the wicket, and thrust the bill at the ticket seller.

"One to N'Yawk!" he cried.

The ticket seller pushed the bill back at him without a word.

"Gimme—" Benny began.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS]
Continued from page fifty-three

Something in the ticket seller's eye made him look at the bill. A queer sensation overcame him, an unpleasant sinking of the heart. A hundred-dollar bill . . .

With a sickly smile he picked it up with as much reluctance as if it had been a serpent. For in Benny's circle the possession of such a thing meant a ruined reputation.

He went back to his old lady, and saw her just hurrying across the platform to meet him. The train was in.

"Give me the ticket," she cried.

"I couldn't get none, ba'am," said Benny. "He couldn't gimme change—for that."

"Oh, pshaw!" she cried. "But I'll get on, anyhow."

Benny handed her back the bill and she tried to open her bag to put in the money. By the time she had succeeded, the train had gone.

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "Now!"

She looked at Benny in pitiable distress, and Benny regarded her with compassion. She represented perfection in old ladies; she had blue eyes and fluffy white hair; she was small and frail, and dressed in a long black coat and a little black hat and white gloves.

"I don't know . . ." she said. "Oh, dear me! I've *got* to get away." Then she brightened. "Get me a taxi," she said.

That was not difficult. There was a row of cabs behind them, and Benny opened the door of one. The driver came running up from his post of observation on the platform.

The old lady, now inside the cab, leaned forward and caught Benny's sleeve.

"You'd better come along!" she whispered. "I don't like that man's face!"

"But . . ." he began.

"Hurry up!" she said. "I can't wait."

He did not know how to refuse, and with great reluctance he got in beside her. The window in the front of the cab was pushed back, and that face she objected to looked in at them in inquiring silence.

"Where to, ba'am?" asked Benny.

"To the next station—in the direction of New York," she said with dignity. The window was closed and the cab started.

"Now!" said she, in a tone of satisfaction. "And what is your name, my lad?"

"Benny, ba'am," he answered.

"Benny Bam!" she said. "Do you go to school, Benny?"

"Yes, ba'am. But they'll leave me quit after this year."

"And what do you want to be, Benny?"

IT had never occurred to him to "be" anything. He hoped, upon leaving school, to get some sort of job as a delivery boy or a messenger.

"I dunno, ba'am," he said.

"Ah!" said she, smiling. "You're like all boys, Benny! *I* know! You want to be a great general!"

He was too polite to contradict her, but the notion astounded him.

"But remember, Benny," she went on gravely. "We can't all be Napoleons and Washingtons." She patted his arm. "I'm sure you'll get on," she said. "I like your face."

He blushed and said nothing.

"Now!" she said. "Just look out, my lad, and tell me if we're being followed."

A little shiver ran up his spine, a thrill of almost incredulous delight. Followed! He looked out of the window.

"There's a truck," he said, "an' there's a taxi . . ."

"No," said she.

He kept on looking as they sped onward.

"There's a Packitt," he said. "There's another Ford. There's a Rerls-Rerce."

"A Rolls!" said she. "Who's in it?"

"I can't see," said Benny. "There's a shover up in front."

"Fair hair?"

"Yes!"

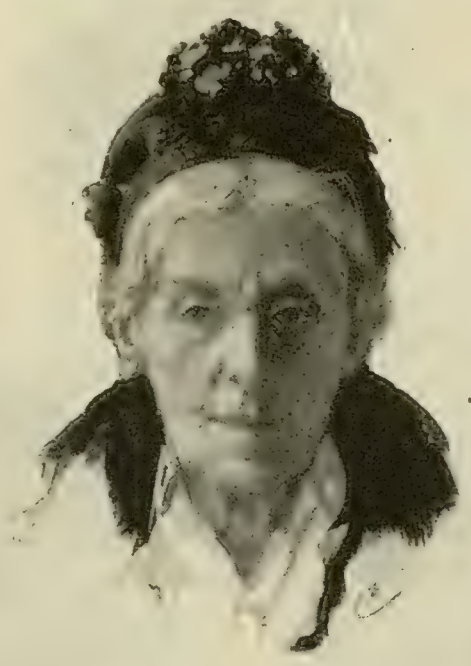
"Tell our driver to hurry!" she cried. "Tell him to turn up the next road—quick!"

They swung into a lane.

"Stop!" cried the old lady. "Let me out, quick!"

Directly Benny opened the door, she sprang out nimbly.

"Pay this driver, my lad!" she said. "And don't tell anyone you've seen me. I'll meet you—"



ASTOUNDED, Benny saw her trot up the path to the door of a little house, ring the bell, and enter. And he found himself alone in the road, confronting the taxi driver, again with that hundred-dollar bill which she had thrust into his hand.

"Well, pay me!" said the driver.

"I gotta get change," said Benny.

"I'll get change for you," said the driver. "What is it? A ten?"

"No," said Benny. "You wait an' I'll—"

"Tryin' to gyp me, are you?" said the driver. "Now, look here! I see her give yer that bill, and I heard her say yer was to pay me."

"Well, who said I wasn't goin' to pay yer?" demanded Benny. "On'y I got to get change."

"Yer come across," said the driver.

There was a marked disparity in size and age between the two, and for a moment Benny contemplated flight. He realized, however, that if he ran he would be pursued. And if he were caught with that bill . . .

Nor could he permit the driver to know the monstrous nature of the bill.

"Lissen," he said in a persuasive tone. "I'll go over to the drug store an' get change. Yer kin watch me all the ways. I wouldn't gyp nobody."

"Yer won't gyp *me*," said the driver.

"Sure, I won't!" said Benny with a cheerfulness he was very far from feeling. "I'll be back—"

As he turned, the driver's hand fell upon his shoulder, and the driver walked with him. They went down the lane to the main road, crossed it, and came to the drug store Benny had noticed. Benny knew that things were going to happen.

"Kin yer change this, bister?" he asked.

"Say!" cried the young man behind the counter. "Where did you get this?"

The driver saw it, too.

Benny, with one adroit motion, squirmed away from him and ran. He darted round the corner; he saw an iceman's cellar, and he rushed headlong into it. Luckily, it was empty.

He stood well back in the shadows, and saw two pairs of legs go running past. His own legs felt for the moment incapable of motion. But he had been hunted pretty well all his life; he had all his life been a suspicious character. Whenever he carried a suitcase full of clean clothes his aunt had done at home to some house, the persons in the house had not wished to leave him alone for an instant, lest he should pilfer. He never had stolen anything, or even wished to do so, but he knew it was a natural law that he should be suspected. He did not even resent it.

But the knowledge that the old lady had trusted him with an absolutely incredible sum of money was making a strange and subtle change in him. His knees shook, but he felt proud.

Almost as soon as the flying feet had disappeared, he went stealthily to the top of the steps. No one in sight. He came out into the street, and strolled back round the corner to the drug store. He looked about him again; then he began to run. Fortunately, being only fifteen, he could run without appearing suspicious.

He ran across the road, past the empty taxi, and up to the house into which the old lady had disappeared. He rang, and the door was opened by a stout, pleasant-faced woman.

"Well?" she said.

He wanted to get in, out of sight.

"'Cuse me, ba'am . . ." he said. "An ole lady came bin—"

"Never you mind about *her*," said the woman. "Run along—"

"I got to find her!" he cried in despair. "She tole me to meet her."

Nothing could have seemed less likely than that so dignified and wealthy an old lady should have a rendezvous with a Boy Scout. The woman looked stern.

"She told me!" said the woman. "She's gone, and I won't tell you—"

"Lookit! Lookit what she left with me! I got to get it back to her."

The stout woman was astounded at the sight of the bill.

"Please leave me come in, ba'am," said Benny. "They're after me."

"Come in," said the woman, and Benny stepped into her neat little house.

"Is she gone?" he asked.

"Quite a while ago. She told me about these people who wanted to put her away," said the woman. "Such wickedness I never heard of!"

Benny had no time to ask for an explanation of this remarkable statement.

"Which way did she go, ba'am?"

"To the train. She has to get to New York."

"Kin yer gimme change of this, ba'am?"

"Me!" cried the woman, staring at him.

"I can't get it changed nowhere," he said. "I can't buy no ticket, or nothing. You'd think I was a crook . . ."

The stout woman could appreciate that, belonging herself to a section of society that understands the evil of money.

"SEE here," she said slowly. "She was a real sweet old lady. I took to her. If I was *sure* . . ."

Benny, having no arts to convince her, and no great confidence in his powers, stood silent. She looked at him.

"If I was to give you the loan of two dollars," she said, "so's you could get to her—would I get it back?"

"Yes, ba'am," said Benny.

"Then I'll do it!" said she, and from a shabby old bag brought out two bills and handed them to him.

And this act had its effect upon Benny. He had been trusted again; and he grew in moral stature.

"She went the back way," the woman told him, and he, too, went the back way, through a neat little kitchen. He was just about to open the door when the front doorbell rang through the house.

"Whoever can that be?" said the woman.

"If it's them—" said Benny.

"You go ahead!" said she. "I'll keep 'em till you get away."

He went out into a world distressingly open and flat. He had to cross an unfenced back yard to a road lined with newly planted saplings where there was no cover of any sort. He broke into a run and that increased his panic. He imagined his enemies suddenly appearing after him in full cry—the chauffeur, the young man from the drug store, and perhaps others; perhaps a cop. He was hopelessly compromised now. He had been told to pay the driver, and he had not. He was a criminal.

He entered the main road now that led to the railway station, a long and perfectly empty road. Inevitably they would look for him here.

A furniture van was coming along this road, trundling along at an easy speed.

"Hey, buddy!" cried Benny. "Gimme a lift?"

The driver answered without courtesy, but Benny was not disconcerted. He ran after the van and caught on behind it. There was a man sitting there with his feet hanging over the edge.

"Hey! Get out!" he cried.

"Lissen!" gasped Benny, out of breath. "I got to take a nimportant message to a doctor. . . . There's a lady terrible sick. I'm—a Scout."

The man said he thought Benny was something else, but his reactions were mechanical; he really had no par-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS]
Continued from page fifty-five

ticular objection to the boy riding with him. Benny pulled up his legs and got inside the van.

"Come out of it!" said the man.

Just at that moment Benny caught sight of his enemies entering the road, looking up and down. They turned back; then, in a horribly short time the taxi appeared and came after the van. Benny crouched down.

"Lissen!" whispered Benny. "They're after me."

"What you done?" asked the man, casually interested.

"Nothing," said Benny.

"Yeah!" said the man. "That's what they all say. You tell that to the judge. Come on! Get out now! You're not going to get *me* in no—"

The taxi was nearly upon them now.

"Lissen!" whispered Benny in anguish. "Lookit!"

And reaching over the man's shoulder, he held the hundred-dollar bill before his eyes.

The man expressed his surprise in forcible language. But Benny was not able to make any explanation, for at that moment the taxi came up with them.

"Hey, bo!" shouted the driver. "'D you see a boy—one o' them Scouts?"

"What's eatin' yer?" asked the man on the truck tranquilly.

"He owes me money," said the driver.

"Try an' collect!" said the man.

"Did yer see him, I'm askin' yer?"

"Naw!" said the man, tranquil as ever.

"I'll find him," said the driver, "if I have to drive to hell and back."

The taxi went on and Benny breathed again.

"Now!" said the man.

"It's like this," said Benny. "An ole lady gimme this—"

"Nope!" said the man. "Yer got to do better than that."

"It's Gawd's truth!" said Benny. "I guess she was sort o' cuckoo." He then related in simple phrases the events which had befallen him. "And now," he said, "I gotta find her and give it back."

He saw her there, just about to cross the street. "You must try to be brisker, my lad," she said kindly.

"SHE'S not the only one that's cuckoo," said the man.

A slight shiver ran along Benny's spine.

"Nuts like that," the man proceeded, "they got to be protected from theirselves. *She* don't know what to do with money. *You* don't know—kid like you. You hand that over, sonny, and I'll take it to the perlice."

Benny was silent. He had nothing to depend upon but his own wit. It did not occur to him as possible to appeal to the forces of organized society. Anyone—policemen, judges, reputable citizens—anyone and everyone would take that bill away from him. This man, who did not impress him as a reputable citizen, evidently intended to take it, and although Benny had practiced with the Scouts a form of jujitsu designed to help him in an emergency, he did not think it likely that he would prevail in any physical encounter. He did what the weak learn to do.

"Sure!" he said with an air of immense relief. "I'll be glad to get rid of it. People ak like I'd stole it."

He crawled forward, sat beside the man, his legs, too, dangling out of the van.

"Ow! Lookit!" yelled Benny. "Stop! Stop quick! I dropped it!"

His companion scrambled up to shout to the driver, the brakes were jammed on, and Benny was off like a deer.

THEY were in a town now. He sped round a corner into a street where there were plenty of people, women with baby carriages, respectable and reassuring people. He stopped, gasping for breath, outside a grocer's. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the man from the van at the corner, and he strolled into the grocer's.

He was in a more favorable position now. This new enemy would not dare to pursue him and openly rob him. The taxi driver had had a case; this man had none.

"Well?" demanded the grocer.

"Want a boy, bister?" asked Benny.

"No," said the grocer.

But Benny did not want to leave yet.

"Gimme fi' cents' worth o' chawklet crackers," he said.

The grocer did this, and Benny proffered one of his dollars and got change. He took as long as he could over every detail, and when he went into the street again, the coast was clear.

Little by little he was approaching the railway station. And in the course of time he reached it, bought a ticket, and learned that the next train was due in fifteen minutes.

While he waited, with a wary eye for any enemies, it occurred to him that it might be somewhat difficult to find his old lady in New York. She had said she would meet him later, but she had not said where, nor did he know her name or where she lived. He was quite expert in woodcraft; he knew how to look for signs; he could have followed the old lady through a forest. But in New York it would be somewhat different.

The train came in and he got on board. He saw only one vacant seat, which was beside a lady. He squeezed himself modestly as far away from her as he could get, and carefully avoided looking at her. To his great surprise, she spoke to him.

"You're one of those Scouts, aren't you?" she said.

"Yes, ba'am," he answered.

"I wonder . . ." she said.

He waited for more, and, as she did not speak, he glanced cautiously at her. She was a handsome lady and undoubtedly swell, and she was weeping in a refined and annoyed fashion, frowning at her own tears.

"I wonder," she went on, "if you know any of the other Scouts in Birchwood."

He repressed a start. Was he not himself one of the most notable of Birchwood Scouts?

"You're all supposed to be helpful and honest and so on, aren't you?" she asked.

"Yes, ba'am," he said.

"You might know . . ." she said. "If you can help me . . . My mother went off this morning with a Scout!"

Benny said nothing.

"I've *got* to find her," the woman went on. "She met him in Birchwood. We have a description of him. . . ." She reached in her purse and took out a paper. "'A tall and powerfully built boy with strongly marked features. Black eyes and hair, sly expression.' Do you know him?"

"No, ba'am," said Benny.

"I don't want to go to the police," she said, "if I can help it. But my mother is in danger. I *must* find her."

Benny's mind was working rapidly, though his face looked vacant.

"I think," she said, "that perhaps the best thing would be for you to go back to Birchwood and see if you can trace that dreadful boy."

Benny looked innocently at her.

"Where would you be, ba'am?" he asked. "So's I could leave you know?"

"Oh, dear!" she said. "I think I'll go first to Price & Lynn's. Because she generally goes there to lunch when she comes into town. I *may* find her there. But goodness knows *what* she'll do." She was half talking to herself now, but Benny listened. "She *would* get a birthday present for little Eddie! I *told* her I'd buy anything she wanted for him. Or John would. The doctor told her *not* to go out until her ankle was much stronger. But, of course, she wouldn't pay any attention to him. She won't listen to anyone. You'd think her one object in life was to do things that are bad for her—and dangerous. She *would* go up on the roof to look at the sunsets."

BENNY thought of the grandmother of the boy who lived next door. She was afflicted with the same strange perversity. She was always watching for her chance, and if the members of her family went out, down she would go into the cellar and bring up coal. When they returned they would find her exhausted. "I bin down cellar," she would say, "an' I lugged a bucket of coal all the way up them stairs. My heart's beating something terrible." She could not be stopped. He wondered if this were characteristic of old ladies.

But to his especial old lady he was unwaveringly faithful. It made no difference what this present lady said; his allegiance was already given.

"Yes," she said. "You'd better go back to Birchwood. If you *can* trace that horrible boy and find mother, I'll see that you are properly rewarded."

"Scouts don't take nothing, ba'am," said Benny.

She ignored that.

"My husband is trying to trace her in his car, and I'm going to see what I can do in New York. And you can work from the Birchwood end. She *can't* have gone very far. Unless something's happened to her. Oh, dear! When I think that her ankle may have given way—and her sight is poor, and she will *not* wear her glasses. . . ."

"Yes, ba'am," said Benny.

"Here's your train fare," she said, opening her purse.

"No, ba'am," said Benny.

"Well, I'll see to that later, then," she said. "Because, of course . . . Now, you must take the next train back, you understand?"

He listened to her directions—the train had now entered the Penn Station—and they got out together. She sent him to buy his ticket and find out when the next train left for Birchwood. She waited for him to return and report to her, but he did not come.

"Perhaps he had to run for a train," she thought.

HE had indeed run, and was now in a subway train on his way uptown to Price & Lynn's. He reached there, and entered the store. He felt very uncomfortable there among so much feminine luxury. He asked the way to the restaurant, and went there, gazing blankly before him, feeling himself highly suspicious.

In the doorway of the restaurant he stopped, appalled. Music was playing, soft, high-class music; at the tables sat superb ladies. . . . The head waiter approached.

"I'm lookin' for an ole lady," said Benny. "I got a message for her."

"What name?" asked the other.

"She's got white hair—" said Benny weakly, and after a pause, he melted away. Anyhow, he was pretty sure that if his old lady had been there, he would have seen her.

Now what to do? He thought. He remembered what he had heard about little Eddie's present. Probably little Eddie was a child, in which case she would very likely buy him a toy.

Benny approached a tall, calm man in glasses.

"Where's toys, please?" he asked.

"At the rear," said the man sternly.

To the rear went Benny. He went past bicycles, footballs, cameras, and phonographs, all of which he coveted horribly, and found himself at last among dolls. And, at the end of the aisle, he saw her.

She was delighted to see him, but not very much surprised.

"Well!" she said, patting his shoulder.

"She's after you, ba'am," said Benny. "She's coming here."

"Ha!" said the old lady. "Then we'll leave at once!"

She went so briskly, and was so ruthless in pushing past anyone who got in her way, that Benny, in his politeness, found it difficult to follow. She squeezed herself into a crowded elevator; he could not get into it, and so ran down the stairs. When he got to the main floor he could not find her.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS]
Continued from page fifty-seven

He dashed out into the street, and saw her there, just about to cross the street.

"You must try to be brisker, my lad," she said kindly. "Now! We'll take the bus."

She wished to ride on top of the bus. She started up the stairs smartly, slipped, and would have fallen if Benny had not been directly behind her. He respectfully pushed her onward, and they arrived safely on top.

But they had, in the course of time, to descend, and that was worse. His knees were shaking when they reached the pavement. But she was ready to dart across Fifth Avenue without regard to the traffic. He seized her arm.

"Always remember," said she, "that a pedestrian has the right of way."

Benny said nothing, but he held her firmly until the traffic stopped. Then they crossed and went into another big department store. Straight as an arrow from the bow, she went to the toy department; she pushed people, but when they turned and saw her white hair and her gentle blue eyes, they were abashed.

In the toy department she embarrassed Benny considerably. She stopped to examine a doll and pulled its flaxen wig off. She cared nothing for that, but set it back to stand worse than bald upon the counter. She stopped at a tank wherein floated celluloid ducks, fish, and little tin boats. She picked up a duck and made a dent in it, so that when she put it back, it swam upside down.

"Now, let's see!" she said. "What would little Eddie like, do you think?"

"Well, how old is he, ba'am?"

"Twelve," she said.

"Well, one o' them airplanes—" said Benny.

She was headed toward the table where the most fascinating model airplanes were. But she did not get there. She stopped to look at a contraption like a camera, with a sort of periscope; she looked into this and turned a handle.

"Look, my lad!" she cried.

Benny looked while she turned the handle, and he saw a kaleidoscope of brilliant colors.

"Yes, ba'am," he said. "Them airplanes—"

"This is educational, isn't it?" the old lady asked the salesman. "I thought so! I'll take this, please. . . . No, I'll take two of these—and please wrap them separately." She turned to Benny and patted his arm. "One of them's for you!" she said.

BENNY murmured his thanks, and when she had got the packages and her change from a ten-dollar bill, they went out again. She knew where she was going, and he merely went with her. He was a little dazed now—he had eaten nothing since breakfast—he was hungry and very tired from his peculiar experiences.

"We'll have a soda," said she, "and then we'll go home."

He brightened at that. He helped her across several other streets until she found the place she sought, a magnificent tea room. They entered here and sat down at a table.

"Let me see . . ." said the old lady. "You'd like a soda, my lad?"

"Yes, thank you, ba'am," said Benny.

"Then bring a soda," said the old lady.

"What kind?" asked the waitress.

"A *soda*, I said," the old lady repeated severely. "And you may bring me a chocolate fudge marshmallow sundae."

So that Benny got nothing but a glass of plain soda water, and was forced to watch her leisurely consuming that exquisite thing. She was too nearsighted to see, and he was too polite to protest.

Then they went to the Penn Station; she hurried him briskly to the ticket window, where a queue waited. Queues meant nothing to her; she pushed her way into the front of it, and bought two tickets. They boarded the train together, and she was calmly triumphant.

"I did it!" she said. "I told 'em I would—and I did! They have a notion I can't look after myself!"

"Lissen, ba'am . . ." said Benny in a cautious whisper. "There's that money you gave me. If you'll leave me stuff it into your poggerbook when no one's looking—"

"Keep it!" she said.

"What!" cried Benny. "All *that?* I—No, ba'am, I *can't.* Scouts don't—"

"Please don't be obstinate!" said she, gravely reproachful. "I cannot endure obstinacy. You have been really quite helpful to me, my lad; I should feel very uncomfortable if you refuse to accept a little present from me. We'll say no more about it."

Indeed, he felt incapable of further argument. At the Birchwood station they parted; she got into a taxi, and he set off on foot toward his home.

"Sufferin' cats!" he murmured.

HIS aunt was in the kitchen preparing the evening meal, and the smell of food made him a little dizzy.

"Where yer bin?" she demanded.

She had had a hard and a long day, and she was tired. But when she looked at Benny, she forgot that.

"What's the matter with you?" she cried angrily. "What makes you look like that?"

"I'm terrible hungry," said Benny.

"Then eat!" she cried, still more angry. "Here! Eat this till your dinner's ready. You got no business to get so hungry and white lookin'. It's that Scout monkey business!"

She thrust a piece of bread at him, and Benny took a huge bite.

"Say, auntie! Lookit!" he said.

She looked.

"Merciful Peter!" she said unsteadily. "What you bin doin'?"

"A ole lady give it to me."

"Benny!"

"It's the truth!" said he. "I tole her I didn't ought to take it, but she said take it anyways."

His aunt sat down heavily in a chair, and Benny attempted to explain. She listened with growing wonder to the tale of his adventures.

"Whadder yer know!" she murmured from time to time.

"And she give me this, too," said Benny, unwrapping the kaleidoscope.

"What is it?" she asked, dazed.

"I dunno," said Benny. "Lookit!"

She looked into it while Benny turned the handle.

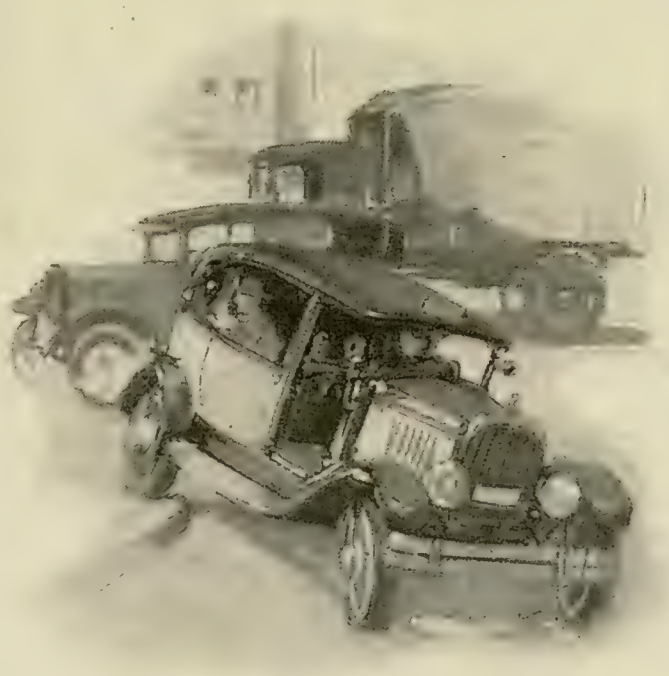
"Whadder yer know!" she said faintly.

They sat staring at each other.

"What you think you're going to do with all that money?" she demanded.

"I dunno—yet," said Benny. "You can have a half of it."

They were both silent, entranced by the vast horizon that opened before them; upon them both strange and novel ideas were dawning. Things they would do. . . .



"Tell our driver to hurry!" she cried. They swung into a lane.

The Hamburger steak was sizzling with onions in the frying pan; the kitchen was warm and marvelously cozy; they sat there, lapped in a vast wondering happiness.

"'S like a book an' all!" said Mrs. Croley. "Well, I always did say, if anyone done a good turn to someone, some way they'd be paid back."

"Scouts don't wanner get paid—" said Benny, when there was a knock at the door.

"It's Mrs. Collins wanting her iron back," said Mrs. Croley. "*She* can have it!"

She went to open the door, but it was not Mrs. Collins; it was a strange gentleman.

"Is there a boy here named Benny Bam?" he asked sternly.

Mrs. Croley knew at once. Indeed, she felt that she had known all the time.

"Benny!" she called, and Benny came.

"You're the boy, eh?" said the stranger. "And you're a Scout? I'm surprised!"

"What's the matter?" asked Benny.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" said the stranger. "You've taken a contemptible advantage of my mother's age and—and—er—generosity. A hundred dollars! Most preposterous!"

"Here it is!" said Benny, taking the bill from the pocket of his flannel shirt.

The man was a little taken aback by this promptness. He had expected a great deal of trouble; he had even considered it possible that he might be defeated, and might have to return with no other satisfaction than that of speaking his mind.

"Wait a moment!" he said as Benny turned away. "I never said you didn't deserve anything. I consider—here's a dollar for you."

"I do' want it," said Benny, and went back into the kitchen, where his aunt presently followed him. The door closed after the stranger.

"I got to pay back that two dollars what that other lady gimme the loan of," said Benny.

"Yes . . ." said Mrs. Croley absently. Benny sat down at the table and rested his head on his bent arms, and the sight distressed her. She began to put the dinner on the table.

"C'm on and eat!" she cried, and Benny responded gallantly.

THEY had half finished the meal when there was another knock at the door, and Benny rose. Mrs. Croley heard him open the door and make a curious sound, whether of surprise or terror she could not tell. She rose and looked out into the hall, and saw there a young man she knew, the son of a neighbor, supporting one whom she felt sure was Benny's old lady.

"She's hurt herself," said the young man. "Getting out of the bus at the corner."

"It's my ankle," said the old lady in a tone of triumph. "I dare say I shall be laid up for weeks! Let me sit down somewhere—"

Assisted by the young man and Benny, she went into the kitchen and was lowered into a chair.

"Now!" she said to the young man. "If you'll go and get me a taxi—" She slipped something into his hand, and Benny wondered what largesse she was giving. The young man went, and she turned to Benny.

"I shall be laid up for weeks!" she repeated. "And serve them right! The housemaid told me my son was making inquiries about you, and when he went out I knew very well where he'd gone! So I made inquiries myself! The furnace man has a son who's a Scout, and I asked him to find out where Benny lived. He told me, and I took the bus. Here, my lad!"

From her bag she brought out a check.

"I do' want—" Benny began.

"Don't *you* be obstinate, too!" she said, and then addressing herself to Mrs. Croley:

"Seems to me *all* men are obstinate, young and old. There's my son. . . . When I told him about Benny—" She paused and frowned. "He said I thought I'd given him a ten-dollar bill. Well, even if I *had* thought that . . . When I do a thing, I stick to it. You look like a sensible, reasonable woman. I'll give this check to you to keep for Benny. He's a *remarkable* boy."

Here the young man returned with news that a taxi was waiting outside, and he and Benny got the old lady into it.

"I want you to come and see me soon, my lad!" she said.

BENNY returned to the house, and sat down before his half-finished supper.

"Whadder yer know!" said Mrs. Croley, dazed. "Seems like—"

There was another knock at the door and this time she went. A chauffeur in uniform stood there.

"Mrs. Massey here?" he demanded.

"Never heard of her!" said Mrs. Croley, and tried to close the door.

"Yes, you did!" said the chauffeur threateningly. "I know she came here a few minutes ago. And that boy o' yours is going to get hisself in plenty of trouble—"

"Here!" said Benny. "She's gone home. Take this back to her." And he gave him the folded check.

"Ah!" said the chauffeur. "Changed your mind, did you? Well, I don't know what you've been doing, but Mr. Massey's up in the air and you'd better stop it."

He took the check and departed, and Benny and his aunt sat down once more.

"I don't see," said Mrs. Croley, "what you was in such a hurry about to give it back. She give it to you. You had a right to it."

"Well, I do' want it," said Benny unsteadily. "I'm sick o' this. Everyone comin' here, acting like I was a crook. I didn't ask for nothing. I just—done her—a good turn—and lookit!"

"That's all right, Benny!" said Mrs. Croley hastily. "You done right. Don't feel so bad. Can't you eat?"

"Anyway," said Benny, "that there check was pay to Benny Bam. Wouldn't have done me no good, anyways."

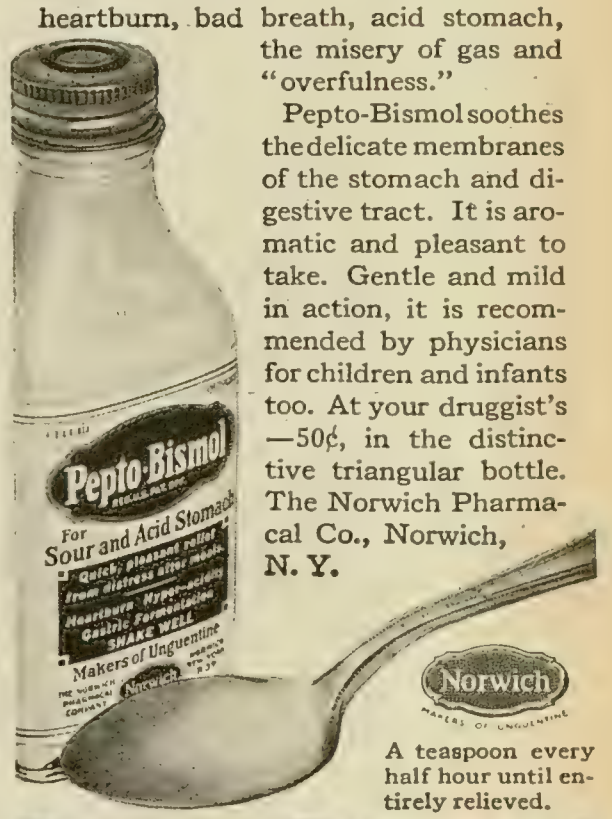
Neither of them had any further appetite for dinner. Mrs. Croley

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

After Over Eating

Relieve Indigestion with this reliable Doctor's Prescription

DON'T let each hearty meal lead to heartburn, bad breath, acid stomach, the misery of gas and "overfulness."



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They do say

a woman will change her mind any time and any place . . . this girl changed hers—concerning love—high above the clouds!

YOU NEVER KNOW UNTIL YOU TRY

by Austin Parker

a high-flying love story complete in

LIBERTY NEXT WEEK

"I suffer with frequent headaches"

"You won't—if you take—

Salicon

These efficient tablets relieve pain harmlessly.

[LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS]
Continued from page fifty-nine

washed the dishes, and refused any assistance from her nephew.

"You're all wore out," she said. "Go to bed and get a good night's sleep. Lucky tomorrow's a Sunday, so's you can rest."

Benny went to sleep as soon as his head touched the pillow, and Mrs. Croley sat down and diverted herself with the kaleidoscope.

Again there was a knock at the door.

"If it's any more of 'em!" she thought in despair.

It was Mr. Massey again.

"See here!" he said. "Where's that boy?"

"He's in bed and asleep!" said Mrs. Croley. "And he's not going to be woke up for any more of this monkey business!" She went into the kitchen and returned with the kaleidoscope. "Here!" she said. "You better take this too. Now we haven't got nothing belonging to you."

"Wait!" he protested. "Let me explain. My mother insisted on my coming back. She's taken a ridiculous fancy to this boy—"

"'S NOT ridiculous!" said Mrs. Croley fiercely.

"Well, no," said he. "I didn't mean that. But she's over seventy, and she's extremely obstinate. She insists upon the boy having the money. Of course it was a mistake. She thought she was giving him a ten-dollar bill—"

"Aw' right!" said Mrs. Croley. "Now he hasn't got nothing. Leave him alone!"

"But I want him to take it!"

"I do' want it!" said Benny from the doorway of his room, where he stood pale and dazed with sleep.

Mr. Massey had taken the fatal bill from his pocket.

"I'm—pleased to give you this, Benny," he said, with an ingratiating smile.

"NO!" cried Benny. "I had *enough* trouble with that."

"See here!" said Mr. Massey. "Please be reasonable. My mother won't give me any peace until I can assure her you've got this."

"I don't care!" said Benny, goaded out of his natural politeness. "*I* haven't had no peace—"

"See here!" said Mr. Massey earnestly. "When I heard she'd come here, I sent the chauffeur. And he very tactlessly brought the check back to her. And it—it's upset her. She's laid up with her ankle. She won't rest until she knows you've got this. She's an old lady. I'm sure you'll be reasonable—"

Mrs. Croley stood there, regarding this sublime spectacle—a rich and powerful gentleman entreating her nephew to accept $100.

She would never forget it.

"See here!" said Mr. Massey. "You seem like a very straightforward boy. If you're looking for a job, go out to the plant and see my foreman. I'll speak to him. And—" he paused and looked at Mrs. Croley with an anxious smile, "you'll both—" he said. "If my mother—at any future time . . . You'll—er—accept this —this—"

"Take it, Benny!" said Mrs. Croley with kind condescension. "To oblige the gentleman!"

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

What Teacher Said

Alice, eight, and Mary, ten, were doing their home work.

"Is that the best you can write?" asked Mary.

"My teacher said just today that I was the best writer in the class," said Alice.

"Do you mean to tell me your teacher really said that?"

"Well, perhaps not exactly, but she did say she's never seen such writing in her life."—Osgood F. Barnes, 65 N. East 42d St., Buena Vista, Miami, Fla.

* * *

Woman's Work Is Never Done

Gertie was playing with her dolls in the shade of the house, near where her father was setting out ornamental trees. As he had each hole prepared the child carried to him a young tree to be planted fresh from the shade. Presently she tired of her task.

"Gertie, Gertie," he called, "I am ready for another tree."

"Awright, awright, papa," she replied. "You des do on wiz your diggin' business. I'll tend to my freightin' business soon as dis wide-awake dolly does to sleep."—Lydia Magness, 809 Pine St., Rolla, Mo.

* * *

Why Work?

A little boy mounted the running-board of my car as I stopped in front of a large house in a mining camp.

"Hi there, mister," he said, "you gettin' a load of likker too?"

"No," I replied. "Do they sell liquor here?"

"Yes, sir; nearly everybody sells likker here."

"Well," said I, "what kind of work do the people do for a living?"

"Most of them bootlegs," he answered, "but some of them works in the mines."

"What are you going to do when you become a man?" I asked.

He smiled and said, "I don't know, but I ain't going to work in the mines."—William Fry, 1705 Avenue G, Ensley, Ala.

ARMS and the WOMAN

By EILEEN BOURNE

A PRETTY arm must be well rounded. Muscle and fat contribute to this, and massage and exercise are the sculptor tools for arm remodeling.

For the thin, scrawny arm, massage with warm oils (cocoa butter or olive oil) is advised as supplementary aid to constitutional treatment that will put fat on bones.

Where the arm is burdened with excess fatty tissue, heavy, forcible massage with astringent cream will reduce. Spirits of camphor, besides having a whitening effect, acts as a reducing agent.

Strenuous sports, such as tennis, golf, rowing, and swimming, along with the deep breathing accompanying them, excel both as developing and reducing measures.

For those without facilities for outdoor exercise, the illustrated movements here given may be substituted with gratifying results.

They ask only that you supply the "punch" and they'll do the arm modeling.

Rubber sleeves worn during vigorous arm exercise will aid in fat elimination.

If you use the exercises regularly—and that is important—you will find that the excess fat will disappear. If your arms are too thin, these exercises will gradually develop them to the desired roundness. Exercise will give quicker results if used in conjunction with massage.

For the common elbow ailment—rough and thickened cuticle—first "plane" the surface down with pumice stone. Let elbows rest a couple of minutes in a bowl holding sufficient warm olive oil to cover the affected surface. Then massage with the oil.

If you haven't a punching bag, suspend a pillow in a doorway and punch with gusto.

Elbows to shoulder level; fling outward and back ten times.

From shoulders shoot arms forward, upward, and sideways ten times.

Place a book just out of reach. Stretch arm; keep knees straight.

Rope-skipping gives you that beneficial arm-circling movement.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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Vox

We Are Only Printing It Suggestively, Floyd

NEW YORK, N. Y.—For the benefit of some of the critical Vox Poppers who insist "The Red Nap." is impossible and far-fetched, or at least is set at too early a date, may I suggest a LIBERTY editorial calling attention to the following international developments that have figured in the world news *since* LIBERTY began the publication of the serial:

1. Labor government in England on Ramsay MacDonald's announced program of changing empire from capitalistic to socialistic state, nationalization of land, etc.

2. Dozens killed in the Red May Day riots in Berlin.

3. New revolts in China.

4. Revolution in Mexico.

5. King Amanullah kicked out of Afghanistan.

6. Failure of Naval Arms Parley at Geneva.

7. Ford and General Electric close $100,000,000 contracts with Moscow for development of electrical and automotive industries in Russia.

8. New York technically "bombed" by long-distance refueling plane from Dayton, Ohio, and army war games in Indiana, prove terrific destructive possibilities of air forces behind fighting fronts against vital industries, communications, etc.

9. American communist organ, the New York Daily Worker, urges American Negro cadets, newly admitted to West Point, to acquire all military training possible for use later on in class struggle against capitalism.

Please don't print the above in Vox Pop as a yip from me. I am only calling it to your attention suggestively.—*Floyd Gibbons.*

And Besides—

FRANKLIN, PA.—The one thing wrong with the story, "The Red Napoleon," is that it couldn't happen. The author depicts the Reds succeeding in about everything, whereas they are the most conspicuously unable persons who ever undertook to run a government, when running a wheelbarrow would be too executive and intricate for them.

They have a batting average of 1,000 in the Failure League, and here we find Karakhan and his Red aides succeeding in everything to which they turn their hand! It's marvelous, the way they do it—on paper.

In real life, in less than ten minutes' reading time, they would have everybody starving and have to go back to capitalism to get something to eat.

Remember how they would get along without an army, and have no boss in the factory, and put the educated man to digging ditches and the stevedore in charge of the business, and abolish God, and never, never would grasp the hand of the grasping capitalist?

Compare the rapid eventuations in Italy with the puttering of these men of conspicuous inability in Russia. Compare their triumphant and easy sweep in the story with the beautiful polishing they got in their first and last attempt at world conquest in real life. Then you will understand why the world can read of Mr. Karakhan and his doings with languid amusement.—*Orrin H. Graham.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Karakhan of Kazan may be able to lick the combined armies of Europe, his flotillas may cover the seven seas, and his battle fleet of the skies may give one the impression of a giant swarm of locusts, but I'll bet a nickel he couldn't stay nine innings against our Athletics.—*Loyal Philadelphian.*

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Tell Floyd Gibbons to sit on a tack. I insist you tell him.—*A Bert Green Fan.*

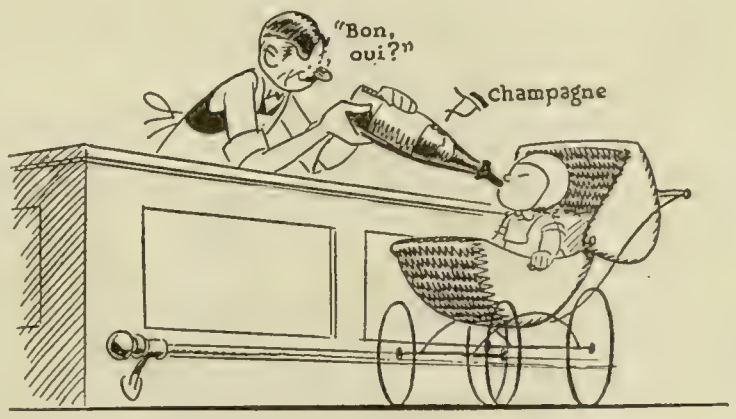
NEW YORK, N. Y.—I will have to restrain myself in writing this letter, lest I put my thoughts into words that are really suitable for you, and Mr. Gibbons, and that malicious mass of poisonous anti-Bolshevist propaganda called "The Red Napoleon." Words really fitted to describe this vicious mess would be unprintable.

I will content myself with saying that it would be fairer, wiser, and altogether more decent if you would print facts, and not fiction, about Red Russia's great experiment. The average American has been fed on falsifications about Russia.

I suppose the next step in the campaign against the Reds will be for some anti-Bolshevist to whitewash half the stripes in the American flag, because they are *red!*—*Pro-Bolshevist.*

Well, Mr. Bones, and How Does It Feel to Be Raised to Drink for the Kick in It?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—You are right, L. Collins—train them young! But do not train children along prohibition lines, because that can't be done so well, and does not work. Teach them to drink . . . and you will not need prohibition!



If, instead of making a forbidden fruit out of liquor, you teach them from childhood to drink a little glass of wine with their meals, and when they are hot you give them a little ice water with a tint of claret and some sugar, and when they are cold you give them a little hot spiced red wine . . . you will make the future generations of Americans what Spanish, French, or Italian boys and girls are today in the matter of drinking.

They just *do not care* for it, and as far as drunkenness . . . why, it is as impossible to see a drunk young person in those countries as it is to find 100 Americans who know how to drink for the pleasure of the flavor of what they drink. They all drink, here, for the kick in it.

And I know! I was raised that way. —*John C. Bones.*

But Jesus said: "The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath"

HARTFORD, CONN.—The man who wrote the editorial for LIBERTY, "Sabbath Day"—if the Bible is worth anything at all he is no Christian, and is on his way to hell.

The holy word tells us how to spend the Sabbath. It is not for us to dictate. The Bible says that if you don't do as it says—if you change it in the least—you are booked for hell.

The writer said: "Surely it is proper for grown-up men and women to decide how they are going to spend Sunday . . ."

In other words, he tells you to do as you please, which means, in plain words: "To hell with the Bible!"

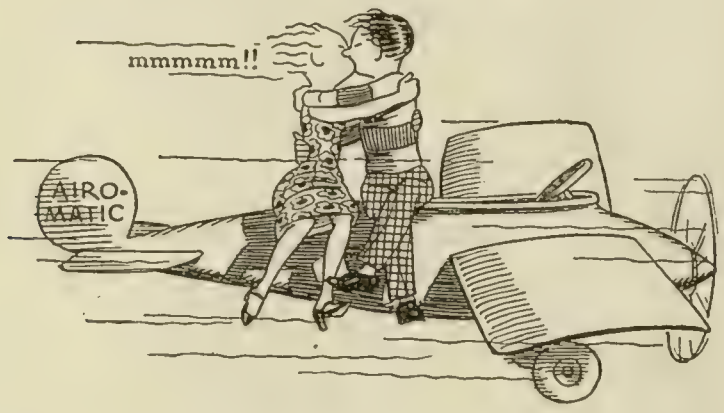
If you want a good warm place to stop when you kick the bucket, obey the writer—not Jesus—and go to hell with him.—*H. C. Daniels.*

Pop

But Oh, When You Come to Earth!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Science is sure moving fast these days. We wake up one morning and find a new atom, or a new universe, or a new sumpin has been discovered.

And the science of aviation is going forward so fast that it's a good thing to have somebody like General William



Mitchell grab it by the coat tails, and hold it long enough for us to get a good look at it. That's why I ate up his article, "Future Flying."

It gave me a big kick to learn that airplanes that can practically fly themselves may be just around the corner. Think of it, fellers! Just let your mind play with it. No one-arm driving. *Both* arms free. Even better than the buggy days, when old Dobbin knew the road.

Perfect petting—and the sky the limit!—*Man Who Blesses Aviation.*

Thoughts on the Farm Problem

CALDWELL, N. J.—I have just finished reading your editorial, "How the Government Can Solve the Farm Problem." I note you say that overproduction is the cause of all the farmers' present troubles.

Is overproduction the reason that a sirloin steak for a small family now costs $2? That a roasting chicken for the same family now costs $2.50? That fresh eggs now cost 75 cents per dozen? That milk now costs 18 cents per quart? That asparagus now costs 50 cents per bunch? That strawberries are now selling for 40 cents per quart?—*J. Frank MacCormack.*

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—I think your solution of the farm problem, as given in your editorial of June 1, is decidedly a good one. I thought I would just let you know it.—*J. H. Parkin.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—After reading your editorial in LIBERTY under date of June 1, I have yielded to the temptation of saying frankly that it is the most logical solution of the problem of the American farmer that I have ever run across. The strange thing, however, is this: Congress seemingly is not interested in sound logic and the people generally are too unconcerned to take any definite action in forcing their representatives in Congress to do something sound, definite, and really progressive.—*W. O. Symer.*

FELLSMERE, FLA.—You implied, in your editorial, that if farms were managed like the U. S. Steel Corporation, we might expect real farm relief.

A farm is like a steel plant? Yeah? So is an elephant like a stove—neither can climb a tree.—*W. Matches.*

Seems Reasonable

MINOT, N. D.—In your issue of June 1 you editorially outlined a rather cumbersome method for assisting the farmer.

Could the road-building program which you mentioned, for instance, not progress just as well if the farmer retained his land and equipment?

If he could secure employment for, say, six months of the year as a road builder he could afford to curtail his acreage appreciably, and thus materially reduce the surplus of farm products.—*J. M. McConnell.*

Always Glad to Have a Little Constructive Criticism, Lady

COLUMBUS, OHIO—The following is an answer to One Who Knows Women, who said so sweetly in Vox Pop that there are only two other things on earth as selfish as a woman: a baby and a hog.

Every man, from childhood to the grave, is the embodiment of conceit. His

first words at the age of one year are those demanding service from the weaker sex, even as at age forty. At forty, he might just as well be in a high chair, with a bib on—he is as helpless as if he were there, and demands just as much.

A man's vocabulary is made up of the word "I."

He knows no other words.—*One who does not want to know any more about men.*

Why Editors Have Gray Hairs

LITCHFIELD, CONN.—In my recent article for LIBERTY, "Prohibition As Is," I told the story of Bill McCoy, the bootlegger, who, I said, was in jail at Trenton, New Jersey, and I enlarged upon the point that he was out of the jail and getting "lunch and a haircut" when Bruce Bielaski went down to see him.

The story was well within the facts—except that the jail mentioned was not in Trenton, but in a neighboring New Jersey town.

What actually occurred was this: McCoy's gift for taking prison life lightly in the other New Jersey town resulted in his being committed for contempt and jailed in Trenton. After three years I remembered only the Trenton angle of it.

This, of course, was a gross error on my part, for which I owe the warden of the Trenton jail, Mr. John D'Arcy, a correction and an apology—both of which I most cheerfully tender him.

Not only wasn't Big Bill ever allowed out of the Trenton jail, but I imagine he was sent there as about the only place that could hold him—as John D'Arcy, I have since learned, bears the reputation of being about the most efficient warden in the state.—*Walton Green.*

He Wasn't Writing About Astronomy

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—In one of your recent issues was an article, "Future Flying," by General Mitchell. What the last-four-letters-in-his-name does the General think his readers are? Backward fourth-grade pupils?

He made some mighty dumb statements in that article. One, in particular: "We can fly about one-third as fast as the sun goes around the earth. . . ."

Well, what kind of an astronomer is the general, anyway? How his ancestors must have laughed at Columbus. I'll bet he still thinks the earth is flat.—*Chas. J. Dupre, Jr.*

We'll Bite. Where?

SPOKANE, WASH.—Vox Pop contributors refer to the women folks as angels, but where in the Bible is a female angel mentioned?—*Yon Yonson.*

Remarkable Result of Many Years of Patient Perusing

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—After many years of patiently perusing your magazine I have found that it can be put to a good use. Each page of the new size fits perfectly in the bottom of our bird cage. So now, when we run out of paper for that purpose, LIBERTY has made another sale.—*Carl L. Buddenbohn.*

A Barbecue Picnic

By Ethel Somers

Paint the steak with the barbecue sauce and broil it in a long-handled rack; at right, putting out every spark of fire.

STRICTLY speaking, our picnic cannot be called barbecued, for this term is applied to meat when the whole carcass is roasted, preferably with the hide left on it. But our picnic steak is to be quickly seared in the heat of the glowing wood coals, to retain all its delicious appetizing juices, and so, after all, roughly deserves the descriptive term "barbecue." It is a "little barbecue" or broiling festival. Even near the city, one may find a place for an outdoor fire. Usually the wood, and rocks too, may be gathered near the spot.

Kindle only a small fire for cooking, as the heat can then be better controlled and directed. The burning flame is used for pot-boiling, the hot glowing embers for roasting and baking, and the dying fire for underground steam baking.

BARBECUE PICNIC MENU

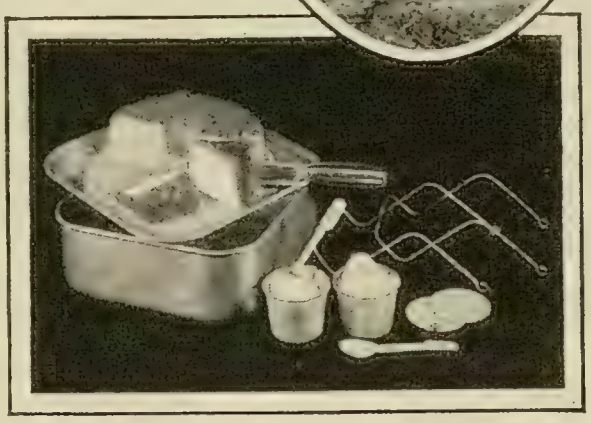
Orange Cocktail
Broiled Steak with Barbecue Sauce
Bonfire Potatoes Baked Onions or Bananas
Buttered Buns
Whole Tomatoes with Salt
Crisp Quartered Cucumbers
Buttered Roast Corn
Cake Ice Cream

PILE rocks or logs or green sticks in a semicircular form to serve as the fireplace. This should be so arranged that the open side is toward the wind, and the foundation should have a few open spaces to improve the draft. If rocks are used, flat rocks for the top row will accommodate the utensils for pot-boiling, such as the coffeepot.

Lastly, pile light brush or sticks in tentlike fashion, with heavier pieces on the outside. A bit of crumpled paper in the very heart of the fire materials serves to ignite them quickly. When the brush is burning well, place on the heavier wood, leaving plenty of air spaces for draft. Allow this to burn briskly, and when the flame dies down the heavy pieces of wood will glow for an hour or more, which is ample time for cooking the dinner.

Broiled Steak

ARRANGE the steaks on a wire grid or broiler rack placed in position over the fire. If one is inexperienced it is safer to use a long-handled broiler rack, as the meat may then be dangled over the glowing hot wood coals at varying distances until the meat is done to a turn. Green sticks with sharpened ends may be used as a fairly efficient substitute for long-handled wire racks.



Cake carriers and dry ice admirably preserve the cake and ice-cream service.

Experience with outdoor fires soon teaches one the best height for a stationary grid or broiler. The meat should be close enough to sear quickly before any of the juices run out. It should be salted and peppered and eaten while hot.

For barbecue steak, make and apply the sauce as follows:

Barbecue Sauce

½ teaspoon dry mustard
⅛ teaspoon red pepper
¾ teaspoon paprika
¾ teaspoon sugar
¾ teaspoon chili powder
¾ teaspoon black pepper
½ teaspoon salt
¼ pound or ½ cup butter
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 cups water
¾ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¾ teaspoon tabasco sauce, if desired
1 small or ¼ medium onion, grated
¼ clove garlic, slightly crushed
1 tablespoon catsup, if desired

BLEND the dry ingredients. Braid in the butter, add the liquids and lastly the additional seasonings. Let the mixture come to a boil and then simmer gently at least one-half hour, when it will be of a thin gravy consistency. Dip the steak in the sauce before putting it on the grill to broil, and then during the broiling sprinkle it lightly with sauce every minute or two.

The Argentines paint on the sauce with brushes to secure a thorough covering, but such sauces are sharp enough for most of us even though the meat is only sparsely coated.

If possible baste the steak in this fashion right over the fire without removing it. Long-handled tools must be used for this purpose. Any removal of the steak from the fire risks the loss of delicious meat juice.

Bonfire Potatoes

IF practicable, use a separate fire, burying the scrubbed potatoes in the glowing embers for thirty to sixty minutes, according to their thickness. If a grill is available the potatoes may be laid on it and baked over hot coals. They will bake in forty to sixty minutes.

A more scientific baking will avoid the charred coating produced by bonfire roasting. For these use the underground method.

Underground Roasting

DIG a hole in the ground. Line it with flat smooth-surfaced rocks which will not crack easily from heat. Surmount with a fire which is kept blazing from thirty to forty minutes, or until the rocks are thoroughly hot. Cover the heated rocks with leaves or damp ferns. Upon this primitive oven arrange the food to be cooked, such as scrubbed potatoes, ears of corn (with the silk removed but the husks left intact), wrapped fish, bananas (in their skins), or onions (in their skins). Blanket the food with another layer of leaves and cover the whole with a thick layer of paper or cloth. Steam or bake fireless for from three to four hours, according to the type of food.

TAKE this page along on your first barbecue picnic, somewhere in the wide open spaces. Then, when you repeat the experiment, and want new dishes, consult the three Liberty cookbooks which Ethel Somers has compiled. If you haven't these handy little books you may obtain them for 10 cents each; three for 25 cents. In sending for them please use the coupon!

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of
☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.
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SPARKLING MOMENTS *in the* HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES

"Let her burn!" *said Nero, as he dropped the fiddle and grabbed the bottle*

"Rome was not built in a day," droned the Philosopher.

"No; but I set fire to it in about half-a-minute!" bragged the great Nero.

"Which just proves," droned the dreary Philosopher, "that the forces of Destruction are exactly 976 times faster than those of Construction."

"Razzberries!" interrupted Nero. "The only figures that interest me are those of the Dancing Dollies chorus. Send 'em in. As for you," pointing to the Philosopher, "you can go to blazes!"

* * *

"No use talking," said Nero, settling himself for a pleasant afternoon as the third fire alarm rang out, "there's just one way to keep cool on a hot day . . . Boy, bring on a few more bottles of carbonated beverages. Those zippy drinks go right straight to the thirsty spot!"

Free! *Write today for a copy of this new recipe book. Frozen salads, delicious punches, dainty desserts. American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, 726 Bond Bldg., Washington, D.C.*

Bottled beverages
Carbonated

AMERICAN BOTTLERS -OF- CARBONATED BEVERAGES

THERE'S A BOTTLER IN YOUR TOWN

Danger leaps in view.. *a cruelly punished tire explodes* .. it's too late then to buy this better tire

Made with a margin of safety that also adds a multitude of extra miles . . . . . .

IT'S HERE! A tire that's built to meet the terrific strains which tires of today must undergo. A tire for the fast and powerful cars of 1929 . . . the Dayton DeLuxe THOROBRED Balloon. A tire so finely made that the mileage you have known in the past will seem insignificant compared to the mileage this tire will give you.

The Dayton DeLuxe THOROBRED Balloon is big and mighty . . . tough and rugged . . . a stabilized tire that is destined to be even more famous than its history-making predecessors . . . the Dayton Pioneer Low Air Pressure Cord and the original Dayton Stabilized Balloon. It is built as only Dayton can build such a tire . . . in a factory where only THOROBREDS are made . . . where mass production and hurried workmanship are unknown.

It is thicker, wider, heavier, sturdier . . . built like the finest watch . . . like the finest motor car . . . with that necessary precision and individual care which can be given only by master craftsmen working with the finest materials and equipment. *And yet it costs but little more than ordinary tires.*

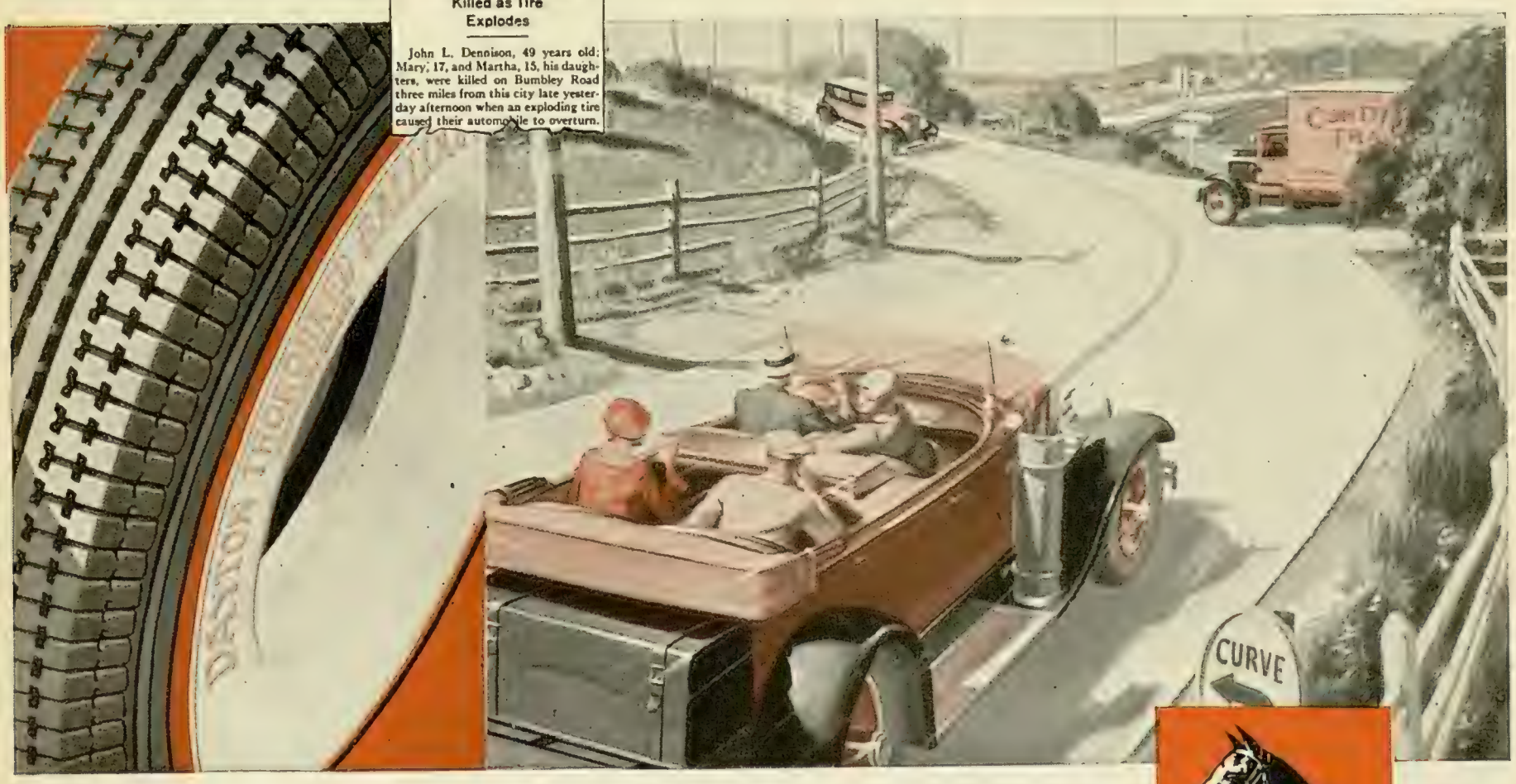
Then why take hazardous risks with your life . . . the lives of those who ride with you? For maximum safety . . . for riding comfort . . . for freedom from tire trouble . . . for mileage which you have heretofore thought impossible . . . equip your car with this new Dayton DeLuxe THOROBRED Balloon.

The highest class of tire dealers in America handle Daytons. The Dayton Rubber Manufacturing Company, Dayton, Ohio.

THREE DIE WHEN AUTO OVERTURNS

Father, Two Daughters Killed as Tire Explodes

John L. Dennison, 49 years old; Mary, 17, and Martha, 15, his daughters, were killed on Bumbley Road three miles from this city late yesterday afternoon when an exploding tire caused their automobile to overturn.



Dayton

De Luxe

THE NEW DAYTON STABILIZED BALLOON TIRE

Picture by Harold von Schmidt

Margot's eyes were on the boy's face, her lips murmuring, "Speed—Speed, dear." His eyelids opened. A smile struggled around his battered lips, and there came the word, "Maggie."

The RED NAPOLEON

A Newspaper Man's Memories of the War of the Races (1933-1936)

By FLOYD GIBBONS

(Author of The Red Knight of Germany)

WITH this installment, the War of the Races enters its colossally dramatic final year. Karakhan's invasion of the United States has been halted on all fronts, though on the northeast front the city of New York is under a protracted siege, and Karakhan's forces have occupied all New England.

In last week's installment, Mr. Gibbons' story reverted from the course of world events to a more personal interest, when the author and Speed Binney were shot down by a Red airman and captured. Both being wounded, they were taken to a hospital in Boston, where their old friend Colonel Boyar, of Karakhan's staff, assured the author that their plane had been attacked in violation of an order. Far from wishing the author killed, the Red Napoleon had marked him out to be spared, intending

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page sixty-seven]

after the war to make him his official biographer. Now that the author was a prisoner, the biography was to be his task. Colonel Boyar also told him jubilantly that the Red invaders of Central America had just reached the Panama Canal, which, however, its defenders had blocked. This left the American navy bottled up more effectually than ever in the Gulf of Mexico with the Red fleet on guard at Jamaica, Colon, and Trinidad.

It will be remembered that Margot Denison and Lin Karakhan are now at Greystones, near Salem, Massachusetts, and that through radio cipher and Whit Dodge's submarine, Margot is secretly in touch with the American command.

As this installment opens, the author and Speed are still patients in the Boston hospital.

PART FOURTEEN—THE FATEFUL LETTER

A BABBLE of disconnected words came occasionally from the next bed where Speed, still unconscious, fought the nightmares of his delirium. I fell asleep after my long talk with Boyar, but was awakened an hour later by the nurse.

"Two ladies to see you," she said. "The general's wife and another. They're coming up." She straightened the bedcovers, slapped the pillow, tidied the table between Speed's bed and my own. Lin and Margot came in, each with an armful of chrysanthemums.

I smiled as best I could through the bandages of my battered nose, and waved one bandaged hand to the doorway. Smiles came to their faces—only to be succeeded by a look of fear, of deep concern, as their eyes caught the restless figure in the next bed.

"Thank God you're alive," said Lin.

"Will he live?" demanded Margot, one nerveless hand in mine, but her gaze on Speed's drawn features beneath his turban of bandages.

"I feel sure he will," I said, as I pressed her hand. There was a collection of moisture in her eyes, but the tears did not fall. For once I saw a tremor of her lips—the first concession I had ever seen Margot give to emotion. She was beautiful.

Presently the two women were seated, Margot between my bed and Speed's.

"When I heard what had happened," said Lin, "I prayed for your lives. Yes, prayed. Atheistic, communistic Lin Larkin prayed; two years more of change, and I have completed the inevitable cycle of the radical. I am back at the place I started—back to religion."

MARGOT was holding one of Speed's hands in both of hers, her eyes on the boy's face, her lips murmuring, "Speed—Speed, dear."

A movement in the bed and his discolored eyelids opened. There was a look of weakness, succeeded by surprise, followed by disbelief—and then the eyes beamed with recognition, relief, satisfaction. A smile struggled around his battered lips, and as his hand tightened in both of hers, there came the word, "Maggie."

Speed's return to consciousness was for but a fleeting minute, and then the weary eyes closed, but the regular breathing was evidence of normal sleep.

I had no chance to talk alone with Margot, but it was a satisfaction to know that I was to see her again. Before Lin left the hospital it was arranged that Speed and I were to spend our convalescence at Greystones. Two days later Speed had regained sufficient strength to be removed by ambulance to the large stone country place, not far back from the gray Atlantic coast, on the outskirts of the little town of Salem.

His wounds confined him to his bed, but after a few days I could hobble about with a cane.

Several servants, one an American, remained in the house, but for the most part the service was performed

PLANTERS

Now, isn't this a dainty dish to set before the King

Win a Prize!

"The Perils of Mr. Peanut"

Soaring high in his plane, Mr. Peanut is attacked by fierce birds. His motor stops. He has no parachute, no weapons. But quick as thought he ——

Rescue Mr. Peanut Win a Prize

In twenty-five words or less write your solution of how Mr. Peanut escaped from this desperate situation. Then, write a paragraph of not more than fifty words stating Why You Prefer Planters Salted Peanuts to other Brands. (It is not necessary for you to buy any Planters Salted Peanuts in order to enter this contest.)

Send your answers to Contest Editor, Planters Nut & Chocolate Company, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Contest closes August 10th. Contest Winners will be announced in quarter-page advertisement in "Liberty"—September the 28th.

PRIZES	
1st	$100.00 cash
2nd	75.00 "
3rd	50.00 "

25 additional prizes each consisting of large box of assortment of Planters Peanut Confections.

PLANTERS is the most popular nut at the party. Everybody loves to eat them. PLANTERS PEANUTS are being invited to more and more parties every day throughout the entire country. The big, crisp, golden nuts are so good, many bridge players refuse to bid their hands, because the "dummy" has more time to enjoy the tasty peanuts.

The special process originated twenty-five years ago and used exclusively by PLANTERS makes them popular the world over.

Big peanuts, the pick of the crop from VIRGINIA, where the finest peanuts grow—prepared by the PLANTERS special process in our big factory at SUFFOLK, VIRGINIA, in the peanut growing country—and in the factories at Charleston, S. C., San Francisco and Toronto.

Buy a bag every day. 5c. They are not PLANTERS *unless they are in the glassine bag with* MR. PEANUT *on it.*

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY
SUFFOLK VIRGINIA

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San Francisco *Charleston, S. C.* *Boston*
Canadian Factory, Toronto

by silently moving Chinese soldiers under the direction of a yellow butler.

Although there were sentries on the lodge gate and guards were supposed to patrol the high stone wall surrounding the extensive estate, they were unobtrusive and our status as prisoners was not apparent. There was no parole and no regulation of hours, no inspection or registration. Our captors were entirely confident of the strength of their prison.

The presence of millions of Red fighting men along the New England front precluded any hope of an overland escape to our own lines. The presence of the Red fleet in the Atlantic was the bar to escape by sea. And yet the thought of escape was uppermost in my mind all the time, although I refrained from discussing it with Speed. It was necessary that the boy regain his strength.

Boyar was a frequent visitor at Greystones. During the third week of our captivity—it was about January 18 of that momentous year 1936—he told me Karakhan was returning to Boston.

"There's a man of action for you!" he said. "Flew from Boston to Bermuda, from Bermuda to Trinidad, from Trinidad to Panama and back again! Inspected all three bases and the Red fleet. You'll see action coming out of this. Karakhan inspires men to die for him. You'll see him at Greystones within a week."

I CONVEYED this information to Lin as we sat alone before the glowing logs in the library. The firelight shone on her wearied face, which betrayed by new lines the fear constantly in her heart.

"I want to see him, and yet I dread his coming," she said. "I will always belong to him, and yet he no longer belongs to me. In these last few months that he has talked with me I have noticed the change, and I have read enough of Freud to suspect the cause. His ever active mind and surging ambition reach out always for new frontiers, for new goals, for new peaks to climb.

"To him I am a battle won—a battle commemorated by monuments that are my children. I believe I was the first woman in his life, and I am the only woman he has ever married. And now he wishes to divorce me, to set me aside. I have not kept pace with his soaring ambition."

"How do you know this, Lin?" I asked.

"He hasn't told me in so many words," she replied, "although if it should fit his purpose he would be quite frank and blunt. But I know what is in his mind.

"A change has taken place. Unlimited power has deprived him of some of the fineness I always saw in his character. He recognizes no will but his own, no power above his own. Delusions of grandeur, of dynasty, of blood, of caste—and all the other pomps and symbols and playthings of pasteboard kings now occupy his thoughts.

"TO satisfy this craving, he has traced his ancestry to Genghis Khan. If the progression continues, the result will be a yellow aristocracy. We will revert to the caste system, the high and the low. His complex is becoming plainly Napoleonic and I am Josephine.

"Now you know what is in my mind. Now you know the dread that I live with, day and night. Who my successor will be I do not know. What I have in mind is not his light affairs with women—God knows there's been enough of that—I mean, it is the woman who will represent a new goal to him.

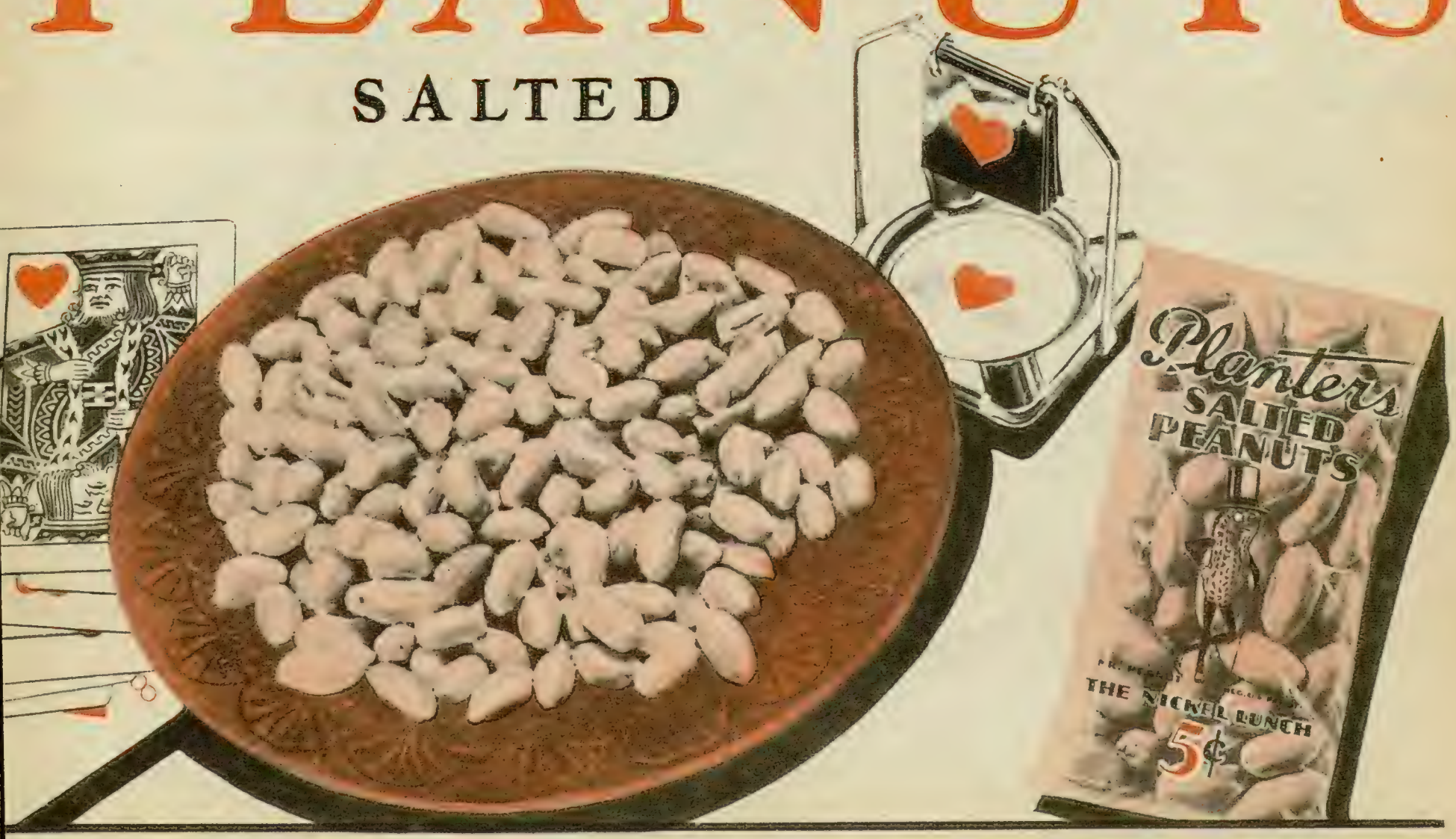
"I don't know where he will find her, but I feel certain that his choice will light upon some of the blooded aristocracy of the world and he will seek one of the oldest lines to breed with his boasted strain of Genghis Khan.

"It is all so puny, so pitiful—that this man who rules four-fifths of the world today should begin to show the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

PEANUTS

SALTED



[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page sixty-nine]

weakness of all unlimited power—namely, the breaking down of self-control. He has toppled over the scenic thrones and tinsel crowns of Europe, and most of their royalty, nobility, aristocracy, and the rest of the picture-card rigmarole that he fought against, are now refugees in the land of democracy. Yet it is to one of these weakling strains that he would tie his future. I know Karakhan. I see where he is going." We were silent a moment, both looking into the flames. "But who is his fancy now?" I asked.

"I do not know," replied Lin. "I do not want to know. There is a woman in Boston, I believe. I have never seen her. I have been glad of the opportunity these last few months to see him on his week-end visits here.

"He comes with a number of his staff officers, and they ride together.

"I have ridden with him also, and so has Margot. He likes to ride with her. I have seen the devil in his eyes even when they light on this girl, who is the dearest in the world and has become my closest friend."

"But you don't mean that Karakhan is thinking of marrying Margot?" I asked.

"No, I don't," she replied. "How could an English stenographer appease this newborn caste craving within him? But he is increasingly attentive to her."

"Is Margot aware of it?"

"I believe so, and increasingly embarrassed, but she has great courage and self-control. We are together always. I trust her more than I would any person in the world, and I am determined that Karakhan shall never get his hands on her.

"I will stake my life on that. Not because of my feeling for him—great as it is—but because of my love for her. Were she my own daughter I could not feel closer to her. I believe she feels the same toward me."

KARAKHAN came to Greystones. A dozen large staff limousines poured through the bronze and stone portals and snorted up the private road to the house, bearing tall, thin officers, wearing their long, dark gray overcoats, double-breasted, with fur collars. The downstairs hall rang with their sharp voices, their laughter, as they clicked heels, clinked spurs, and touched glasses, standing in the light and heat of the large fireplaces.

Ten of us sat at the long table at dinner that night. Karakhan was at the head, Margot on his right, Lin at the other end of the table. I was seated on the left of the Red commander and Colonel Boyar sat to the left of me.

His greeting to me had been curt and businesslike—not a word spoken; just a nod. No reference to our last meeting in London. No reference to my wounds, nor was there any mention of my position as a prisoner in the house of his wife.

Talk and laughter rippled round the table, but Karakhan seldom, if ever, participated. Occasionally he spoke to Margot, but the mask of his yellow features betrayed nothing that could support in my mind the suspicions communicated to me by Lin.

In the hall, when the coffee was served, Lin and Margot excused themselves and left us. Boyar told me that Karakhan would see me in the morning.

I mounted the stairs to my wing of the house, first stopping in Speed's room to say good night. He was sleeping soundly.

Picture by Harold von Schmidt

"Karakhan dictated a letter," said Margot. "I typed it for him, and have retained a duplicate of it. Here it is."

Gone was Karakhan's frozen manner when he received me at 8 o'clock the next morning alone in the library, which had been shut off as an office. War maps were spread out on the long library table, behind which the Red Napoleon stood.

IN pose, in gesture, in directness, he was the same Red Napoleon of whom I had taken leave in London two years before, but with the subtle difference that all of his characteristics seemed emphasized and hardened. His self-confidence had grown through egotism to arrogance.

Occasionally during the talk, which was almost a monologue, he would pace up and down the room, and several times I noticed the fleeting inspections he gave to his reflection in a tall pier glass. There was a touch of vanity about his carriage, and his walk had taken on more of the strut.

"Your war-correspondent days are over," he said. "It was unfortunate that you were shot down. That was a mistake. I am glad you survived. I have much work for you. I have decided that you will write the story of my life.

"The war will end this summer. Nothing will be able to withstand my spring drive for victory. I have tested the metal of your fighting men and find it keen. Therefore I anticipate no peace of negotiation. It will be a peace of victory. I will dictate the terms.

"They will not be harsh, but America will become a part of the Red Union of the World. Your countrymen will need to know me better. They will know me through you. You will be the means of their education. I will be the subject.

"Since you have been with your own army I have read a number of articles which you have written concerning me. Many of them did not hold me up in what might be considered the best light, but they were true. I desire that you gather your notes and these articles, clippings of which I have on file, and prepare to make this book your life work.

"With the conquest of America, I will be master of the world. There will be no more divisions, conflicts, disputes—no more inequalities, injustices. My administration of affairs will be so organized as to prevent it. All this will mean peace, at least, for the world.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-TWO]

A Suite in the Tower, Morrison Hotel

The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel, will be, when completed, the largest and tallest, 46 stories high, with 3400 rooms

HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"

July Heat is Forgotten
In the Tower Rooms at Chicago's
MORRISON HOTEL

THE exhilarating coolness of the rooms in the Morrison tower is one of the attractions that make this hotel a strong favorite with summer travelers.

A Thrilling Panorama

The glorious views on all sides of the immense structure, with the changing colors of the lake contrasting with the spectacle of the surrounding country, have an almost physically refreshing effect on visitors to the tower roof.

The Cool Terrace Garden

Perfect ventilation is supplied by a special system of motors totaling 1200 horsepower. In addition, a 300-ton plant supplies refrigerated air to the dining rooms, the Boston Oyster House and the "dine-and-dance" Terrace Garden, where the temperature never rises above 68 degrees.

1944 Rooms with Bath

At the Madison and Clark intersection, the most central hotel location in Chicago, the income from subrentals has established an extremely low rate-scale. Yet every room is outside, with bath, running ice water, telephone, bed-head reading lamp, and Servidor. A housekeeper on every floor, and garage service for all guests.

TABLE OF RATES (single in each case)

202 Rooms, $2.50	457 Rooms, $4.00	15 Rooms, $6.00
241 Rooms, $3.00	245 Rooms, $4.50	35 Rooms, $7.00
480 Rooms, $3.50	189 Rooms, $5.00	21 Rooms, $8.00
16 Corner Suites, $12.00	16 Suites, $15.00	6 Suites, $20.00

Sample Rooms from $6.00 to $12.00

Write or wire for reservations and special convention rates

MORRISON HOTEL
THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STS.
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

A BRAKE *can't be too good-but-*

Thermoid Brake Lining Service

makes brakes as good as BRAKES CAN BE!

CONSULT A THERMOID "BRAKE-ANIC"

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BRAKE LINING

"For Short Stops and Long Service"

THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY

Factories and Main Offices: TRENTON, N. J.

Hydraulic Compressed—"F-M-L"—Interwoven—"C-A-L" Brake Linings
Transmission Lining Radiator Hose Clutch Rings
Universal Joint Discs Mechanical Rubber Goods

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page seventy]

"The earth will no longer stand divided—race against race, color against color, continent against continent. Instead of these bitter internecine struggles, there will be political unity and economic coöperation. All this will mean guaranteed world peace for the first time in the history of mankind.

"This will have been my life's work, and I am proud of it, and you may say that I am proud because I am strong enough and honest enough to be proud of my pride.

"You are well informed on many of the personal phases of my life, and from now on you are to familiarize yourself fully with all of them. There will be new matters of interest that at first may shock some of my people. But there will be no opposition. I know that I know best. They will find out that I know best as they have already found out, and as America will find out before this year is out.

"I am about to make a change in my domestic affairs. My position warrants a consort who can contribute to my heir a lineage and a strain of blood as worthy of leadership as my own. To accomplish this it will be necessary for me to divorce my wife."

Karakhan arriving at Greystones, his wife' "the American Maimaison," in allusion to th

"May I ask the general a question?" I ventured.

"What is it?"

"Has the general selected the lady who is to be his next wife?"

"I HAVE, but for the present there will be no announcement of her name. She has no knowledge of my intentions. I do not intend to awe her by my power. I will not employ against her the force at my command. In due time she will become my wife because she herself will desire it."

"When will this marriage take place?" I asked.

"Immediately after my conquest and occupation of the United States. My wedding will occur in the month of September this year in St. Louis, the capital. I intend to make that city my world capital.

"I inform you of these matters because I do not wish to clog up the preliminary chapters of the book with any sentimentality that might contradict subsequent developments. For the time being you will remain here and convalesce.

"I will not place you under parole because I am confident you cannot escape. I have seen to that. After your full recovery, I will assign an office staff to help you in research and the compilation of material. Colonel Boyar will assist you."

"If the general permits me to select my private secretary, I request the appointment of Miss Denison for this post. We have worked long together and she knows my ways."

"That is impossible. For the time being she will remain with Mme. Karakhan. I wish it.

"I believe that is all. If you need anything else, or have anything to report, you may do so through Colonel Boyar, or I will see you as often as convenient. Good morning."

I saluted. He ignored it. I withdrew.

The words of the man almost froze my blood. Boyar was right. He had changed. Lin's fears were well founded. He did mean to cast her off. His statement confirmed her analysis. His mind was bent on a new marriage based on blood lineage. Who was the candidate?

Karakhan and his staff left by motor for Boston that evening, and after their departure Margot and I chatted for almost an hour with Speed, who was now back on his feet but still confined to his room by weakness.

From the historical painting by Harold von Schmidt

Massachusetts residence—now pointed out as residence of Josephine, whom Napoleon divorced.

Margot, I thought, was holding herself against the strain of some unusual excitement, and sensing that she wished to speak privately to me, I ended the chat by telling Speed that if he ever expected to get his strength back he would have to go to bed. He grumbled something about never having a chance to see Margot alone. I grinned and Margot flushed.

"VERY well," I said in my best formal manner, "I'll give you five minutes in conference." I bowed to Margot. "I'll be waiting for you in the library."

It was a good fifteen minutes before she joined me. I pretended not to notice her bright eyes and flushed cheeks, and got to the point at once.

"You have something to tell me?"

"I have information of tremendous importance," she said quietly. "It came to me from Karakhan this afternoon, right in this room. I was here with him alone and I believe his purpose in imparting this information was to impress me indirectly with his power and the control he can exert, if he so desires, upon people of my race.

"He asked me, with a politeness which is not his custom, and which I loathe, if I would take notes on a letter he wished to dictate. I did so, and typed it for him. I have retained a duplicate of it. Here it is." She handed me the paper, and I read as follows:

Office of the Commander in Chief.

Admiral Joseph Brixton,
Commanding the Red Fleet,
Colon.

1. As I told you in no uncertain terms in Colon, I am dissatisfied with the result of my inspection of the Red fleet and our sea bases in the Caribbean. The morale of the officers and men, which I have placed under your command, is still dominated by the old, fallacious British naval policy of caution. And this policy has been responsible for the inactivity of the Red naval forces under your command for the last two years.

2. That British policy of caution was responsible for the failure of the superior British fleet to overcome the inferior German fleet at the Battle of Jutland. The policy of fighting

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Don a new Jantzen Sun-suit! Then out to the warm sands of the beach . . . to revel in the healthful ultra-violet rays of the sun. Confident you'll be that your attire is most appropriate, striking and in good taste. Note the low neck and back . . . like an evening gown. Note, too, that the arm-straps are part of the suit, not sewed on.

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Jantzen

The suit that changed bathing to swimming

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[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page seventy-three]

men under my command must be one of aggression. You must realize that I consider fleets and sailors as expendable as armies and soldiers.

3. To the north of your forces in the Gulf of Mexico there rides safely at anchor the inferior American enemy fleet. The forces under your command in the Caribbean Sea and the Atlantic outnumber it in capital ships by more than two to one. I will not permit your policy of caution to leave us open to a defeat similar to that suffered by the British navy at Jutland. If you cannot change this policy, I can change your command, and I will.

4. My general offensive in Mexico, in the Pacific Northwest, and on the New England front, will open toward the middle of April. During that month the Red fleet will attack the American fleet in the Gulf of Mexico. You will destroy the mine barriers in both the Yucatan and the Florida straits and force a passage into the gulf. You have two weeks after receipt of this order to submit your plans to me for confirmation. Proceed at once and, if possible, forget some of your archaic British naval traditions. Remember, I prefer a naval victory to a fleet in being. Victories are won by daring, not caution. (Signed) K.

I folded the paper hastily and returned it to the girl.

"This *is* of tremendous importance to our General Board," I said to her. "It reveals an entire change in Karakhan's sea policy. How under the sun can we get it into their hands?"

"There is only one way," Margot said. "Whit Dodge."

"But how will we know when he will come? I am not there to broadcast the code."

"We foresaw that possibility," she explained. "In the event of anything happening to you, Whit arranged to have Quin Ryan include the message in his broadcast. I will be tuned in on him all the time now."

"But if Whit comes, Margot, you must go with us. I cannot leave you here with Karakhan."

"I want to go," she said. "I detest the feeling of his eyes upon me every time I look up. He has said nothing—has made no advances—and I know that I do not have to fear force from him, but bit by bit he unconsciously reveals himself to me. His dictation of the Brixton letter to me today was simply another means of impressing me with his power. However, I will stay here with Lin. It is my duty, a duty to my country and my people. If white men can face danger on the field of battle, then I can face it here for them. I will stay."

THE following day at luncheon, Boyar turned on the loud-speaker in the dining room, and over the air came the voice of Quin Ryan, broadcasting from St. Louis. We listened to his account of the artillery duel which still continued on the Harlem front, and his story of an air raid in the vicinity of Utica, New York—and then there came to me the Indian name Kenosha, followed by the reading of a dispatch from that town.

Kenosha was our key word, and in the words that followed it was hidden the code message that Whit Dodge intended for Margot. I looked across the table and saw her scribbling with a pencil on the white cloth. Her scribbles were shorthand characters. She studied them for a while and then drew the caricature of a face around them. Boyar, looking innocently on, applauded her composition. After luncheon she told me the import of the message.

"Three nights from now, Whit's sub will be lying off Lobster Rock at eleven o'clock."

On the third night, Speed Binney and I—the former still weak on his feet, made the rendezvous with Whit, who came ashore in a collapsible boat.

Up to the last I had been afraid that Speed would jeopardize our plans by his unwillingness to leave Margot behind. I don't know what the girl said to him in the necessarily brief moment of parting, but somehow she convinced him that she was right.

But it was with gloom in our hearts as heavy as the night which shrouded our movements that we boarded the V-4, which submerged at once and headed south, bound for the New Jersey coast.

On February 1, 1936, I reached St. Louis with the copy of Karakhan's letter which was to have such a tremendous effect on the outcome of the war.

Drawn by Will B. Johnstone

The naval situation in January, 1936, with the American fleet bottled up, and the Red fleet on guard.

"THIS document is of inestimable value to us," said Admiral Wentworth, chief of naval operations on the General Board. "It's worth a billion times its weight in gold. You have done a great service, Mr. Gibbons, in obtaining it for us."

"The credit is not mine," I hurriedly explained. "There's a brave English girl who has been facing, and continues to face, death and even worse behind the enemy lines. This information would never have reached my hands had it not been for her."

Then I told the board how Margot had obtained the letter, how she had turned it over to me, and how Whit Dodge had taken us off from the Massachusetts coast at night in the V-4, and put us ashore at Atlantic City.

Knowing that its contents presaged an early conflict between the fleets, I made an urgent request.

"If there's going to be a sea fight, I want to see it and report it, but my war corresponding has been almost entirely confined to fighting on land," I said, "and I must confess that I don't know a barnacle from a binnacle. I would appreciate it if the board would assign an officer to explain the exact situation to me."

And so it was that Commander Blink Russell, who won his Congressional Medal of Honor by his daring submarine exploit in Boston harbor, was assigned to bring me up to date on the status of naval affairs. Another Chicago Tribune dispatch plane, a beautiful amphibian this time, was placed at my disposal, and Speed Binney, now fully recovered and itching for another fight, was back at the controls.

Four days after our arrival in St. Louis, Binney flew Russell and myself south to the gulf for an inspection of the improvised naval bases of the American fleet in the gulf.

We visited Tampa, Pensacola, Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, Tampico, Vera Cruz, and later spent two hours at the headquarters of the "American Dardanelles" expedition at Cape Catoche on the northeast peak of the Yucatan Peninsula. From this point we flew northeast over the mine fields closing the Yucatan Strait, picked up the western tip of Cuba, and landed at Havana.

During our air hops and our inspections at the bases, I received my instruction in naval affairs from Commander Russell.

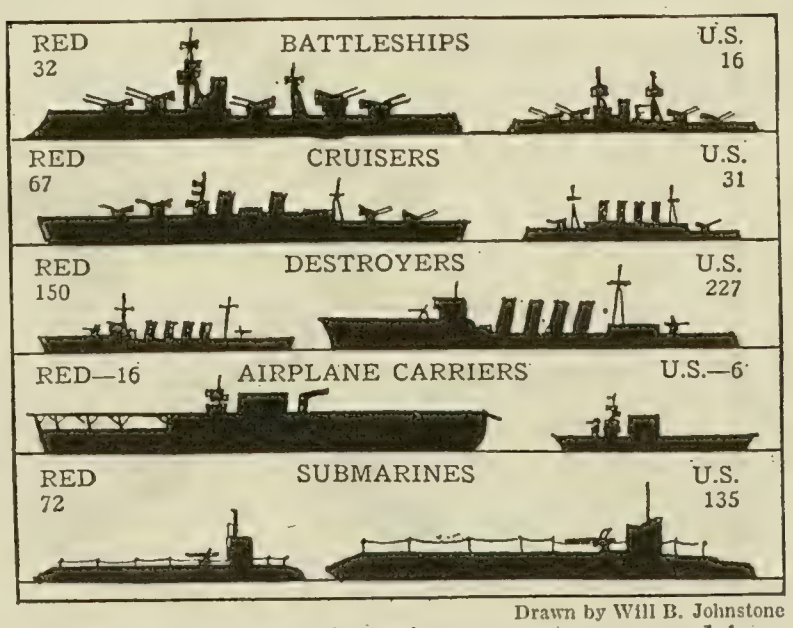
"Your ignorance," he explained, "is on a par with that of the majority of Americans. In order to understand

the situation at this time, you must remember the Coolidge naval program, which Congress finally passed early in 1929, and the speed with which we pushed through construction appropriations to complete the entire program for the meeting of the Arms Limitation Conference, which was then set for 1931, but, as you recall, was postponed until 1932.

"In the fall of that year the delegates met in Washington and the conference ended in a failure. Unfortunately for the United States, it occurred just after the wet-and-dry split in the Republican party had prevented the reëlection of President Hoover and given the political victory to Al Smith. President Hoover's appointment of his successful Democratic opponent to an ex-officio position in the retiring Cabinet during the interregnum, just saved the situation for us.

"But our achievement of the Coolidge program resulted in Great Britain, Japan, and all the major powers accepting, in actuality as well as in principle, the basis of the 5-5-3 ratio. In 1929 all of them began scrapping and building programs to bring their navies up to the full ratio allotment, and in this policy Great Britain took the lead, both in recognition of the seriousness of the world situation at that time and for the purpose of meeting the American point of view.

"From this you can understand how it was that in 1931, for the first time in history, the sea powers actually reached an agreed basis of sea strength."



Drawn by Will B. Johnstone

Showing how the American navy compared in strength with the combined Red fleet.

"But how do the opposing fleets stack up against each other in strength now?" I asked.

"Almost two to one against us," Blink replied. "You must remember that the Red fleet comprises the navies of Great Britain and Japan, which alone would outnumber us in a ratio of about eight to five. But in addition to that, Karakhan also has the best units of battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and air cruisers from the smaller French and Italian fleets. Other war craft, that he acquired with the Scandinavian navies, have been employed as escorts for his sea communications.

"The Red fleet in the Caribbean Sea now has thirty-two battleships against the sixteen of the United States. Its superiority is not only numerical, but their guns outrange ours on an average. They have heavier broadsides and the average speed of their ships is greater.

"It seems like an impossible problem. Nevertheless, it is the one that confronts us.

"OUR navy also has labored under another drawback. Politics centered our naval bases on the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards. The enemy naval and aërial superiority made them untenable. The strategic situation forced our retreat into the Gulf of Mexico, where not a single American base existed. We have been forced to build enormous floating docks to keep the ships in condition."

"It looks hopeless to me," I said. "How can our navy, so heavily handicapped, have any chance against such tremendous odds?"

"There is a chance, however," returned Russell. "In the first place, we have now modernized the organization of our defense. The eternal fighting between the Army and the Navy departments, and the conflicts between the air services attached to them, are now finished. President Smith brought that issue to a head."

"How?" I asked.

"The air force has been divorced from both the army and the navy and is now a complete unit by itself. Our land, sea, and air forces are now represented in the Cabinet under one head—the Secretary of National Defense, Maitland Davidson, who was the old Secretary of the Navy."

"What became of Wallace, the Secretary of War?"

"Resignation accepted—fired."

"Damned glad of that," I said. "He's the bird that called me a traitor and a yellow journalist two years ago when I returned from Europe and was called before the Cabinet to tell them how powerful Karakhan was. Wallace said my reports were sensational exaggerations and amounted to enemy propaganda."

"But, equally important with this reorganization," Blink continued, "we now have the mobile air fleet, thanks to the production program of Mr. Hoover's War Industries Board, which reached its peak two months ago. We have planes now—plenty of planes—more planes than pilots, although we're training them as fast as we can.

"THE air fleet has been held intact so far. The army wanted it held back entirely until the land forces could spring it suddenly on the New England front this spring. The navy wanted it to coöperate with the fleet on the theory that we could never overcome Karakhan on land as long as the Red fleet controlled the seas and guarded his sea communications."

"The old interservice rumpus all over again," I said. "What settled it this time?"

"That letter that Margot Denison got from Karakhan," said Russell. "Secretary Davidson has assigned the air fleet, as a mobile separate unit, to coöperate first with the navy in the Gulf of Mexico."

"I can't see the connection between that letter and the assignment of the American air fleet to duty with our navy," I said. "Wish you'd explain it."

"Simple as pie. We now know just what to expect from Brixton, the commander of the Red fleet. In the first place, we know his record. We know that as a lieutenant commanding a British destroyer during the Battle of Jutland he was criticized for a lack of aggressiveness in pushing a night attack against the retreating fleet of Von Scheer.

"In other words, he was reprimanded for excessive caution.

"Now we know he has received an insulting rebuke from Karakhan, reiterating the same charge. It is the function of the Navy Intelligence Department to study the psychology of the enemy's individual commanders.

"That study is just as important to us as a study of his ships and guns. From it we are able to calculate what action a given commander would take in any given set of circumstances. We know what he must do, and we know what we can do.

"Our possession of this information concerning Brixton is an ace in the hole for our navy. Our mobile air fleet is another ace. Our chances are based on these two cards. Another point in our favor is that Karakhan is a soldier and not a sailor—the first Napoleon had the same fault."

In next week's installment, Mr. Gibbons and Speed Binney are eyewitnesses of the American surprise attack on the island of Jamaica, and its capture.

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 46

The map shows Africa adjoining North America.

Lincoln is designated as the twenty-first President; he was the sixteenth.

End and front drawers in the teacher's desk, as shown, would be impossible.

Pupils' desks are reversed.

Boy is using wrong end of pen; his writing is reversed.

A black square in wall paper where a white one should be.

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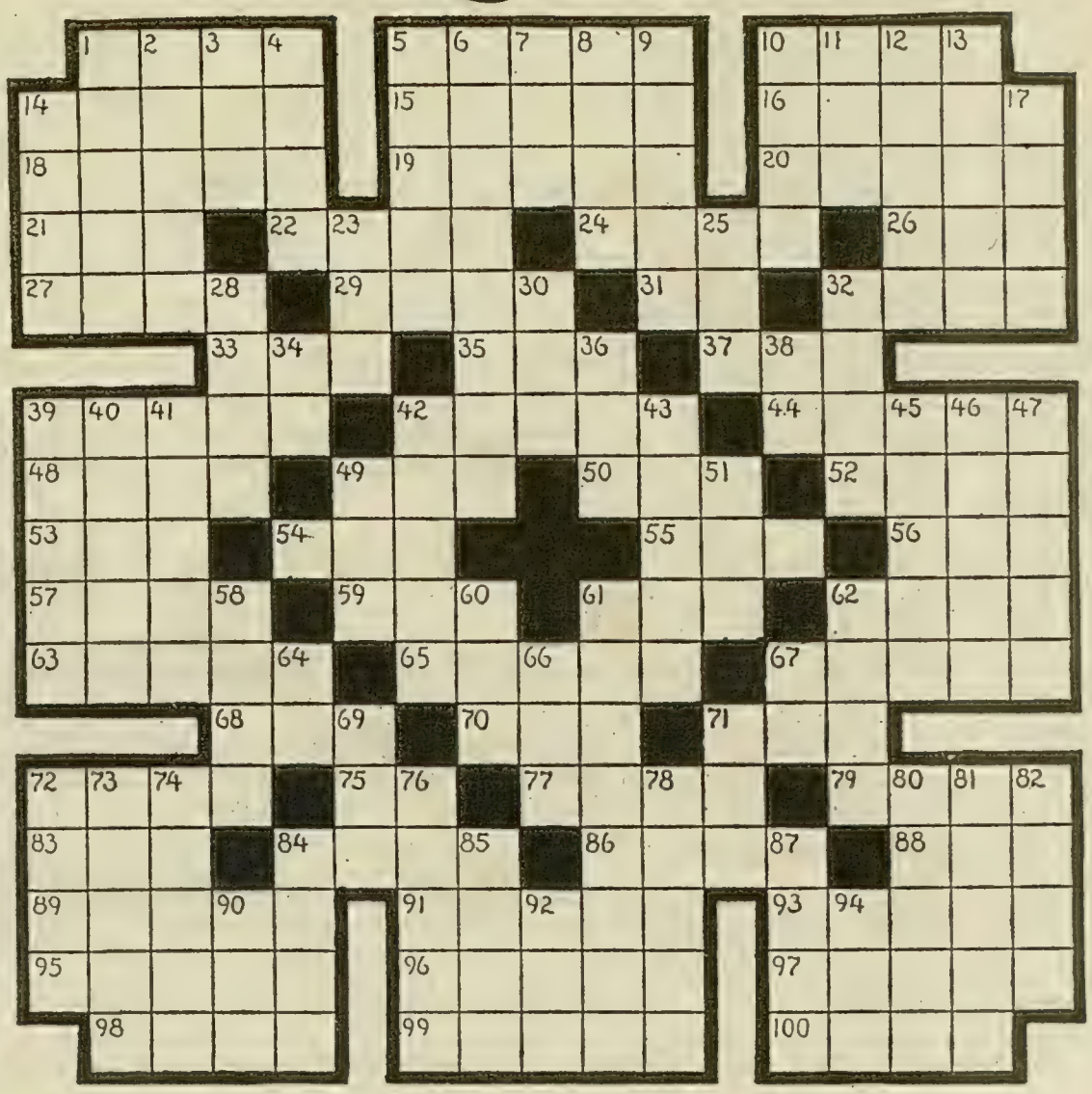
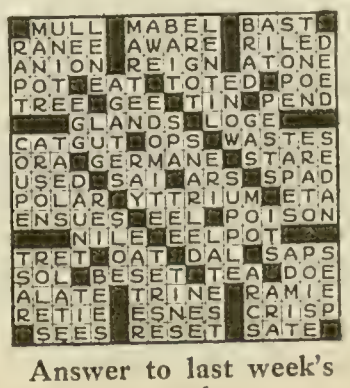


HORIZONTAL

1 Submerged
5 Impress or imprint
10 Son of Noah
14 Debauch
15 Vegetable pulp
16 Punitive
18 Bay window
19 Insertion
20 Declaim
21 Recline
22 Draw or bend metal
24 German metaphysician
26 Metal
27 Amorous glance
29 Poems
31 An ejaculation
32 Transmit
33 Beard of grain
35 American general
37 Strike smartly
39 Pursue
42 Woolen fabric
44 Poles
48 Torn
49 Moreover
50 Obtained
52 Pronoun
53 High priest
54 Form of to be
55 Put in place
56 Row
57 A fish
59 Confronted
61 Egyptian deity
62 Level to the ground
63 Vapor
65 A fortification
67 Greased
68 Stitch
70 Accomplished
71 Insect
72 Step
75 Sloth
77 Crafts
79 Silkworms
83 Turkish commander
84 Bring to naught
86 Annoys
88 Sooner than
89 Diminishes
91 Lord paramount
93 Refuge
95 Purloined
96 Endeavor
97 Representative
98 Fishes
99 Staggers
100 Strike out

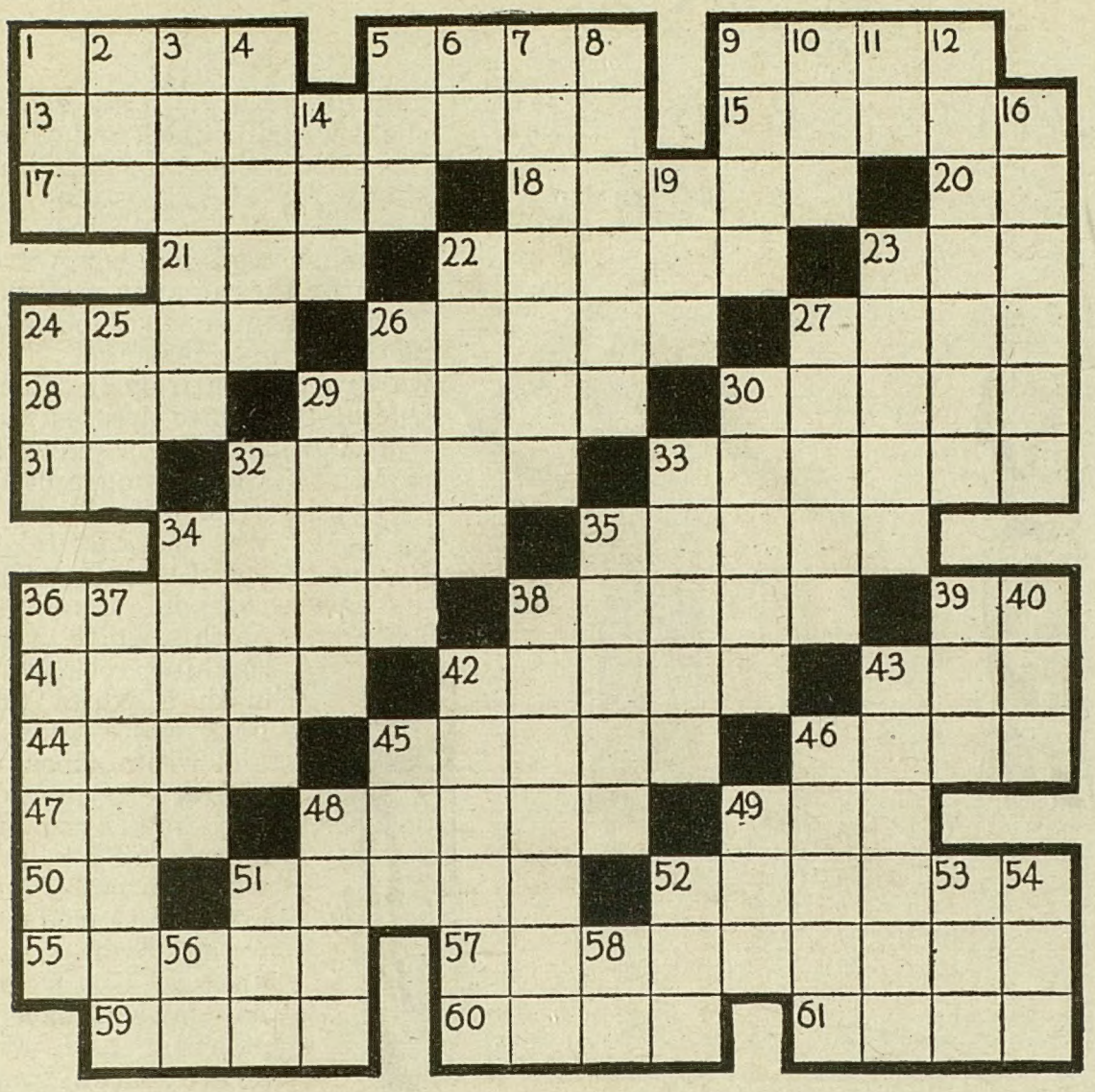
VERTICAL

1 Small twig
2 Arabian gazelle
3 Born
4 Ashes of seaweed
5 Perceived from afar
6 Bored under ground
7 Measures of area
8 Mild of temper
9 Corolla leaf
10 Blemish
11 Pronoun
12 Growing out
13 Religious service for morning
14 Game at cards
17 Grant the use of
23 An eternity
25 Negative connective
28 Orient
30 East Indian weight
32 A gaiter
34 Pronoun
36 Instigate
38 Exist
39 Plant used for salad
40 Spartan serfs
41 Imbecile
42 Insinuate contempt
43 A dyestuff
45 A shallow
46 Annoy
47 Became withered
49 Branch of the military service
51 Cardinal number
58 Relieve of tension
60 Man's nickname
61 Any part song or glee
62 Ceremonial
64 Pronoun
66 A prefix: through
67 Over and in contact with
69 Having a sickly hue
71 Inquire
72 Foot of a quadruped (plural)
73 Size of type
74 A boat
76 Lazy person
78 Playing cards
80 Riotous festivity
81 Woman's name
82 Transmitted
84 Employments
85 River in France
87 A fish
90 Former measure of cloth
92 Point of the compass
94 Period of time



Answer to last week's puzzle

Take Your Choice

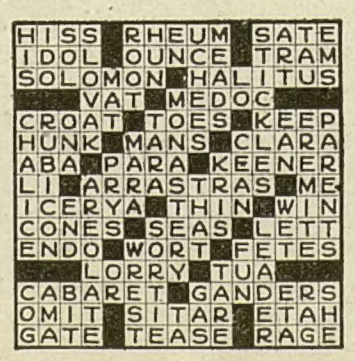


HORIZONTAL

1 Large genus of liliaceous plants
5 Certain heritable land in Teutonic law
9 A metrical unit of verse
13 City in the Straits Settlements
15 Sharp and harsh to the taste
17 Cores
18 A lawless society of Sicily
20 Not
21 Offspring of an animal
22 State of rigidity
23 Instigate
24 To wear away by friction
26 An official diviner of ancient Rome
27 Flattened part of a moose's antler
28 Pronoun
29 A heap of stones
30 A territory of Japan
31 Eldest born of Chaos (Greek mythology)
32 Clergyman at the head of a chapel
33 Fondle
34 Undomesticated
35 Attired
36 Ranged in rows
38 Combination of circumstances (Latin)
39 Month of the Jewish religious year
41 Recess or depression
42 Pertaining to form
43 Something secondary
44 Indians of a South American island group
45 Jewish festival
46 Poet
47 Nothing
48 Man's name
49 Go astray
50 Preposition
51 Shallow vessel
52 Oriental springless wagons
55 On the other hand
57 Most distended
59 Place where something is to be
60 The top or head of a carriage
61 A vehicle

VERTICAL

1 Tree
2 The lay, as of land or country
3 Wild ass of western India
4 A species of heron
5 Ancient Italian goddess associated with the Greek Rhea
6 Note of the diatonic scale
7 One next in degree to a knight
8 To combine for mutual support
9 Light; clear; blond
10 South American wood sorrel
11 A connective
12 Nervous prickling (plural)
14 Siamese coin
16 Tenets
19 In place of
22 Bucolic
23 Formed ears, as grain
24 A second growth of grass
25 Regret
26 A city of Nimrod's kingdom (Gen. x)
27 Orifices
29 Parent (plural)
30 River in India
32 A planet
33 An ancestor of Joseph (Luke iii)
34 Last
35 Fundamental number
36 Deafness to certain tones
37 Inner coverings
38 Nicaraguan seaport
39 River in Scotland
40 Couch
42 Stubborn
43 County in Kansas
45 Footlike part
46 Plait
48 Temple
49 The unit of work or energy
51 Small portion
52 Augment
53 Man's name
54 Pen
56 Sloth
58 Greek combining form meaning egg



Answer to last week's puzzle

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We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

FLAME CHIC

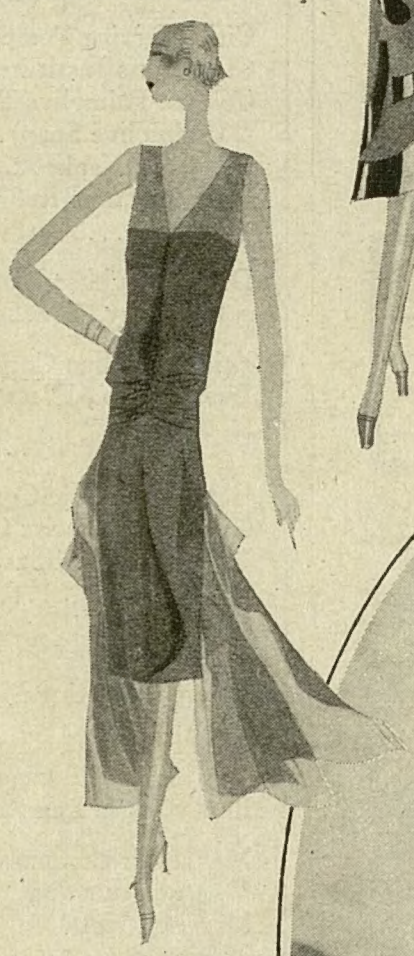
By

BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris.

MRS. PERRY TIFFANY is elected to distinction on a number of counts. She is chatelaine of an American manor rich in sentimental and historic interest. She has not been content to be solely hostess to her exclusive friends at Perry Farm, the famous home of Captain Christopher Perry, naval officer under President Jefferson, and birthplace of Oliver Hazard Perry, hero of the War of 1812. She, alone and unassisted, has restored this American manor to its old-time glory. She will bequeath Perry Farm to the state as a museum, filled with relics of the illustrious Perrys, including also Matthew Perry, who in 1853 opened the gateway of Japan to the western world. Mrs. Perry Tiffany wants to make Perry Farm an objective of pilgrimages, and will herself serve tea there and maintain it as a residence.

This extraordinary American woman has achieved distinction on another, purely feminine, count. She is the best-dressed Titian-haired lady of the modern smart world known in Paris. More than that, Mrs. Perry Tiffany has evolved a flawless technique for clothing the flame of the most gorgeous hair. She has all of the red-hair attributes, including greenish-gray eyes, and that marvelous sun-flecked white skin that is given only to Titian-haired women.



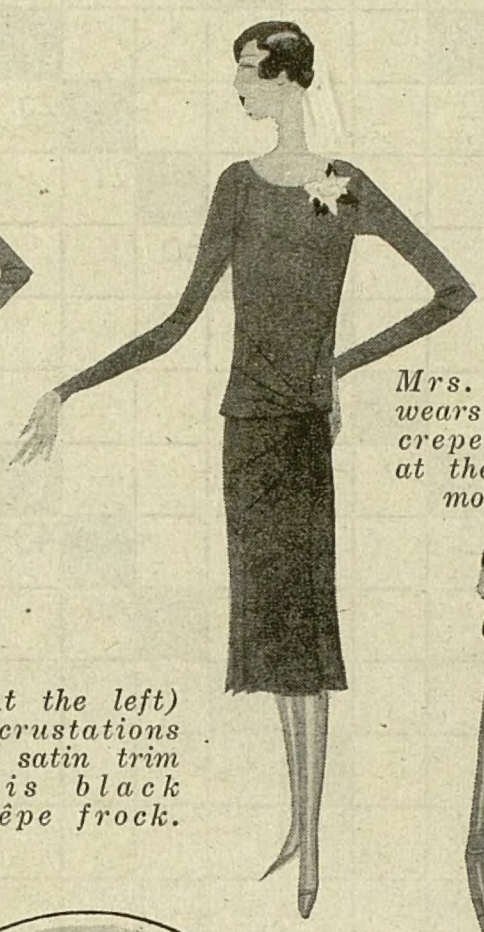
A typical Tiffany evening frock of black chiffon with floating panels.

Mrs. Perry Tiffany told me, with the beautiful simplicity which characterizes her, that clothes to her are secondary, and come in for consideration only after her work of restoration on Perry Farm releases her attention. I think this is one of the reasons why she dresses with such faultless taste. Another is that she has a faultproof formula for selecting everything she chooses to wear.

She will not wear anything that she cannot forget once she has put it on. That is a rule that can only enhance the attractiveness of clothes from any angle and for any complexion.

Mrs. Tiffany does not wear bright colors. This is wisdom for all women whose hair is in itself sufficient flaming beauty. This season she is wearing black and white. She wears these together and singly for every costume she has.

(At the left) Incrustations of satin trim this black crêpe frock.



Mrs. Tiffany wears the black crepella frock at the left for mornings.

Mrs. Perry Tiffany wearing a white crêpe de chine frock from Augustabernard.

This wrap of black marocain is trimmed with seal.

She showed me her wardrobe for the summer at Perry Farm, when she will be completing it as a museum. This wardrobe is entirely in white. One of the white dresses that will be worn there is shown in the photograph of Mrs. Tiffany which was specially taken for LIBERTY. The extreme simplicity of this white crêpe de chine frock, worn with a white felt hat, white gloves, and white shoes, is characteristic of her artistry in dress. She has white sweaters and long white coats to wear over such dresses. She wears no jewels except pearls, and will sometimes wear several strands of these at a time.

MRS. TIFFANY does not wear clothes of complicated or exaggerated lines or cut. Augustabernard, who makes all of her costumes, designs for her, even for evening, simple, semitailored frocks that set off her personal distinction as more ornate clothes could not do.

She likes the slender-line silhouette, with the skirt comfortably ample and not too short. She prefers long sleeves for daytime, and wears a scarf with a good many of her dresses.

Blue is a favorite color, but she advises all women with red hair to choose their tone of blue by personal trials, to discover the right shade. Beige is another excellent shade, and of course black is supreme in chic as well as becomingness.

Mrs. Tiffany finds means of varying black infinitely by contrasting textures and surfaces, and the four costumes illustrated on this page show how cleverly this is done.

The accessories worn by this lady of the flame-colored hair are subdued and extremely elegant, for the red-haired woman is, more than any other woman, in grave danger of overemphasis when she chooses details of costume that are even mildly obvious in design.

71 famous skin specialists said:

"Those 282 Chicago girls have the right idea about complexions"

DID you *really* come all the way from New York just for that?" a young Chicago housewife asked me in utter surprise. She could hardly believe I had traveled a thousand miles just to ask her and several hundred other girls about their complexions and this fragrant new Camay!

But I *had!* I knew all about Camay's gentleness, of course, from my own complexion. And I loved its delicate wild-flower fragrance.

But just *my* experience wasn't enough, I felt. So, among other things, I went out to Chicago and talked to women and girls—282 in all, my note book reminds me.

What Chicago girls told me

"There just never was a soap like Camay for *my* skin," one girl out in Evanston said. "It makes my complexion look so smooth and fresh."

"Camay feels gentler on my skin than any other soap I ever used," and the head of the toilet goods department of a well-known shop who told me this, has a *very* wide soap acquaintance!

I met enthusiasm like this for Camay's gentleness from girl after girl, in every part of town. Then I decided to go farther. I took my idea to the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States, himself one of the best-known skin specialists in the country.

He agreed to have Camay analyzed, and to test it thoroughly in use.

Why 71 dermatologists approve Camay

He did this, and Camay came through without a single question-mark. And he did much more! He sent copies of Camay's analysis to 70 dermatologists whom he regards as outstanding in their profession today and asked *them* to examine it and test Camay, too. Most of these men are heads of the department of dermatology in the largest universities and hospitals in the country.

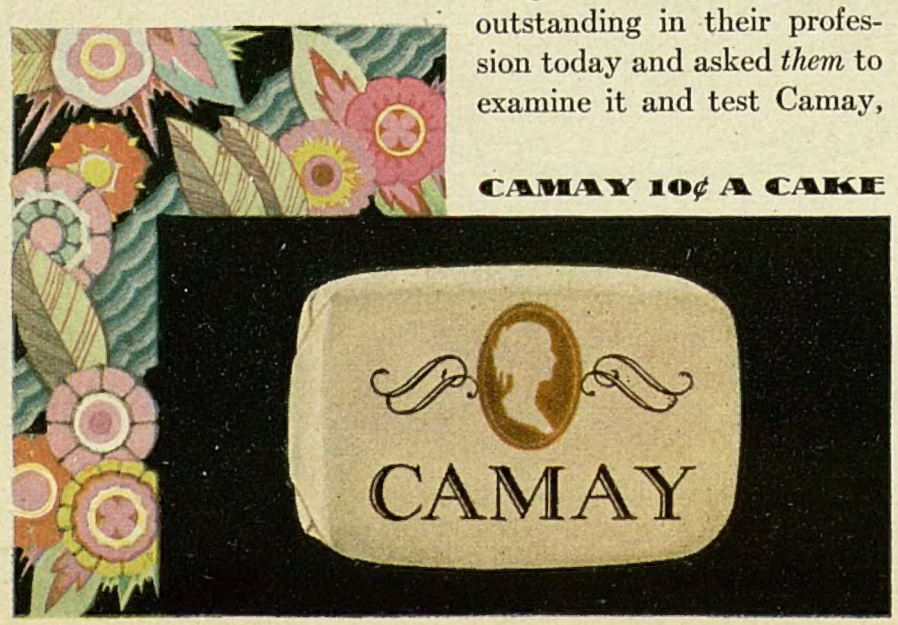
71 leading American skin specialists gave Camay their unanimous approval as the kind of soap they would recommend for the daily cleansing of the most delicate complexions—something no other complexion soap in history has ever had!

And now I am very happy to tell you that all these skin specialists approved Camay's formula and Camay's gentle way of cleansing even the most delicate complexions.

So every time you cleanse your face with Camay's snow-flake lather, you can know that you are using just the kind of soap these skin specialists would recommend to you if you asked their best advice about a soap for *your* complexion.

Free! For you — All the things I learned about complexions from the famous dermatologists I consulted about Camay. Dry skins; Sensitive skins, are all discussed. Care in Winter and in Summer; Diet; Exercise; Rest; Sleep; Way to Use Cosmetics, and many other important subjects. Write for Booklet A to Helen Chase, Dept. YLL-79, 509 Fifth Ave., New York.

Helen Chase



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